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Edw. Tregear

THE MAORI RACE.

BY

EDWARD TREGEAR,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAORI-POLYNESIAN COMPARATIVE DICTIONARY," "A DICTIONARY OF THE PAUMOTUS," "A DICTIONARY OF MANGAREVA," "FAIRY TALES OF N.Z. AND THE SOUTH SEAS," ETC., ETC.

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HILDER FOUNDATION

DEDICATED

TO

ELSDON BEST,

KEEN SCHOLAR, AND TRUE LOVER OF THE MAORI PEOPLE.

PREFACE.

[Contributed by Mr. S. Percy Smith, President of the Polynesian Society.]

IT would be impossible to say how many times within the last twenty years the question has been asked, "Can you recommend me any book from which I can learn something of the Maori, his beliefs, history, traditions, manners, and customs?" Invariably the humiliating answer has been, "I cannot! Should you wish to learn something of those matters you must search the thirty-six volumes of the New Zealand Institute, the thirteen volumes of the Journal of the Polynesian Society, Sir George Grey's, Mr. John White's, and sundry other authors' works. But nowhere will you find what is wanted in a concise and comprehensive form." Such an answer, whilst being perfectly true, at once extinguishes all desire to undertake so Herculean a labour on the part of the seeker after knowledge of the Maoris.

Happily, the days when such answers were the only ones that could be given, are now passed. In "The Maori Race" Mr. Tregear has given us the very thing wanted; we may there study the Maori from his childhood to his death—nay, far beyond that, his spiritual life beyond the grave is detailed for us, according to the belief of the old people. His physical and moral characteristics, his amusements, his arts and sciences, his food, his all-pervading system of *tapu*, his tatooing and ornamentation, his houses, forts, weapons and implements, his system of acquiring knowledge and the extent of it, his myths and traditions, his religion and cosmogony, and his probable

Therefore, the present book is issued in the hope that the settler, the anthropologist, and the tourist may be enabled to gain more understanding and appreciation of the brave and generous people who were once the lords of "The Fortunate Isles."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

IT has been my wish to mention as fully as possible the sources of my information and the names of those enquirers and writers to whom I am indebted. It was found, however, impossible to give all the references. The more widely known the fact, the more references would have been imperative. Thus, had I remarked that "the Maoris were acquainted with the use of fire," and had then given the names of all authors (with title and page of book) who had mentioned such a fact, my letter-press would have become a mere mass of notes. It was decided, therefore, only to make references where the point in question was disputable, unsettled, or for the purpose of directing a student's attention to works in which the custom or original legend was detailed at length. This I have done very freely, as the references in the Appendix will show.

I have already mentioned the names of many of my authorities and scientific friends. To the sympathy and labours of my true and faithful co-worker in the Polynesian Society, Mr. S. Percy Smith, I owe much in particular, as all anthropologists do in general. To one, however, above all, I am in this present work especially indebted, viz, to Mr. Elsdon Best. His work of late years has not only exhibited quite unique powers of collection and appreciation, but it also has an enhanced value in having gathered up many of the pearls of "the broken necklace" just as they were on the point of disappearance and of being lost for ever.

EDWARD TREGEAR.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

HAT is a Maori? In this book the word Maori will be understood to mean a native New Zealander of the Polynesian race. It is not thus used by these natives themselves. If it were right to apply to words of Maori speech the nomenclature of English grammar, we should say that "Maori" is an adjective, and not a noun. Thus it is correct to say "a Maori man," "the Maori people," etc., but not to say "a Maori." So widely, however, has the popular usage spread in the colony and so convenient is it for brevity's sake that we will adopt the common term, and speak of a Maori and Maoris in the mode Europeans understand when they use the words.

Between the old Maori and the new, there is indeed a great gulf fixed, but there are innumerable bridges and connections. To describe the customs, manners, and beliefs of the modern native would be a task demanding infinite patience and the development of pictures of endless variety. The effect wrought on the race by contact with Europeans has in

even embarrassing. They exist, however, as the canoe exists by the side of the boat, as the shoulder-mat is worn over the print gown, as the spear hangs on the wall beside the breach-loader, that is, as survivals of other days and as inherited possessions that are becoming curiosities. The young people know little and care less about the customs or the traditions of their forefathers, while the older men who possess or in part possess such knowledge are getting fewer every year. There are Europeans in New Zealand whose acquaintance with Maori lore far transcends that of any but the exceptional native, and it is to the interest taken in the subject by a small band of enquirers that the student of the future will owe the rescue of even a tithe of that knowledge which the priests of a century ago could have imparted.

Any true lover of the Polynesian people will be slow to jeer at missionary enterprise, even as he will be quick to acknowledge what the efforts of the brave preachers of the Christian gospel have done to redeem the world's dark places from bloodshed and cruelty. In New Zealand as in other South Sea Islands the language was first properly studied, and the habits of the natives described, by missionaries. They, however, did great harm to anthropology by the destruction of carvings (which they called "idols") and by their contempt for the religious ideas of their pagan flocks. It is a handicap to investigation if the enquirer has a religion of his own to impart, and if he insists unfalteringly "Your

creed is a lie, and mine only is genuine." The native priest, finding himself in the presence of one who derides the sacred objects and laughs to scorn the ancient worship or beliefs, naturally shrinks into himself and either refuses to speak or gives false information. Often the acceptance of Christianity by the Maori has been the thinnest veneer over his cherished superstitions, and in his heart as on his dying bed he turns once more to his "worship of the devil," as a kind-hearted but narrow-minded clergyman-friend of mine described it. Even so late as 1897 the Maoris of a certain tribe believed that an epidemic which carried off multitudes of their children was caused by their having lifted the "*tapu*" (taboo) from one of their large carved houses. However, what the missionaries could not learn, the Polynesian Society is coaxing from the elders of the Maori people and we are beginning to find out what depths of significance have lain behind the veil drawn over the ancient religion. In the present work some of this information will be collated and presented, but there is much to be done before the solution of many perplexing riddles is manifest.

They who study and investigate the inner life of an uncivilized people will be sure to find much to shock and much to repel. Many of the ancient legends, some of the customs, and here and there the speech of the Maori are tainted with coarseness and indelicacy. This, however, by no means infers any radical vitiation of the intellect or morals; it only

denotes the stage of cultivation which has been reached. The standards of such subjects are always unstable, and differ with time and distance. A cultured Roman probably despised the ideas of decency current among the British people of the days of Boadicea, while that Roman himself used expressions and indulged in habits which would certainly not be tolerated in the drawing-room of a lady of the twentieth century. Much of the coarseness charged to the account of the Maori would scarcely be noticed among the lower classes of great European cities even to-day, while some of his manners, and his social points of view were of an elevated character and worthy of imitation. The cruelty and bloodshed told of in Maori traditions are horrible, but then so are similar red blots in English history. People who have not very long ago left off such customs as those of obtaining evidence by torture, of burning innocent persons by scores as heretics and witches, or even now of mowing down opponents in swathes with machine-guns, such people as these may broaden their phylacteries and for a pretence make long prayers, but they will not deceive the anthropologist, who only smiles grimly at the hypocrisy that groans over the savage spearsman while it almost deifies the dragoon.

When from this broad consideration we pass on to the details with which the rest of this book is filled, the one noticeable point that constantly recurs is the likeness to and reflection of ourselves, the human nature in us all. If, as Kipling says, "The Colonel's lady

and Bridget O'Grady are sisters under their skins," it is certain that the difference between the Colonel and the Maori chief is hardly skin-deep. Brave men looking over crossed weapons and loving women cooing to their babies find their kin all round the world. Very close is this kinship between the restless sea-rover from the Northern isles and his darker brother of the Southern seas.

Chapter II.

BODILY CHARACTERISTICS.

THE best description of the Maoris will be evolved incidentally during the consideration of the whole of their ways and modes of life, but a sketch in outline may give a general impression of the people as to their physical character.

The Maoris were a handsome and well-developed race; muscular, fleshy, with fine figures, good arms and well-shaped legs, but with the feet flat and broad. The men were as tall as the average Englishman, but many of the chiefs, owing to better nourishment than the common people, were far above the middle height. Among a hundred Maoris, at least ten would be six feet high or over, and these by no means weedy, but of corresponding bulk and weight. The women were shorter than the men, but in youth were elegant and graceful; many of them had small and beautifully shaped hands, especially those whose birth removed them from the necessity of heavy and constant work. They differed very much in complexion, some being as fair as Southern Europeans, some almost as dark as negroes, but there were all shades of olive, red-brown, bistre and yellowish-brown. A good

comparison for the Polynesian skin has been made in "the colour of coffee with plenty of cream," but even in the darkest complexion there was never any trace of that blue-black shade which is often seen in the Fijian and other Melanesians. Of course extraneous circumstances, such as exposure to the sun, etc., affected the colour of the skin, and some tribes were almost uniformly darker than others.

The hair was very black and abundant; sometimes it was closely waved or curly, but never tufted or woolly as in negroid races. If not shortened artificially it grew to a great length, a chief sometimes wearing it long enough to touch the waist. Fair haired people were sometimes met with, especially among the Urewera tribe; these were not albinos, but of true stock. This light hair varied through many shades from reddish-brown to a bleached flaxen; a rarer sort was of dark brown with whitish tips about an inch long. The eyebrows were neither thick nor long, but rather narrower than in English people; the beard generally sparse and wiry, but now and then extremely profuse and bushy beards were to be seen. The eradication of the beard, lest the tatooing of the face should not be visible, made it difficult sometimes to know if the absence of beard was artificial or natural. The hairy chest and shoulders seen in some Europeans were never to be found on a Maori man's body. They retained the hair till old age when it turned grey and became thin, but they seldom lost it, and a bald head was indeed a rarity.

They had oval heads with well-shaped brows and full brain development. The dark eyes were good, sometimes very large and beautiful; the mouth was coarse and made more so by the tatooing of the lips. The teeth were very fine and regular except among the hot-lake tribes where mischief was worked by the sulphur-fumes; the teeth kept sound generally even to advanced old age. The nose varied very much, sometimes being the "eagle's beak," sometimes flattened and coarse. The expression of the face was usually happy and good-tempered.

They were a very long-lived race, having few if any fatal diseases. They generally died from what may be called natural causes, if among these may be reckoned a spear-thrust, witchcraft or the violation of *tapu*. It was difficult for the Maori who, after the arrival of the Europeans, saw any of his people die from illness in youth or middle age not to believe that the sufferer had been bewitched. Briefly put, the Maori died either in battle or in senility. As to what constituted a long life it is difficult to state exactly, because the Maori did not count time by numbered years, but by remarkable events; there were many centenarians among them even in our own days, and their longevity is well attested.*

* Of these we may instance Taringa Kuri who was about 112 years old when he died, Patuone of Ngapuhi, 108, and Te Heru 115; both of the latter had talked with Captain Cook. Etera te Muru of Kaiapoi was said to have been over 120 years old when he died in 1874. Pohipi Tukirangi of Taupo swam the Mohaka River in flood when he was nearly 100 years old; Epiha te

Their outward senses, like those of most other primitive peoples, were more acute than those of Europeans. The touch was so sensitive that in tracking they could ascertain by its use whether a foot had fallen in a certain spot. The sight was so unusually strong that they saw more stars than we can, and could distinguish nebulæ better. Mr. Colenso asserts that he has proved that natives could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye, as he has stood by the observers with his telescope and watched while they gave the time of a satellite's eclipse.[1] The Maoris had a real delight in colour. The different artistic shades used in house-decoration would alone prove this; the dark brown wood of the framework, the yellow reeds of the wall-linings, the scarlet, black and white of the rafters. Their staffs and carvings were often ornamented with iridiscent shell-work; the borders of the mats with subtly blended colour. They had not only a love of colour but a finely discriminating sense of it, for instance when looking at things beyond the vision of a European they could appreciate by the delicate shadings of green on a distant hill of what timber the forest was composed, and when gazing at some far-off point of land in the sea they could tell where was the shallow water about it, where the sea-weed, where the sand, where the channel, even the approach of a fish shoal,

Moanakino, Tutuki Peehi of Te Aroha and Ahuriri of Ngapuhi were all centenarians; Pinga, a woman of Taranaki, was nearly 130. Te Matenga of Hawke's Bay in 1887 nursed his descendant in the 6th generation.

all these painted only in finest variations of colour at an immense distance. They generally distinguished the colour by naming the shades after some natural object; thus, they would say for pale yellow "like sulphur," for deep yellow "like *kowhai*-flower" or "like *karaka* berries," "red as red ochre," "red like crayfish," "red like *rata*-flowers," "red like old blood," blue "like the *pukeko*," "like the midnight sky" (always more blue to a Maori than to us), "like the Portuguese-man-of-war (*petipeti*; Physalia urticalis)," "like the kingfisher." For green they said "like the paroquet," "like *rimu*-leaves;" white, "like flesh of crayfish," "like *pukapuka*-leaves (under side)," etc. Although black, white, and red, were the principal pigments, they were never at a loss about shades of tint in these, naming them from the principals by a method resembling our way of describing the points of the compass. Thus, by the use of diminishing or extending adjectives the "points" of the colour could be defined, as if one should say "red, a quarter black," "red-white-red," "red-red-white," etc. It is asserted that there were 90 named modifications of red, but the knowledge of these fine distinctions was by no means universal. Although fond of red as a colour, they never adorned their heads with red feathers or flowers, in spite of one widely-spread tradition in which they are said to have done so. (The Kura of Mahina.)

It has been considered that it needs long culture, some have stated even generations of culture, before the highest efforts of Art

can be appreciated. As an instance that the theory may not be universally borne out in fact it may be pointed out that keen perceptive faculties and acquaintance with good natural models may take the place of long tuition in the principles of Art, as far as appreciation of the beautiful is concerned. An old Maori chief was taken by a European friend to an Art Gallery and the first thing on which the native set his eye was a replica of the Venus of Milo. Entranced, he could not be induced to leave that model of womanly perfection in form. From every side he viewed its symmetrical proportions, nor could he be torn away till the patience of his friends was well nigh exhausted. The same rapture overtook him as he viewed the Quoit-thrower, the Dying Gladiator, and the Apollo Belvidere. His eye, trained to recognise strength and grace in the human form, paid full tribute to the masterpieces of ancient art. Nor is it to sculpture only that the homage of these nature-lovers is paid. In a Picture Gallery the eye of the Maori may be relied upon to pick out the true in drawing and the accurate in colour, where an uneducated European would be utterly at fault, and where even the cultured disciple of some whimsical school may be led to false conclusions by a warped course of training or by minor principles run crazy. It was this sense of proportion and of "balance" that gave their own good work its highest value, almost an "art-value" to quite practical matters. It was this gift that enabled them to hew perfectly the two sides of the hull

was recorded at Otago in which the woman had lost hands and toes as though they had been frost-bitten, but the stumps were healed. Her limbs appeared as if shrivelled and were darker in colour than her other bodily parts The natives of Mahurangi (near Auckland) were supposed to be descendants from a canoe-load of leprous persons, yet so keen and travelled an observer as Dr. Shortland had never seen a case of leprosy in the North Island.[2]

Insane persons were few and were looked upon almost with awe; certain localities were supposed to have a bad reputation for inducing these mental disorders. Children were seldom born as idiots, or deaf and dumb, or blind. There were a few albinos with pink eyes and light hair resembling those found in other races. Hunch-backs were now and then seen. Stammering was rare, and a lisp very seldom heard. The hare-lip was not to be found. Sometimes children were born with six fingers and six toes, but a boy with six toes on each foot would be expected to grow up a great warrior. The peculiarity often ran in families. Venereal disease was unknown.

A curious epidemic afflicted the Maoris rather more than a century ago; before the coming of the white settlers. They called it *rewharewha (te upoko o te rewharewha)* a name now applied to influenza, but it was evidently not a disease of that character, those seized by the complaint being covered with an eruption of spots. It swept through the country, almost depopulating portions of it; more than half

the inhabitants of the southern part of the North Island disappeared before its fatal ravages. An old Maori who was speaking about the past glories of his tribe and their deserted fort (Pukehika), was asked what had reduced the numbers of his people so quickly. He answered "*Rewharewha*. The garrison of that pa was 700 men in my father's day. We tried to nurse the sick at first, but they died so fast that we were frightened and a few of us escaped to the forest. That is how a remnant has survived." In a small bay near Molyneux only two persons escaped out of 300. The story is that the disease came from a ship that was wrecked in Palliser Bay; the crew being killed and eaten. The natives give the name of the captain as Rongotute. There is reason to suppose that the vessel was owned by a Scottish gentleman who with 60 people sailed in 1782 for the purpose of planting a colony in New Zealand; nothing was ever afterwards heard of the emigrants. It is possible that some traditionary memory of Captain Cook's name has become mixed up with the tale, as Rongo was the Polynesian and Tute the European name (on native lips) of the great voyager.

If the art of the physician was little needed by the ancient Maoris, clean of blood and healthy of occupation, the help of the surgeon was very frequently necessary. Cannibalism with all its horrors has one redeeming point, it makes those who emerge from the struggle well acquainted with the anatomy of the human frame. They became masters of rude

surgery so far as dislocations and fractures were concerned, setting the bones and applying splints of *totara*-bark or the base of flax-leaves to broken limbs with considerable deftness. Skulls were often severely fractured in the desperate fight with clubs and stone axes, but the sufferers frequently recovered. They practised amputation of maimed fingers, toes, hands, feet, and even legs and arms, but not having proper knives or instruments, a stoical disregard of pain was necessary on the part of the patient. Flesh wounds were generally left to heal the best way they could, but sometimes a plaster of the leaves of cutting-grass *(toetoe)* was applied and sometimes the wounds were held in the smoke of a fire. The blood taken from the ear of a dog and boiled was a remedy *(toto kuri)* for spear-wounds, whether taken internally or used as a lotion. The smoke-cure was also resorted to in cases where drowning had been prolonged to unconsciousness; the body was suspended so that a dense smoke could enter the lungs—priestly incantations, if procurable, of course hastened the process of restoration.[3] In cases of poisoning and to induce vomiting, the patient was taken to a river and his head forced under water till he was nearly drowned and had swallowed much liquid, then he was pulled ashore and rolled about till sickness caused him to eject the contents of his stomach. In case, however, of poisoning by having swallowed the seeds of the *tutu* or *tupakihi* plant (Coriaria ruscifolia) the smoke remedy was resorted to, and when the danger proceeded from the unprepared

kernels of *karaka* (Corynocarpus lœvigata) the sufferer was at once buried up to his chin in the earth, his hands being bound and his mouth gagged. This was the only means of preventing the spasmodic convulsions of the patient, and if done at once it is said to have preserved life and restored use of the limbs. For rheumatism and skin-diseases they usually took a journey to the natural sulphur-springs and hot baths if these were in possession of a friendly tribe. In midwifery they were very expert, and in difficult cases of parturition would remove the fœtus piece by piece to save the life of the mother. Toothache was supposed to be caused by a worm gnawing in the tooth, and this had to be charmed out. They sometimes wove a small wicker shield or boss to prevent pressure on an old wound or ulcer.

Having seen the practical side of their ailments and remedies we will now turn to the mental side of their afflictions. It will be seen further on that even the hurts received in battle or by accident had relation in some way to the persons that inhabit the supernatural world. If this was the case in regard to wounds, the direct cause of which was visible, much more was it true of the mysterious source of a disease. If a person fell ill, the Seer (*Matakite*) of the family was consulted by the invalid's father, or, if the father was prevented, by the mother or brother. The Seer would be almost certain to inform the enquirer that the sickness was caused by a breach of religious duty, such as having left

a comb in a cooking-house, or placed on a cooking-fire a stick taken from a tree in which an ancestor's bones had once been deposited, etc., etc. For this breach of *tapu* the anger of the gods had directed illness upon the offender, and a malignant spirit had been sent into the vitals of the sufferer. The most deadly spirits were those of unborn infants, because these had never learned to know the people of their tribe, and so had no feelings of friendship to check their animosity; but if it was only the spirit of an ancestor, angry for some neglect of religious rites, the mischief was not so serious, as he would not inflict extreme torture on a kinsman. Of course the illness could have been induced by the wicked spells of another person, but that was a distinct issue and needed a particular course of conduct. It was the duty of the Seer only to diagnose the disease and its cause; it was for another, the wizard or priest (*tohunga*) to prescribe the remedy. Recourse was then had to this physician whose first duty was to find by what path the demon approached. To do this he went to the side of a river, or to the sea-beach, and wading into the water ducked his head beneath the surface, while the anxious relatives seated themselves along the shore. If the magician could not find the spirit's road while his head was under at the first dip he ducked again and generally succeeded by the third repetition of the action. He usually informed the enquirers that the spirit had ascended by means of a stalk of cutting-grass, or up through the centre

of a flax-bush, but the difficulty then remained to locate the particular plant. So the wizard would start off to some swamp near at hand and pull out the centres of different flax or cutting-grass bushes till on extracting a stem or blade it gave a particular sound or squeak. That stem or blade was taken to the home of the invalid and hung over his or her head, the proper incantations necessary being repeated, a process that so worked upon the demon of the disease that it, seeing its path below now opened, would disappear and the patient recovered. Both Seer and wizard had to belong to the same tribe and sub-tribe (*hapu*) as the afflicted person; there was always a Seer and several wizards in each sub-tribe. A Seer had to be very particular not to sleep on a woman's bed or use her clothing as a pillow. Women's garments and resting places were *tapu* to men set apart as *Matakite*. Seers would be afflicted (if erring in this way) by dimness (*kahupo*) of spiritual vision. Sometimes invalids were taken to a stream by the priest who sprinkled the sufferer (both standing in the water) with a sprig of veronica (*koromiko*). The sick person was afterwards plunged into the stream after prayers had been offered to the gods Maru, Uenuku, or some other deity; the prayer and washing being supposed to remove all illness.[4] One magical remedy for sickness was the rite called *horohoro* wherein the priest made an offering of sacred food to a god and then buried the remainder of the food in the ground, thus fastening the disease into the

soil. The place where this was done was afterwards sprinkled with water.[5] At the point of death the wizard-doctor could revive a man if there were certain favourable conjunctions at the time; thus if the robin (*toutouwai*) was to sing for the first time just as the morning star (*Tawera*) was seen, if also the Pleiades (*Matariki*) were high in the sky, and the dying man had a shivering fit, then, with all these auspicious signs occurring, a certain invocation would bring back the departing soul.[6] Of course there were spells and invocations for general diseases, for burns, scalds, blindness, broken limbs, etc., etc.[7] Insane people were treated to a very intricate ceremony in which the hair was cut in a peculiar manner and the flint knife used for the purpose destroyed. The hair was afterwards tied to a stalk of grass and set floating in the water while spells were recited.

The bodily frames of the Maori possessed enormous stores of endurance. Like most races nearer the fountain-head of primitive life than ourselves they held a recuperative force which may have resembled that of our Viking ancestors, but which appears to the ordinary European little short of marvellous. The native, in matters of exposure to heat and cold, was perhaps not better nor even equal to the exceptionally sturdy Englishman or Scandinavian, but in his power of sustaining life under wounds or fearful injuries there could be no comparison. It may have been through the nervous system having been less sensitive, or perhaps from long descent

through men whose blood was innocent of the microbes of disease, but it was certain that an incomparable vitality allowed the Maori to sustain hurts which would have destroyed a white man from shock if not from loss of blood. During the war in the North (A.D. 1845), a chief named Hetaraka Repa received a wound from a bullet that striking the front of the thigh ran along the whole length of the femur (Repa was squatting at the time) and lodged in the lumbar muscles, traversing the whole thigh from the knee to the back. This painful wound would have disabled almost any person. Not so Repa. The whole of the ensuing night, a night of drenching rain and thunderstorm, he spent in prowling round the enemy's fort looking for a chance of revenge. In the same war, a brother of our ally Waka Nene was shot from the side right through the head behind the eyes. Blinded by the shot he still groped about for his gun so as to continue fighting, but was led away by his friends, and lived for many years. Another native was struck by a partly spent ball on the end of one of the little finger bones. The bones of the finger were driven down between the hand-bones of the third and fourth finger. It did not stop him fighting, and the wound afterwards healed with the tip of finger and nail peeping out between the joints of the knuckles. In 1863 a Waikato chief had the whole of the lower part of his face carried away by a shell. Treated with the rude surgery of his people he recovered and lived for many years with a black handkerchief

wound round the cavity below the nose. Seen in profile, this gave him a curious birdlike appearance. He had, however, much difficulty with his food, and had to reduce his victuals to a pulpy or semi-liquid state, then, retiring to some secluded place he would remove the handkerchief, and in some way get the food down his throat. These examples of endurance in our own times may serve to let us feel that many of the feats attributed to their heroes in pre-historic days may not have been so incredible as may at first sight appear.

It is generally believed that the Maoris decreased very fast in numbers during the last century or two, and there is certainly much ground for such a belief, although not perhaps to the extent supposed. The furious tribal wars that raged and the slaughter, especially after the introduction of guns and powder, was very great, as well as the ravages caused by introduced diseases. At the same time too large estimates of the native population, based on little more than rough guesses or wild efforts at computation, gave probably far too large a number as living a century ago, although, certainly a dense population inhabited New Zealand in the remote past. There has been a great falling off within the time for which records are available. In the South Island for instance this is very marked. Two thousand Maoris were living, at one time within the century, at Otago Heads, now there are not more than fifty in the entire district. There were two thousand at Molyneux, where there are now only twelve, and

at Akaroa fifteen hundred people were exterminated by Te Rauparaha at one *pa* only.[8] From an epidemic of measles only two people out of three hundred in a small bay near Molyneux escaped. In the North there were battles where two thousand people were killed in a day, and that at a time when the reproductive power was failing. So that there are plenty of reasons for knowing that the numbers have rapidly decreased, even if not to such an extent as the early estimates would cause us to believe.

The introduction of European diseases and the altered habits of native life account for much of the mortality. Their own dress was hygienic; the clothing-mats, without being too warm or too close in texture, protected them from the cold far better than the blanket or the tight new clothes which, when heated, they would throw off in a reckless way. They lived in forts on high hills, and while they had cultivations on lower lands, retreated at night to their palisaded abodes in a pure lofty air. With the introduction of guns the old terraced positions (so suitable for defence against spear and club) became untenable, and the necessity, the absolute necessity, of preparing ship-loads of flax that they could barter for guns drove them down to the neighbourhood of the flax-swamps, the germ-beds of fever and consumption. The potato, "the soul-destroying potato," less nutritious than the sweet-potato (*kumara*) and requiring less industry in its cultivation, brought habits of laziness and idleness. The varied food of old

had made them search sea and river, cliff and forest to find it, but now their agility grew less and perceptive faculties dim. Strong drink brought its curse for body and mind of those yielding to its insidious temptations. Sick people were doomed by the circumstances under which they were placed on falling ill. They were often hurried off to some miserable shed, so that in case of death a good house might not be spoilt by *tapu*. Diet was not attended to nor the most elementary principles of nursing considered; a person suffering from fever or consumption would cool himself by a bath in the ice-cold water of a river. Disease and changed conditions ruined the stamina of the woman and caused sterility, instead of fruitfulness. The race had left the old paths and wandered to death on the new.

Beside the patent and unmistakable causes of the decay of the Maori, there were one or two of a subtler nature. The suppression of polygamy was one of these. A chief with many wives had a home in which, by the cheerful labour of many hands, food for the children was plentiful. Children were also many, for if a woman did not bear offspring the fault was always attributed to her; her husband would send her away and get another wife. The missionaries, wishing to check unchastity before marriage, encouraged the half-grown youths and girls to marry and become parents, with a most disastrous effect on the physique of their offspring, for whatever license girls formerly had before wedlock they brought mature frames and experience

to their warlike lords and became, after a year or two's rest and forgetfulness of youthful adventures, well fitted to become "mothers of men." Other causes, too intricate to be descanted on here, helped to make for the decadence of a physically-admirable people.

CHAPTER III.

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS AND PROPENSITIES.

ONLY a very general idea can be given here of the mental character of the Maori, because the subject naturally diverges into accounts of habits and customs which require special chapters for their elucidation. Premising that digressions will be frequent, we will here attempt to point out the salient points of the native intellect and morals. We will take the good first and the evil afterwards.

They were an exceedingly good tempered and sociable people, liking to be in company and arranging their homes in communities. The solitary settler living willingly as an outpost of civilization or the "hatter" miner working alone in some desert locality would not be understood by the Maori. Of course the prevalence of war had something to do with this matter; it was only in his fortified *pa* and surrounded by his fellows that he felt safe. Nevertheless, without such motive, to dwell isolated and alone was to be opposed to the genius of the race. They were a very industrious people, and much of their work

demanded common labour. During the day the men went to their cultivations, to sea-fishing, to building houses, felling trees, digging fern-root, making weapons, paddles, axes, ropes, fence posts, figure heads of canoes, etc. The women prepared food, brought firewood, wove mats and baskets, and worked in cultivations. The chiefs worked side by side with the slaves, the highly born woman with her attendants, but the higher in rank they were, the more they were expected to excel through having had better instruction.

Maoris were in their own way exceedingly courteous and polite. Chiefs and women of rank were spoken to in a respectful and ceremonious manner, and it was considered a mark of inferior breeding to be rude in either speech or bearing. Guests were received with the sound of trumpets and music of songs, and if unexpected were never asked the reason of their coming; they were supposed to impart the information when they thought proper. A visitor would never be contradicted, but his statements were acquiesced in even when known to be wrong. The chiefs of the village would take inferior places before a guest and sit down humbly to show them respect, while the comfort of the visitors received every attention, and they would be loaded with presents of food on their departure. A guest entering a village would not stare about him or greet acquaintances, he would look straight before him as if unconscious of bystanders until he had been asked to sit down in the "guest house." After

food had been brought and eaten, the chiefs of the place would come and salute the stranger. Even among men of their own tribe idle questions were seldom asked, and generally when such a question appeared to have no bearing on the subject, it was because the process of thought going on in the enquirer's mind was not understood. An evasive or non-committal answer would probably be given. It was considered boorish to pass in front of another person without saying "Allow me" and it was exceedingly rude to step over the legs of a person lying down, or to jump over him. They said "grace before meat." In fact there were a hundred points of minute etiquette (to be further alluded to) which had to be observed by any man or woman wishing themselves to be considered as well-bred.

They helped one another very generously; in fact the communal system, which has many disadvantages from the point of view of an imperfect civilization, has the evident value of making mutual assistance so general as to be almost incredible to a European. Cheerful, willing, unselfish, and unstinted service was yielded as a necessity common as air. This was apparent in the hospitality above mentioned shown to guests, but this hospitality was sometimes of so noble a character as to rise from a mere household service into the dignity of a great virtue. We may instance the case of the chief who, finding that his guests were the murderers of his own children, yet desired that his visitors might remain to consume the food that had been

already prepared for them,[1] or the poor widow who, when serving up the whole of the supply of food that she had hoped would last her through the winter, used artifice to assure a large party of unexpected guests that she had plentiful supplies, lest they should be diffident in consuming the repast. This is not mere hospitality, but courtesy carried to exaltation.

The Maoris loved children and thoroughly spoilt them, allowing them a latitude and freedom not permitted to European children. This also was a part of the communal system; any woman's child was every woman's child, and if she did not nurse her own exclusively she was nursing the child of one who was paying her the same compliment. The men were just as fond of children as the women, and an old man (if not a chief) might be seen toiling all day at his work with his little grandchild strapped on his back. If the youths or young girls were interfered with by what they considered too strained an attempt at parental authority they would be apt to betake themselves to relatives at a distance and perhaps be absent for years, but any attempt to curb the independence of the young would be thought likely to break the proud spirit or spoil its courage. The first duty of a parent was to inculcate fearless energy of thought and action. Therefore a father would seldom chastise a boy lest he himself should be punished by other men, for children were tribal property, and it was important that the future warriors and warriors'

wives should grow up as bold and headstrong as they pleased. Hence arose a very unfilial bent of mind and love of parents was extremely attenuated.

The natives were splendid actors, perfectly able to simulate anger, sorrow, indifference, etc., in an admirable manner. The young especially were perfect mimics, and could by a gesture or tone of voice convey the idea of the person they imitated so as to convulse their audience with laughter. Every effort was taken in relating a tale to bring its verisimilitude to the ears of the listener, the dog wagging its tail, the bird moving its wings, the vanquished running away, all would be rendered by an effective movement of the body and limbs that made the recital wonderfully individual and realistic. With the Maori, strength and courage were the prime virtues of a man, and volumes might be written to show examples of their possessing these virtues in high degree, and of the enthusiasm they inspired. Almost the whole of this volume relates to beliefs that only fearless souls would dare to hold, to actions that only dauntless physical courage would attempt, and to feats of skill and strength that only trained warriors could accomplish. They were very faithful partisans although with little sense of abstract justice, and they would often stand by their code of family or tribal bondship, when it meant not only loss of their possessions, but their lives. They had a great notion of a code of honour as applicable to chiefs, that is to all free-born gentlemen, but their

leaders had to observe in a tenfold degree the motto of "Noblesse oblige." A High Chief's conduct had to be "straight" (*tika*) and justified by their ideas as to the behaviour of a great noble; if the reverse was the case bloodshed would almost certainly follow. Not the shedding of the blood of the offender perhaps, but a blood-sacrifice from somebody. Public opinion had to be recognised on such matters, and there were certain occasions when the resentment of a tribe against ill-conduct on the part of a person of eminence could make itself felt in a very painful degree. Women had a high place among them, and certainly justified the confidence and protection they received.

This sketch of the bright side of the Maori character would be incomplete without some reference to the adaptability of his mind and power of his perceptive faculties. He was without doubt a highly educated person, although he had never seen a book. The civilized man may have equal or superior mental powers to those once possessed by the Maori, but these powers have been specialised by the division of labour till the "all round" man has disappeared. We are dependent one upon the other for food, clothes, dwellings, necessities, luxuries, but the individual man able to do everything for himself and do it admirably is rare indeed. Almost any of us, set down in an island covered with forest, naked, alone, told to make his tools from blocks of stone at his feet, and then with such tools to fell trees, build houses, make boats,

weapons, carvings, ornaments, etc., or die, would think such a task almost impossible. If to these be added the arts of weaving, dyeing, cultivating the soil, catching fish, birds, getting firewood, he would humbly acknowledge his shortcomings and yield to despair. But to the Maori of old these things were only part of his training. He studied astronomy that he might get steering-points at night for his canoe, and time-points for his cultivations. He observed the blossoming of plants, the mating of birds, the spawning and migration of fishes. His mind was stored with religious laws, with ancient hymns and spells, with histories of his ancestors in the remote past, and knowledge of his tribe in the active present to the remotest cousin on whom he could call in time of war. He knew by heart every boundary of his land, by name every headland of the coast and bend of a river, he was poet, orator, warrior, seaman, fisherman, cultivator, sculptor, ropemaker, weapon-maker, house-builder, and these things were done with excellence; no flimsy slip-shod work was to be found; patience, industry, skill, and artistic effort were lavished unstintingly. Surely such a man was "educated," not in our sense, perhaps, but then in his eyes our "education" would be looked upon as eminently unsatisfactory, as training only one side of character, and perhaps no side at all of usefulness.

This then is what can be said in favour of the Maori, viz, that he was brave, strong of will, true to friends, hospitable, industrious, courteous, kind to women and children, helpful

to his mates, skilled in observation, and with the sense to turn his perceptive faculties to useful purposes.

Now for the reverse side of the picture. The Maoris were exceedingly revengeful and would carry on a vendetta for generations, as fierce at the last as at the first. They were cruel in the extreme, as we consider cruelty, especially in regard to the vanquished in battle, although perhaps the annals of cities stormed in European wars would almost equal the records of the deeds of the natives in atrocity. Still cannibalism always makes Maori conquest appear peculiarly brutal to us. The torture of war-prisoners was however a thing that was almost unknown among them before the baser sort of Europeans (convicts, deserters, etc.) were adopted among the tribes, and then the practice grew almost fiendish. Formerly the prisoner was knocked on the head or speared for the oven, and there an end, unless kept as a slave. The Maoris were cruel too to their old people, and the sick; these often died of neglect and want of food, a strange anomaly among a race so lavish of hospitality. It was a strange proof also of how the lust of war and the heartlessness thereby engendered could warp the character when the child-loving, baby-nursing Maori could enjoy a cannibal feast on the dismembered limbs of infants. That it was the child of an enemy was sufficient to break down the barriers of all tenderness, and flood the soul with bestial enjoyment. Lying and falsehood were not counted things to be

ashamed of, and even in fun they would deceive each other cruelly. The great chiefs were too proud generally to speak anything but the truth, yet even they for political or warlike purposes were led to prevaricate and use treachery. Clever lying was appreciated by the masses as characteristic of their heroes, just as it was among the demigods of Homer, and "Maui the Crafty" was admired by the Maori as fully as was "Ulysses the Cunning" by the Hellenes. Of course opinions differed even as to the merits of good lying, and tribes were celebrated sometimes as being perjured or truth-tellers. Thus it was equivalent to saying "You are a liar" if one said "You belong to the Arawa canoe," while on the other hand the motto of the tribe of Ngati-Awa was "Rauru-ki-tahi," "One-worded Rauru," signifying single speech or good faith.

What we should consider great indecency of speech was common, but it was practised openly and offended no one; they spoke freely of natural actions and necessities which we have agreed to ignore, but it did not destroy real modesty in their women as many an anecdote and story can be cited to prove. Boys and girls were brought up in company, sleeping and bathing together with the utmost freedom of conduct, yet there was little immorality induced by this practice; what unchastity existed among the unmarried was rather the result of social license centuries old, and public opinion on the subject, than on account of propinquity in domestic arrangements. They abhorred incest and other

crimes well known to the vicious in large centres, but which had not even a name among these children of nature. If a Maori girl when unmarried was lavish of her favours, she afterwards set aside loose behaviour as a childish folly, and adultery, often punished with death, was at least as uncommon as among ourselves. Maori unchastity like Maori cruelty increased with the acquirement of low vices from those who should have taught them better things.

Wounded vanity was the cause of much trouble. Ridicule was sometimes keenly felt, and a rebuke given by husband or father has ended in the suicide of the person reproached. They were often on the look-out for an insult and, so countless were the opportunities offered by the breaking of ceremonial laws or ancient customs, by innocent speeches that could be twisted into allusions about some past tribal defeat or some chief's conduct, that offence was almost sure to be taken and bloodshed to follow. It was difficult to walk unharmed among the pitfalls presented by the malign side of the Maori character or to escape when a crafty, lying, cruel and bloodthirsty warrior allowed his evil passions to obliterate for awhile his many social virtues and usual sunny good temper.

conception. Some tribes uttered the charms without having the dolls. There was a famous tree to which barren women used to resort to induce pregnancy. It was called "the navel string of Kataka" (*Te Iho a Kataka*) and the legend is as follows: Centuries ago the god Tane had a daughter named Kataka, and her umbilical cord was placed in this *hinau* tree. The god was travelling in after days and seated himself to rest in the shade of a tree. He stretched out his hand to gather fruit, when he heard a voice say "Eat me not, for I am the *iho* of your child Kataka." Then Tane made the tree sacred, and hung thereon the *iho* of another of his children, which uttered the words "I am suspended here to cause the conception of children." After that time if any woman embraced the tree she became pregnant. If she embraced the tree on its eastern side the child would become a boy, if on the side to the setting sun, a girl. At Kawhia there was a stone in which a spirit was supposed to reside and before this stone women repeated prayers, etc., to make them bear children.

If a newly married man dreamt that he saw skulls decorated with feathers lying on the ground it was a sign that his wife had conceived. If the feathers seen in the dream were those of the white crane (*kotuku*) the child would be a boy; if the feathers were those of the *huia*, it would be a girl. When the wife of a chief knew herself to be pregnant the ceremony (*turakanga*) of "strengthening" the child took place. A feast was made, and,

CULTIVATING SOIL WITH THE KO, OR DIGGING STICK.

All moved together in time to a chanted song.
[See page 321.]

A. HAMILTON, P

Chapter IV.

BIRTH, ETC.

IN coming to the details of the different events which marked the progress of a Maori's life, we naturally turn first to the circumstances surrounding his birth and his mother's condition.

Girls reached the age of puberty when about eleven or twelve years old, but continued growing until nearly twenty. At puberty a ceremony common to both sexes took place, namely the solemn rite of "hair cutting." In the case of a chief's child this necessitated a general fast, and the ceremony took place in the morning so as not to keep the people too long without food. If anyone secretly tasted food in the prohibited interval the fact would be known by the child's head being wouuded during the proceedings. A priest cut the child's hair, and performed the ceremony of "waving" *(poipoi)* similar to that shortly to be described in the observances attending birth. This was followed by an incantation for the purpose of setting free both priest and youngster from *tapu*.[1] Tattooing generally began at the age of puberty, and in the

case of men sometimes took years to accomplish; for a woman it had to be finished so far as her lips were concerned before she could expect to marry.

Women sometimes became mothers soon after puberty, but such cases were rare. Large families were not uncommon; twelve or fourteen children have been borne by a mother, but it was seldom that such a large family was safely reared. Twins were sometimes born, but triplets almost unheard of. At times, however, the number of children in a Maori family would be quite phenomenal. Ruapani had by his wife Wairau four children, by another wife named Uenukukoihu seventeen children, including a triplet and five sets of twins, by yet another wife a son (Tumaroro), besides others whose names are unrecorded. Pregnant women sometimes had fancies for particular kinds of food, such as birds, eels, etc.[2] There was no belief that these pre-natal longings had power to mark the child. A boy was not always wished for in preference to a girl; often for the sake of tribal alliances girls were welcomed. A woman sometimes, if barren, nursed a small household god *(whakapakoko-whare)* formed of wood and made of the same size and shape as a baby; it was dressed in infant's clothes. Perhaps these images should more properly be called dolls than gods or teraphim, but they had a religious value derived from the spells *(karakia)* which were chanted over them while they were being dandled, and they were supposed to promote

arms enclasping the abdomen of the latter. As a general rule parturition was easy, but in difficult cases the celestial powers were invoked. The husband came first to the help of the sufferer whose pain was supposed to be through some fault or sin (generally unchastity) committed by her. When the husband had repeated all the charms and spells he could remember, and had recited the potent genealogy of his ancestors from the gods downwards, if the child was still unborn he would urge his wife to confess, which, sad to say, she sometimes did.[3] If the woman did not confess nor the babe appear then the services of the Seer *(Matakite)* would be called in. He would repeat incantations to Hine-te-iwaiwa, the goddess presiding over childbirth, while the father went and plunged in the river. If this was not effectual the names of the elder male line of ancestors was repeated, then that of the ancestral line next in succession and then came the order from the priest to the child "Come forth." Then followed an invocation to Tiki, as the first man, and if this was disregarded it was concluded that the child could not be a boy so the priest would recite the mother's genealogy. Beyond this there was no recourse possible but the art of the surgeon, and to save the woman's life by the aid of the flint knife.

As soon as the babe was born intricate ceremonies began. The navel-string was cut by a priest, he repeating a charm (*tangaengae*) in which were enumerated to a boy-infant the many manly virtues, such as courage, energy,

etc., he ought to possess, and to a girl-child the qualities expected of her, such as industry, skill in weaving, etc. The new-born babe and its mother were both very sacred at this time and not to be touched by outsiders till they had been made "common" (*noa*). It was particularly to be dreaded if anyone engaged in the planting or harvesting of sweet-potatoes (*kumara*) should touch or be touched by a woman before her purification. If the *tangae-ngae* charm had not been properly recited while the umbilical cord was cut and pushed back towards the child's belly, the infant would grow up ignorant and slow to learn. The scraped flax used for securing the end of the umbilical cord was not a perfect material for ligature; its slipping sometimes caused protrusion of the umbilicus and sometimes infantile hernia, which, however, disappeared with advancing years. After delivery of the child the placenta was taken from the mother and offered to Mua. The navel-string was buried in a sacred place (*urupa*), and over this a young tree was sometimes planted; this tree was supposed to have some brotherhood with the child. A certain Maori chief asserted that he had a familiar spirit inhabiting a white-pine tree, and this tree which had sprung from his umbilical cord (*iho*) grew with his growth, and fell to decay as he became aged. Sometimes the cord (*iho*) of a chief's son was hung on a tree or placed under a stone at a tribal boundary; the same place often being used for several generations of chief's children. At one place in the Tuhoe country there was a

tree in which in a hole the *iho* of a priest's son was placed, and the hole stopped with a piece of greenstone.

The ceremonies that attended the naming of the infant and the purification of the mother differed in various localities and according to the rank of the babe, but generally they were as follows. For ordinary children the "naming" and "cleansing" were done by its father who lit a new fire by friction and roasted fern-root thereon. Then he took the baby in his arms and with the cooked fern-root touched the child's head, back, and other parts, finishing by eating the fern-root himself. He then recited his genealogy and named the child; if the child gave any marked movement while a particular name was being uttered it received that name. The father had done his part in going through this ceremony (*tamatane*) but the child was not yet free from *tapu*. The next day the eldest female relative (in the direct line) of the infant lit a fire as the father had done, touched the child's body, etc., with cooked fern-root and then ate the food. This rite (*ruahine*) made the child "common," so that it could be handled by friends and relatives.

With the wife of a chief greater formalities were observed. There was a festival, especially if the child was the heir of an aristocratic family. The principal director of the birth proceedings was the mother or sister of the parturient woman; if no such relative were present the mother of the husband assumed rule. The day after the babe was born, the

woman and the child were removed from the birth-house (*whare kahu*) to the "nest-house" (*whare-kohanga*), a dwelling built especially for the purpose.

The purifying ceremonies (*pure* or *tua* or *whaka-noa*) were performed when the child was taken from the "nest-house," generally about a month after its birth. The priests took the infant and mother to the side of a stream, made a set of clay balls and each of these balls was named after an ancestor of the child. These balls being set in a row some little mounds of heaped-up soil were made near them and each mound named for a god. A priest then divided in half a branch of some sacred shrub (generally *karamu*) and tied a portion round the child's waist, while another priest repeated an invocation (*tuapana*) for purification of mother and child.[4] The charms differed for boys and girls, the boys being commended to the protection of Tu the war-god, and the ancestral spirits, the girls to the guardianship of Hine-te-iwaiwa the goddess who presided over the lives of women. The officiating priest stuck a twig of a shrub (*raurekau*) in the middle of the stream and one on each side, then the mother and child were sprinkled with water from the branch in the priest's hand. The other half of the branch was planted and was supposed to become a sort of vegetable portion of the child, who flourished or sickened as the tree grew or decayed. (A similar idea to that above mentioned of the tree planted with the umbilical cord.) Fires were kindled, and food cooked thereon in sacred ovens; the food was

woman previously "If your breasts itch, lay open your clothes and sit naked." Soon she called out, feeling her bosom getting painful as it filled with milk, and the priest would fetch the baby and give it to her to suckle. The liver of the *kahawai* fish was sometimes given to the sucking child to prevent flatulence.

The poor infants had a good deal to put up with at times. Flat noses were considered a beauty, and although no mechanical means were used to produce flatness, the constant pressing and rubbing of the native salute (*hongi*), used instead of a kiss, tended in this direction. Slightly bowed knees too were much admired, not as to any bend in the leg bones, but for the impression conveyed by the outer sides of the limbs being larger than the inner; so the grandmother or some other old crone would begin on the baby soon after birth to make it beautiful. The infant was placed face downwards on the woman's lap, and she would massage away at the little knees and legs, rubbing the flesh outwards and downwards with squeezing of the inner knee. This was sometimes continued for weeks. The baby's ears were early bored with a sharp piece of flint or obsidian; they were kept distended and sore for months that the orifice might be enlarged enough to hold afterwards the huge ornament (a bird's skin for instance) that was sometimes thrust through the ear of the adult. A baby girl had the first joint of the thumb bent outwards or half-disjointed, as a supposed help to her in after years in operations connected with weaving and preparing flax.

A miscarriage was a serious thing, not so much on account of the health of the woman, but because of the fearful mischief the spirit of the fœtus might do; these spirits (*kahu-kahu*) were looked on as the most malignant of demons. In case of such a misfortune happening a priest would at once make a sacred oven, and while offering the food cooked in this oven to the gods he would recite charms to make the demon of the untimely birth innocuous. Burying the fœtus without any ceremony was highly dangerous; even a tame parrot fastened near such a spot would be likely to become "possessed" and would cause great trouble.

Apparently the sense of discrimination between lawfully or unlawfully begotten children was very intense. It was not only that the word "bastard" (*poriro*) could be applied to the child with stinging effect if it was the offspring of an unmarried woman or a wife who had eloped with some one not her husband, but there were shades of rank even within the family. While a legitimate son by an aristocratic wife would receive every consideration, such as having his hair combed and dressed by his father, a son by a slave-woman or an inferior wife could expect only some savage taunt if presuming to share such honours. A high-born chief alluding to his son being properly begotten would mean that everything relating to the betrothal, marriage, and subsequent events, had been performed with rigid observance. Thus, that the betrothal and consent of parents had been complete, that the

Chapter V.

GAMES.—MUSIC.—LANGUAGE.

Games.

ONE of the most universal pastimes among the Maori was kite-flying. It was indulged in by adults as well as by children, and was a favourite game with old men. The ordinary kites were generally made of the dried bulrush (*raupo*) leaf but they were apt to sag and not fly well. The better sorts were made of the inner bark of the paper-mulberry plant (*aute*) or of the tussock grass (*upoko tangata*). Sometimes they were called "bird" (*manu*), or "hawk" (*kahu*), or "winged one" (*pakaukau*), but the *aute* kite was often formed in the shape of a man, and had shells fastened to it so as to rattle as it moved. Native kites had streamers and tails like our own toys; they were very light and graceful in their movements. The kite had its own charm (*karakia*) to be recited in order to raise it in the air, and songs were sung to the flying plaything as it soared on high. Many a pleasant hour the old men as well as the children spent watching the floating toys.

Sometimes the *aute* kite was used as a means of sending a message. The owners waited till a fair wind sprung up and then set free a kite that passed in the direction of the tribe it was wished to communicate with, and those receiving it understood perfectly the message it was meant to convey.[1]

The swing (*morere* or *moari*) was of the kind known to our school-children as "the Giant's stride."[2] A pole was planted in the ground and several ropes fastened so as to hang from the top of it; each rope was seized by a pair of hands, and the holders running in a circle leapt from the ground and were carried through the air still clinging to the ropes. When, as was often the case, the pole was erected on the edge of a cliff, the excitement was greatly increased, as some of the party would be swinging out over the precipice. Common swings (*tarere*) were usually only vines hanging from forest trees.

The skipping-rope (*piupiu*) was used as by Europeans, either singly or with each end held by one person only while a third jumped over the middle; sometimes several persons jumped at the same time over the swinging cord.

The whipping-top (*potaka ta*, *kaitaka*, *kaihotaka*, *kaihora*, etc.), was a very common toy and is often mentioned in old legends. They were made of hard wood such as *matai* or *totara*, and the lash of the whip was of native flax. Sometimes there was a point on each end of the top, so that its position could be reversed at will; this was called a double-ended-top, *(potaka-whero-rua)*. They were

often raced over little hurdles set up on purpose for them to jump over. The humming-top *(potaka-takiri)* was also in use. It had a projecting piece at the top round which the string (*karure*) could be wound, and the toy was held in position by a handle (*papa-takiri*) made of a flat piece of wood about six inches long and half an inch wide; this was held against the side of the top. Pieces of *paua*-shells were often inlaid into the tops to ornament them. Sometimes a small gourd was used as a humming-top; this would have a piece of wood projecting through its longest axis, for the point at one end and for a hold on which to wind the string at the other; a hole was also made in the side of the gourd to make it hum. One very singular custom relating to tops obtained in old days. If a battle had been lost and friends came to condole with the defeated side, a dirge for the dead would be chanted and between each verse humming-tops would be spun. It was supposed that the buzzing sound represented the wail for the victims of war. The tops and other presents were given to the visitors. The teetotum *(porotiti)* was made of a piece of the rind of a gourd cut into a disc and having a wooden centre on which to spin when set whirling by a twirl from thumb and forefinger.

"Walking on stilts" (*pouturu*, *poutoko*, *pouraka*, or *poutoti*) was often indulged in, and appears to have been a very ancient amusement; it is probably a relic of life in some other lands, as there is nothing in the circumstances surrounding the Maoris in their broken

country to have caused the invention of stilts, while in large flat areas like those of the French Landes their use seems reasonable enough. The story of the stilts of Tama (used to allow him to steal fruit from trees) is unsatisfactory, and the original purpose for which stilts were designed is not now to be traced.

The hoop (*pirori*) was used by children, but sometimes by adults in a sinister manner, and in the grim spirit consonant with the idea of amusement possessed by a fierce and revengeful race, for the hoop had now and then the dried skin of a dead human foe stretched upon it, as a mark of contempt for and degradation of the tribe to which the flayed warrior belonged. The hoop, the frame of which was of forest vine (*akatea*), was about two feet in diameter, it was driven backwards and forwards between two parties stationed at either end of a course and was beaten to and fro with sticks, while an appropriate song was chanted.

The small bull-roarer (*pirorohu* or *kororohu*) was made of a piece of hard wood (*mapara*); it was about four inches long by one inch in the centre and tapering to a point at each end. A cord was fastened through two small holes bored crossways in the middle of the piece of wood about a quarter of an inch apart. The instrument was used by twisting the string and letting it unwind itself, this causing a buzzing or whizzing noise. The large bull-roarer (*purerehua or mamae*) was made of hard wood (*matai*) eighteen inches long, and, like the other, tapered to points at the ends. Its cord was about four feet in length, and was fastened

to a stick about three feet long by which the bull-roarer was whirled round, making a booming or humming noise. It was believed that the spirit (of the operator) caused the noise. In some parts of the country bull-roarers were used when a deceased chief was lying in state, and the sound was supposed to drive off evil spirits.

A curious game (*titi-touretua*) was played with four carved sticks, about eighteen inches long. A song (*ngari*) was sung and the sticks tossed backwards and forwards between the players (of whom there were generally six) in time to the song. The sticks were held in a vertical position at the start, and then thrown from one person to another, across or round the circle of players, who sat some little distance apart. The sticks were not to touch each other when thrown, and had to be received in a particular way; the butts every now and then being dropped on the ground.

Another singular game was played with a wooden figure (*karetao*, *keretao*, or *toko-raurape*) used as a "Jumping Jack." The figure was of human form, tattooed on the face, and about eighteen inches in height. The arms were loose and could be jerked up and down by a piece of string running in holes through the body to the feet, and worked by the player. It was used to accompany the song-dance (*haka*) and was "quivered" as the hands are made to do in that dance. Particular songs (*oriori karetao*) were allotted to this amusement.

In the game of "knuckle-bone" (*koruru*) round pebbles were used in a game played

with the hands. The stones were picked up, caught on the back of the hands, etc. There were eight distinct parts of the game to be successively attempted, some of them rather intricate.[3]

Several varieties of games were played with spears or sticks representing spears. The principal of these (*teka*) consisted of throwing a dart, to the point of which a bunch of flax strips was fastened. The dart was long and light, heavier at the butt than at the point. The game was usually played on the sea-beach, and the player who hurled his dart farthest was hailed a winner. A game resembling this (*neti* or *niti*) was also a favourite amusement, but fern-stalks were used instead of spears. A smooth mound of earth was set up, and the player, holding the dart between his thumb and second finger, had to make his dart, when thrown underhand, rebound from the mound on its course, the player reciting a charm the while. In other spear-games darts were thrown by one person at another. Sometimes these darts were merely light reeds to be warded off (*para* or *para toetoe*), but at other times they were sharpened rods and their evasion was a game (*para-mako*) requiring considerable skill if injury was to be escaped. There were two games played by "crooking" the fingers, and these simple pastimes were known as *Upoko-titi* and *Tara-koekoea.*

A childish game (*kakere*) was played by transfixing a sweet-potato (*kumara*) on a stick and jerking it off to see how far it could be thrown. "Ducks and drakes" (*tipi*) were made

WETANI RORE TATANGI.

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by throwing flat stones so as to skip along the surface of the water, as English children play a similar game. Boys amused themselves with a pastime (called *poro-teteke*) by standing in a row, and then on a signal being given stood on their heads, while their legs were kicked out straight, and then doubled back on the buttocks in time to a chorus. It was a ludicrous inverted war-dance. Maori boys were well skilled in the sort of attack called by French soldiers "la savate." They would approach each other, and one would with a sudden kick land the sole of his foot on the chest or stomach of his opponent with a force and dexterity that were astonishing. *Patokotoko* was a game played by one person trying to catch the protruded finger of another in a loop of flax. Children of both sexes played a game (*topa* or *koke*) by inserting the mid-rib of a certain lea (*wharangi*) into a stem of reed-grass *(karetu)* and taking this toy to the top of an eminence. The stem balances the leaf in well-made specimens, and the plaything was sent floating horizontally, while a charm was repeated. Children also played at turning summersaults (*turupepeke*), leaping (*tupeke*), the long jump (*kai-rerere*), "hide and seek" (*piripiri* or *taupunipuni*) and see-saw (*pioi* or *tiemi*), the latter often played on the elastic branch of a growing tree.

Wrestling (*ta* or *whatoto* or *nonoke* or *mamau*) was indulged in as a favourite sport of young men, some of whom arrived at great celebrity through their agility and prowess at this exercise. There were many named

wrestling grips, (*whiu*, *whiri*, *taha*, etc.). Sometimes a woman or two young women would wrestle with a young man; this was called *para-whakawai*, but in some tribes the expression is reserved for fencing bouts with spears, etc., among men. At times wrestling became a water-sport, then called "Ducking" (*taurumaki*), when a competitor would try with an opponent as to which could hold the other under water longest, but this was rather a severe form of amusement, and not highly popular. Diving games were also in fashion, many of the swimmers rushing over the banks of a river at the charge (*kokiri*) and leaping one after another into a deep pool, some diving feet first, others turning summersaults, etc. At times the jump was made from a pole placed horizontally over the water.

The toboggan (*papa-retireti*) was used by youngsters and consisted of a small plank about three feet long and four inches wide, with ridges or rests for the feet, one foot being kept behind the other. These boards were used on a slide (*retireti*) constructed on a slope and kept wet.

Of quieter games there were many. "Cat's Cradle" (*whai*, *huhi*, or *maui*) was known to the Maoris as to almost all the inhabitants of the Malay Archipelago and South Seas. It was played with the two hands and a piece of string, assuming very complicated forms; sometimes a whole drama was played by means of the changing shapes. Two of the favourites were the ascent of Tawhaki the Lightning god, to heaven, and the fishing up

of the land by the hero Maui. There were proper songs chanted as accompaniments to the movements of the players' hands. Another game *(punipuni)* consisted in interlacing the fingers of the two hands with a quick motion while a certain song was sung. A kind of windmill toy *(pekapeka)* was in use. A game (*tutukai*) resembled our "hunt the slipper," and consisted in a circle of persons sitting with closed fists while one of the players went round and tried to find the whereabouts of a small pebble which was rapidly passed round the ring from one to another; the person on whom the stone was found taking the guesser's place. A favourite sport (*ti* or *komikomi*) was played with the fingers, these being rapidly open and shut. Drafts or checkers (*mu*) were well known to the Maoris before the Europeans came and were skilfully handled although the game differed somewhat from our own. Riddles *(panga* or *kai*) were propounded by means of questions and the answers demanded some ingenuity, or varied by becoming manual, as in drawing a pebble across the lips while the others guessed if it was in the player's hand or mouth; puzzles were also prepared, as cunning knots on a piece of cord. Little girls played a game of questions and answers, that can hardly be described as riddles. All being seated in a circle one of the players would sing the query "What will your husband be?" Another would answer "a planter of sweet-potatoes." Then the first would respond "That is very good if he has rich soil. What (turning to the

next) will your husband be?" Answer, "A fisherman." "That is very good in fine weather. What will your husband be?" Answer, "A digger of fern-root." "That is better, plenty of food always in store," etc., etc.

"Counting out" (*wi*) figured among Maori games. The players stood round a circle (called *wi*) drawn on the ground, and the principal, indicating with his finger, counted out the players saying, "*Pika, pika, pere rika,*" etc., in one of the nonsense-jingles customary at such games. These rhymes do not appear to have been, like our own, an obsolete form of the numerals. When all were counted out, an effort was made to enter the circle without being touched by its defender, and if touched such person had to help to defend the circle.

Reciting a long piece of verse without drawing breath (*tatau-manawa*) was sometimes attempted. A variety (*kurawiniwini*) of "hunt the slipper" was played by a double line of young people sitting facing each other. A string was passed between the two lines, and all the players bending forward placed their hands on the string, hiding it from sight. There was a free end of the string somewhere and an outside player had the job of finding it. Sometimes while the hands remained in position the string would be entirely drawn in and concealed by some cunning adept.

The place of the concert and ball room with us was taken among the Maoris by the House of Amusement (*whare-tapere* or *whare-matoro* or *whare-karioi*). These particular

houses were set apart for the young people at night in order that the sports and games, often carried on till dawn, might not disturb the rest of the elders. Here went on the different dances, etc., natural to youth all the world over, and herein also most of the wooing took place that resulted in marriages of affection. Dancing (*haka*, *kanikani*, etc.) was not performed in the manner of European dances in which partners of opposite sexes swing or step together. It was altogether posture dancing, generally by a considerable number of persons, sometimes all of one sex, sometimes with both. The principal of these (*haka*) was in high estimation, and the whole night through relays of dancers might exhibit their skill and elegance in different varieties of the dance. The players usually stood in ranks, swinging their hands and bodies in a marvellous unison.[4] The origin of the song-dance (*haka*) with its quiver of the dancers' fingers was said to have been an attempt to mimic the vibration of the air that heated by the summer sun rises from the soil, and the idea was carried on in the famous *haka* known as "The Dancing Summer." Young women played the graceful game of ball (*poi*). The players stood or were seated in a line, each having her ball fastened to a string about two or three feet long; they would strike the ball right, left, upwards, etc., in time to a chorus (*rangi poi*), all the movements being performed at the same moment and in the same direction, with admirable precision and harmony of action. The balls were of some

light substance, usually of dried bulrush (*raupo*) and were ornamented with the white hair (*awe*) from the tail of the native dog.[5]

Some dances (*maimai*) were reserved for funeral ceremonies; others (*kotaratara*) were only performed on triumphal occasions. The war dance (*ngarahu taua* or *tutu ngarahu*) was, when well executed, a very exciting and even terrible exhibition. Hundreds of warriors in serried ranks would leap as one man to the right and to the left, letting their weapons rise and fall like the waves of the sea, while a deep chest-note would alternate with a savage blood-curdling scream in the powerful chorus of the impassioned singers. Sometimes a mere ceremony, at other times the war-dance was a prelude of battle, and a means of rousing the fighting men to fury. Few who have seen the war-dance of New Zealand executed in earnest will ever forget the resounding roar, the trembling earth, the muscular frenzy, and the moral effect of that tossing sea of human creatures, transformed by their own action into the semblance of demons. Yet, withal, the exquisite time kept in the dance, the force and power that tamed apparently ungovernable excitement into cadence and rhythmic motion had a charm and entrancement all their own.

Music.

The Maori has naturally a fine ear for music, far better than can be believed by those who are not themselves highly trained

and who have not investigated the subject carefully. The natives had no music of the kind Europeans generally understand as such, but they (like all other Polynesians) quickly catch up our tunes and notions of harmony, and their deep mellow voices are well worth training.

In regard to their own music it was apparent to anyone that they had one part of the art in perfection, that is the full sense of rhythm and measured time. To watch the synchronous movement and hear the vocal unison of one of their song-dances (*haka*) was to be persuaded that the regular beat of motion and sound assured the possession of the very spirit of rhythm. There was, however, something more than this. Musicians have sympathetically enquired into the native perception of the value of tones. It appears probable from their researches,[6] that Maoris appreciate modulations of sound unappreciable by the duller ear of the ordinary European. The apparently monotonous notes produced both in their songs and by their musical instruments may contain shades of melody that we miss. Few of our instruments, manufactured to express our own scale of notes, would be able to evoke the sounds which are produced by Maori instruments to Maori ears. I am not a musician, and am unable to deal competently with this subject; I can only remark that on the evidence of experts there appears to be or to have been in Maori music some resemblance to the scale found in the music of the Arabs. "Dr. Russell to Burney says that the Arab scale

of twenty four notes was equal to one octave. But Mr Lane adds that 'the most remarkable peculiarity in the Arab system of music is the division of tones into thirds' Hence, from the system of thirds of tones I have heard the Egyptian musician urge against the European systems of music that they are deficient *in the number of sounds.*"[7] Mr J. A. Davies, a celebrated musical scholar, has committed to paper some of the airs of New Zealand by the aid of a peculiar notation showing quarter-tones, etc., and says that he was approvingly told by the Maoris that they would soon "make a singer of him."[8] If this be so it is possible that a native boy with a Jew's harp or an old native crooning a song, may be sensitive to melodies which appear to us to be only monotonous repetition of two or three notes. Every Maori song had its air, and if an old native was asked "Do you know the song which commences 'so and so'"—he would answer "I do not know. What is the air (*rangi*)? Can you not sing it?"

The great difficulty the Maoris laboured under in the construction of musical instruments was their ignorance of the value or use of metals. Trumpets, flutes, whistles, drums, etc., were their chief producers of pleasant sounds.

The trumpets (*putara*, *putatara*, *pukaea*) were made of wood. They were about four feet to six feet long, and were used for summoning the inhabitants of a village, or for announcing the approach of a chief. They were formed by roughly shaping the outside,

then splitting the wood down the centre, hollowing out the interior, and then binding the pieces together again with close lashings. Little projections (*tohe*) were left on the inner surface close to the mouth; this was to influence the sound.[9] Some trumpets were made of several pieces of wood accurately fitted together and jointed; these were neatly and strongly lashed solid with supplejack creeper (*kareao*; Rhipogonum scandens). Others were used as speaking trumpets, through which insults or defiance could be hurled at an enemy. Most of the musical trumpets had a large hole in the centre, the note being modulated with the hand; some had artificial diaphragms or vibrators set about a foot within the larger end. A kind of trumpet made of a calabash pierced with two or three holes, was now and then to be seen among the Taranaki tribes. Shell-trumpets (*pu-moana* or *potipoti*) were made from the shell of the Triton australis, the apex being cut off, and a carved wooden mouthpiece fixed on.[10] The cord by which it was carried was decorated with tufts of the feathers of the owl-parrot (Stringops).

The drum or gong (*pahu*) was formed from the wood of the *kaiwhiria* (Hedycarya dentata), or, if very large, was made of *matai* (Podocarpus spicata). These gongs were either of canoe shape, or were resonant slabs of timber reaching even to 30 feet in length. They were suspended between two trees, but the war-drum was hung between two posts on the watch-tower (*puhara*) of a fort, a stage for

the striker being erected beneath it. The drum was struck at intervals during the night by the watchman *(kai-mataara)*, whose songs and drummings served to let an enemy know that the defenders of the *pa* were on the alert.

Flutes were of different sizes, and were made of bone or whale's tooth or wood. The largest kind of flute (*torino* or *pu-torino*), or more properly flageolet, for it was played from one end, was manipulated with the fingers placed over the central hole or over the small hole at the end. It was generally made of two hollowed pieces of hard wood joined perfectly in the centre and tapering to each end. The smaller flute *(koauau)* was usually made of bone, an enemy's leg-bone for preference, and was often used as a nose-flute, the end being inserted into one nostril while the other was closed with the thumb. The *koauau* ranged from six inches to eighteen inches in length. Small fifes *(rehu)* were made from the wing-bones of the albatross or from the hollow stem of the *tutu* plant (Coriaria ruscifolia). A flute *(nguru)* or whistle, mostly of use as a war signal, was another variety of the instrument. Whistles about three and a-half inches long, made of hard polished wood, were inlaid with haliotis *(paua)* shell, and worn suspended from the neck. Most flutes were elaborately carved.[11]

There were two kinds of musical toy known as *pakuru*. One of these (also called *pakakau*) was played with two sticks. The principal stick was about fifteen inches long by one and

a-half inches wide, with one flat and one convex side. Sometimes it was well carved and at others only notched with "parrot nibbles" *(whaka-kaka)* along its side. One end of this stick was held between the teeth, flat side down, and the other end held in the left hand, while the right hand struck the wood with the other stick in time to an accompanying song. The sticks were generally made of *matai* or *kaiwhiria*. The other form of the *pakuru* was a bar of wood about eighteen inches long held in one hand and struck lightly with a small mallet; both mallet and bar being highly decorated with carving. A slip of supple-jack (*pirita*) held between the teeth was used as a kind of Jew's harp (*roria*); the elastic material being sprung with the fingers and the sound governed by the pressure of the lips.

LANGUAGE.

The Maori speech of New Zealand is a dialect of the Polynesian language; a language spoken with curious unity wherever the fair-skinned inhabitants of the Pacific Islands dwell. The New Zealand dialect is probably the most perfect form of the original speech (although the claims of local patriotism elsewhere may dispute the statement) for it appears to have preserved many of the primary consonants, whilst in the other island groups one or more of these letters have been dropped. In Rarotonga and the Cook Islands

generally, the *h* is wanting and so strongly is the prejudice against the aspirate indulged that *wh* is also dropped and consequently the *f* of other groups. Thus not only does the Maori *hara* a sin, become the Rarotongan *ara*, but the Maori *whare* a house is pronounced *are*; this is Tahitian *fare*. The Marquesans drop *r*; the Samoans *k*; the Tahitians *k* and *ng*; the Hawaiians lose *k* and change *t* into *k*. These changes can best be exemplified by showing the likeness and differences of two or three words in different Polynesian dialects. The Maori word *hara*, a sin, becomes in Samoa *sala*; in Tahiti *hara*; in Hawaii *hala*; in Tonga *hala*; in Rarotonga *ara*; in the Marquesas *haa*, etc. The Maori *ngutu*, the lip, is written in Samoa *gutu*; in Tahiti *utu*; in Tonga *gutu*; in Hawaii *nuku*; in Rarotonga *ngutu*; though where written *g* it is pronounced nasally *ng*.

It therefore follows that most Polynesian words should be referred to Maori for their perfect form or rather for the most perfect existent form, for many of the Maori words have suffered immense abrasion from their ancient simplicity and integrity. The word for "rain," for instance, was probably *hurangi* or *sulangi*, and has passed through forms still spoken in the Malay and other islands as *urani*, *ulani*, *ulan*, *ula* to the modern Maori *ua* "rain."

There are considerable differences of pronunciation in the sub-dialects among the New Zealanders themselves. On the East Coast of the North Island the *ng* becomes *n*, so that

tangata, "a man," is there pronounced *tanata*. The natives about Whanganui drop the *h* sound, as Rarotongans and Cockneys do. In the South Island *ng* becomes *k*, so *kainga*, "a settlement," becomes *kaika*, and *rangi*, "sky," *raki*.

The Maori language is musical, direct and strong. In using it there was no difficulty in describing any object or circumstance of the old primitive life before Europeans came. The copious vocabulary and customary picturesque metaphor used allowed full range for any conversational or oratorical flights of speech. Of course, when foreigners appeared there arrived with them numerous objects for which Maoris had no name, and abstract ideas for which they had no adequate mode of expression. The vocabulary was then extended with bastard words written according to the nearest sounds capable of being conveyed by the sixteen letters of the Maori alphabet. "Horse" beame *hoiho*; "soldier," *hoia*; "glory," *kororia*, etc., and this system disfigures the written or printed pages of Maori literature (alas! how small and starved a literature!) at the present day. It was difficult to avoid, but could have been averted to a great extent, and thus have saved the growth of a hideous wen on what was once a beautiful variety of human speech.

The simplicity of the grammar is to a European more apparent than real, as the peculiar use of particles and alteration of the form of sentences to convey shades of meaning are very difficult to master in perfection. It is easy to learn a sort of Maori lingo, but it is

doubtful if any beside a few exceptionally-gifted individuals ever acquire the language sufficiently well to make their speech (*reo*) grateful to the native ear if that speech has not been a "mother-tongue" or prattled in childhood.

CHAPTER VI.

POETRY, SONG, PROVERBS.
FABLES.—TRIBAL MOTTOES.

POETRY, SONG, PROVERBS.

THE Maoris were a very poetical people; song and musical utterance were the natural expression of their every emotion. All their religious moods found an outcome in chants and hymns; love songs to their sweethearts and dirges for the dead alternated with lullabies to their children and songs of defiance against their foes, while their more quiet and meditative moments were passed in crooning low ditties full of pathos and poetry. Children sung at their games and men and women at their sports. Even their ghostly fears were filled with music, for could they not hear the voice of fairies and spirits at night uttering their songs of warning and uncanny revelry?

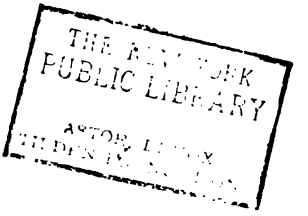
The poetry is of peculiar character, unrhymed, and with only a feeble attempt at rhythm. It is exceedingly difficult to translate (as all old Polynesian poetry is) because full of obsolete words and forgotten allusions. It has never been composed in modern times,

only old songs are adapted to the needs of every day life, and they thus are as full of interest to those who can catch the allusions as are apt quotations in the polished oration of a European speaker. Some of the metaphors are common to poets all the world over, for instance that of the moth or butterfly as an emblem of the soul, or the tendrils of a clinging plant as an emblem of tender affection.

The canoe-pulling song was used in dragging heavy timber or canoes out of the forest and took the place which the sailors' "chanty" does with us. There is variety in the measure, long lines or syllables adapted for heavy pulls and another part of the song for sharp quick jerks. The boat-songs were to give time to the paddlers in canoes, and were sung by directors or fuglemen of whom there were two in each large war-canoe, one near the bow and the other near the stern. Each of these directors would brandish his staff or weapon as a baton in exact time to the song. Part-songs *(haka)* were generally sung by young men and women ranged in rows and dressed in paint and feathers for the evening entertainment. These *(haka)* usually consisted of solo and refrain, the latter often a monotonous deep-breathed note accompanied with gestures of head and hands and body—the whole company moving in unison as if parts of some machine. Sometimes these songs were sentimental, sometimes humorous, but always a pleasure to listeners and performers.[1] War-songs (*peruperu*) were

MAKING NEW (OR SACRED) FIRE BY FRICTION OF WOOD.

A woman steadied the under-piece of wood with her foot.—[See page 138.]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a solo and chorus accompaniment of the war-dance and were very inspiriting compositions, the words sometimes hardly to be understood, but the vigour and volume of sound enormous, hands, legs, and heads all agreeing in consentaneous motion. The ordinary songs (*waiata*) could be sung by one or several persons, but were not dance-songs, that is they were not usually accompanied by motions of the body. Wonderful were the memories of the Maori for songs. One old man recited or sung 380 to Mr. E. Best, each with its proper air or *rangi*.

A few, a very few, examples of different kinds of poetry may suffice to show the nature and genius of Maori song. In an incantation addressed to the sea god by Hina occur the words :—

"The tide of life glides swiftly past
And mingles all in one great eddying foam.
O Heaven, now sleeping! rouse thee, rise to power.
And O thou Earth; awake, exert thy might for me,
And open wide the door to my last home,
Where calm and quiet rest awaits me in the sky."

It may be thought that these ideas militate against the notions of the future life elsewhere described in this volume, but Hina was a goddess, not a mortal, and was not subject to the ordinary laws of the natural world. The incantation by help of which Heaven and Earth were separated reads as follows :—

"Rough be their skin—so altered by dread—
As bramble and nettle, repugnant to feel.
So change, for each other, their love into hate.
With direst enchantments O sever them, gods!

Gone! Yes with the mighty flood,
I lonely sit midst noise and crowd,
My life ebbs fast."

Of quite a different character are the songs of revenge and lust for blood, fierce and implacable. They were called *whaka-tea tumoto*, or *kai-oraora*:—

"O the saltness of my mouth
In drinking the liquid brains of Nuku
Whence welled up his wrath!
His ears which heard the deliberations!
Tutepakihirangi shall go headlong
(Into the stomach) of Hinewai!
My teeth shall devour Kaukau!
The three hundred and forty of Te Kiri-kowhatu
Shall be huddled in a heap in my trough!
Te Hika and his multitudes shall boil in my pot!
Ngaitahu (the whole tribe) shall be
My sweet morsel to finish with! E!

Combined with the poetry the proverbs of the people must be considered, for they are often interwoven in the old songs, and a line from some ancient poem or a few words recalling some legendary action may have a pungency impossible to explain to those who do not recognise the allusion. The Maori mind was a treasury of pithy proverbs; hundreds have been collected, but even at the present day unregistered but pregnant sayings are on the lips of the people. Some of these proverbial utterances carry their meanings on the surface. Of such are the proverbs:—

"Though the grub may be a little thing it can cause the big tree to fall."

"A spear shaft may be parried but not a shaft of speech."

"The weaving of a garment may be traced but the thoughts of man cannot."

"Son up and doing, prosperous son; son sitting, hungry son."

"Did you come from the village of the Liar?"

"The offspring of Rashness died easily."

"The women shall be as a cliff for the men to flee over."

"Great is the majority of the dead."

"The home is permanent, the man flits."

"Outwardly eating together, inwardly tearing to pieces."

"Man is passing away like the *moa*."

"Will the escaped wood-hen return to the snare?"

"Perhaps you and False-tongue travelled here together."

"Well done the hand that roots up weeds!"

"A chief dies, another takes his place."

"Passing clouds can be seen, but passing thoughts cannot be seen."

"The digger of fern-root has abundance of food, but the parrot-snarer will go hungry."

Other proverbs require explanation, some being only slightly, and others extremely, obscure. "Those who escape the sea-god will be killed by those on shore" is an allusion to the legendary custom in the ancestral home (Hawaiki), of killing shipwrecked strangers. It is used as applying to a very perilous position, as we say "Between the devil and the deep sea." The proverb "The attendants of Papaka who were slain in forgetfulness" means that it is convenient to forget at times, for Papaka killed his mother's brothers ignoring that they were his own relatives. "The road to Hawaiki is cut off" is equivalent to our "The Rubicon is passed." "The

And fill with disgust to each other their days.
Engulf them in floods, in ocean and sea;
Let love and regret for each other be hate,
Nor affection nor love of the past live again."

The magical charm to drive away wood-goblins was:—

"Whispering ghosts of the West,
Who brought you here to our land?
Stand up, stand up and depart,
Whispering ghosts of the West!"

The following may be offered as a specimen of a love-song (*Waiata-aroha*):—

"Look where the mist
Hangs over Pukehina,
There is the path
By which went my love.
Turn back again hither
That tears may be poured
Out from my eyes.
It was not I at first
Who spoke of love,
But you who made advances
When I was but a little thing.
Therefore was my heart made wild,
This is my farewell of love to thee."

Another love-song runs as follows, but it is that of a widow for her dead husband:—

"After the evening hours
I recline upon my bed.
Thy own spirit-like form
Comes towards me,
Creeping stealthily along.
Alas! I mistake,
Thinking thou art here with me,
Enjoying the light of day.

Then the affectionate remembrances
Of the many days of old
Keep on rising within my heart.
This, however, loved one—
This thou must do,
Recite the potent call to Rakahua,
And the strong cry to Rikiriki
That thou mayest return.
For thou wert ever more than an ordinary husband;
Thou wert my best beloved, my chosen,
My treasured possession. Alas!"

The natives sung lullabies (*oriori*) to their children. Part of one of these songs runs:—

"Here is little Rangi-tumua, reclining with me
Under the lofty pine-tree of Hine-rahi.
And here am I, my little fellow!
Seeking, searching sadly through the thoughts that rise.
In these days, my child,
For us two no lofty chiefs are left.
Passed are the times of thy far-famed uncles,
Who from the storms of war and witchcraft
Gave shelter to the multitudes, the thousands."

Sometimes, when death interfered, the lullaby became a lament:—

"I silent sit as throbs my heart
For my children;
And those who look on me
As now I bow my head
May deem me but a forest tree
From distant land.
I bow my head
As droops the tree-fern (*mamaku*),
And weep for my children.
O my child! so often called,
"Come O my child!"

voyaging Maori to New Zealand in the "Arawa" canoe. Most of the provisions were lost from the canoe when it entered the great mid-ocean whirlpool, but the lady in question saved some of her sweet-potatoes in a little basket. The potatoes being planted on arrival here were the origin of this root in New Zealand, according to a tribal story.

Some proverbs are mere local boasts, such as "Wind is everywhere, but (the best) food at Orariki." "A greenstone of two colours" implies a changeable person. "The men are of Waitaha (tribe) but not their hearts" is used against diversity of council. "Descendants of Kapu, with minds undeciphered" was spoken of a reserved party of visitors. "It would scarcely stir the beard of Haumatangi" means as though one said "It would hardly be a mouthful," for Haumatangi had a valiant appetite. "The children of Ninihi" was used to those who professed to scorn dainties but were gourmands nevertheless—probably this affectation was one of the weaknesses of Ninihi. A person usually neglectful of personal appearance but who was highly ornamented on some special occasion was rebuked by the adage "Buried in the ground, a chrysalis; appearing in the air a butterfly." "The many of Rangiwhakangi" is equivalent to our "Many hands make light work." If a greedy person secured a dainty portion of food and secreted it, he was told "You have a fat *kahawai* fish, so turn your face away." "Haste with the harvest, the Pleiades are setting" was a hint that the season was advanced.

These examples may suffice to show what a treasury of quaint wisdom the Maori's memory held in keeping.

FABLES.

The natives amused themselves at times by reciting fabulous or invented stories (*korero tara*). These must not in any way be confounded with legends or folk-lore tales; the latter being regarded, however improbable, as being in the nature of traditional narratives of truths. The fables generally related to animals and their imaginary adventures. They are not of great interest, and I give a solitary example as a specimen; the best procurable specimen of such stories.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIRDS.

"In ancient days two shags (Cormorant; *Kawau*; Phalacrocorax, N.Z.) met at the sea-side. One was a salt-water bird, and the other was a fresh-water bird; nevertheless they were both shags, living alike on fish which they caught in the water, although they differed a little in the colour of their feathers. The river-bird, seeing the sea-bird go into the sea for the purpose of fishing food for itself, did the same. They both dived repeatedly, seeking food for themselves, for they were hungry; indeed the river-bird dived ten times and caught nothing. Then the river-bird said to his companion, "If it were but my own home, I should just pop under water and find food directly; there never could be a single diving there without finding food"—To which remark his companion simply said, "Just so." Then the river-bird said to the other, "Yes, thy home here in the sea is one without any food"—To this insulting observation the sea-bird made no reply. Then the river-bird said to the other, "Come along with me to my home; you and I will fly together"—On this both birds flew off and kept flying till they got to a river where they dropped. Both dived and both rose, having each a fish in its bill;

then they dived together ten times, and every time they rose together with a fish in their bills. This done, the sea-bird flew back to its own home. Arriving there it immediately sent heralds in all directions to all the birds of the ocean to lose no time but to assemble and kill all the fresh-water birds and all the birds of the dry land and the forests. The sea-birds hearing this assented, and were soon gathered together for the fray. In the meanwhile the river-birds and the land- and forest-birds were not idle; they also assembled from all quarters, and were preparing to repel their foes.

Ere long the immense army of the sea-birds appeared, sweeping along grandly from one side of the heavens to the other, making a terrible noise with their wings and cries. On their first appearing, the Fantail *(piwakawaka;* Rhipidura flabellifera*)* got into a towering passion, being desirous of spearing the foe, and danced about presenting his spear on all sides, crying *Ti ! Ti !** Then the furious charge of the sea-birds was made. In the first rank came, swooping down with their mighty wings, the albatross, the gannet, and the big brown gull *(ngoiro)* with many others closely following, indeed all the birds of the sea. Then they charged at close quarters, and fought bird with bird. How the blood flowed and the feathers flew! The river-birds came on in close phalanx and dashed bravely right into their foes. They all stood to it for a long time, fighting desperately, Such a sight! At last, the sea-birds gave way, and fled in confusion. Then it was that the hawk (*kahu*, Circus gouldii) soared down upon them, pursuing and killing; and the fleet sparrow-hawk *(karearea*; Hieracidea, N.Z.*)* darted in and out among the fugitives, tearing and ripping, while the owl (*ruru*, Spiloglaux, N.Z.), who could not fly by day, encouraged by hooting derisively "Thou art brave! Thou art victor! *(Toa Koe! toa Koe!)* and the big parrot (*kaka;* Nestor meridionalis) screamed "Remember! Remember! Be you ever remembering your thrashing!" *(Kia iro! kia iro!)*

In that great battle the two birds, the petrel *(ti-ti*; puffinus tenuirostris) and the black petrel (*taiko*; Majaqueus parkinsoni) were made prisoners by the river-birds; and hence it is that these two birds always lay

*This appears a very humorous idea to a Maori, because the dear little Fantail is one of the tiniest and least terrible of the bird tribe.

their eggs and rear their young in the woods among the land-birds. The petrel (*titi*) goes to sea and stays there for a whole moon, and, when she is full of oil for the young in the forests, she returns to feed them, which is once every moon. From this circumstance arose with our ancestors the old adage which has come down to us, "A *titi* of one feeding"—(*He titi whangainga tahi*), meaning "Even as a petrel gets fat though only fed now and then."[2]

Tribal Mottoes.

Many of the important tribes had "Mottoes" or proverbial adages, often quoted, and supposed to convey in a terse and emphatic manner some characteristic of the people to which the name or expression was applied. Sometimes these were scornful epithets used by others almost as nicknames and applied contemptuously. I refrain from giving examples of these, as they would only confer more publicity on annoying phrases, and wound some of my native friends without cause.

Another kind, that of the true "Motto" was a proud descriptive sentence or word, well remembered by the members of the tribe alluded to and by those who wished to flatter or approve. Of these the following may be taken as examples:

Ngaiterangi tribe "Truthful" (*Ki-tahi*; literally "single-speech").
Ngati-paoa tribe "Easily offended" (*Taringa-rahirahi*; literally "thin-ears").
Waikato tribe "The hundred chiefs" (*Taniwha rau*).
Ngapuhi tribe "Eaters of men" (*Kaitangata*).
Ngati-awa tribe "Of a hundred holes" (*Kowhao rau*; meaning "Of a hundred hiding places," fertile of resource).
Rangitihi tribe "The arrogant head" (*Upoko whakahirahira*).

CHAPTER VII.

FOOD, CULTIVATION, ETC. CANOES.

FOOD, CULTIVATION, ETC.

THE European is so accustomed to draw on his flocks and herds for large supplies of animal food and on his crops of grain for bread-stuffs that it is difficult for him to understand how any people not in the hunting or pastoral stage can subsist without large stores of meat, or how a race that has no cereals can continue to support life if largely dependent on roots and on the products of shore and forest. Yet the Maoris did this, and kept their bodily frames up to the highest efficiency, not, however, without industry and risk, those blessings in disguise to human nature. There was plenty and more than plenty at times, but it was purchased with brain and muscle, with digging-stick and fishing-net, at the point of the bird-spear and canoe-paddle.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to assert that cannibalism originated in New Zealand through scarcity of food. If that had been so the women would have been in poor

case, for human flesh was a *tapu* food for them. The women were as well nourished as the men, and the Maori would have been a poor race if it had depended on half-starved mothers. Nature was not prodigal to her dusky children as in the sunny islands of the South Seas; although food was on every side, it had to be won; won with an ingenuity, a resolution, and an industry that awake admiration the more it is contemplated. Birds of all kinds, eggs, sea-fish, river-fish, shell-fish, cray-fish, eels, rats, dogs, bread of *hinau* and *raupo*-pollen, berries, edible seaweed, sweet roots of cabbage-tree, heads of palms and tree-ferns, sweet potatoes, yams, *taro*, fernroot, etc., etc., were eaten fresh, were dried, stored, and kept for winter provision. Cliff and beach, forest and lake, sea and river, all had supplies of food waiting for those wise enough and laborious enough to gather them in, and also generous enough to feel that it was the portion of the strong and well equipped to share not only equally but bountifully with the weaker members of their tribe.

As the great bulk of their food was vegetable we had better turn first to their staple root-crop, viz, the sweet-potato (*kumara*) and to save reiteration speak of it henceforth under its native name. The *kumara* (Ipomœa chrysorrhiza) is a very handsome plant of tender growth and very prolific in good seasons; it is an annual and needs considerable skill in cultivation. The little hillocks on which it was planted had to be manured every year with fine gravel obtained from pits or river-beds, and carried in closely-woven baskets,

with much labour, on the bearer's back to the place where it was to be used. The ground was kept entirely free from weeds, and the young plants sheltered from the wind by small screens of tea-tree (*manuka*); careful watch was also kept upon the growing plants to guard them from the ravages of a certain caterpillar; the larva of a large moth (*anuhe, awhato, hotete;* Cordiceps robertsii) which preyed on the *kumara* leaves sometimes in almost incredible numbers. This pest is better known as the "vegetable caterpillar" from a fungus that grows from it after death. It caused great havoc, eating from the edges of the leaves inwards, leaving the rib-veins. Hence the proverb against a glutton "Caterpillar always slowly eating" (*awhato ngongenga roa*). The larvæ were carefully picked off into baskets, carried away and burnt; it was a job always greatly disliked. This part of the work, fetching the gravel, weeding, watching for the caterpillars, etc., was faithfully and carefully performed by the women. Sometimes, however, old men past other work would be set, as the crop grew towards ripeness, to scare away thievish rats by working rattles at night, these rattles being composed of lines on which mussel shells were strung in bunches, that jingled and made a sound sufficient to scare away the rodents. There were at least forty or fifty named varieties of *kumara*,[1] all of which came true to their kinds when planted, but none of the species flowered nor was there any legend to the effect that they had ever done so. By some tribes the tuber was allowed to throw out

a sprout before being put into the ground, but this necessitated even greater care and watchfulness than usual. Before the roots were ripe the old women would visit the plants and remove a few of the tubers by scraping away the soil at the side of a mound, then the earth round the plant was carefully loosened with a dibble and hilled up again, every withered leaf and weak sprout being removed. The roots taken out were scraped and half-dried on mats spread in the sun, each being carefully turned every day and shielded from dew at night. When properly dried they were (if not eaten at once) packed in baskets and kept as sweetmeats, or sometimes mashed up with warm water. These dried roots were called *kao*. Great care was shown in taking up (*hauhake*) the crop; this was always done in autumn before the frosts came. They were sorted out as to size, variety, etc.; all broken or damaged roots were eaten as soon as possible, but the better specimens were put into newly-made flax baskets and on some bright sunny day bestowed in the *kumara* store. Any moisture on them when put away would soon have spoiled them and they would have become mouldy.

The *kumara* was considered an exceedingly sacred crop and both the planting and harvesting of the roots were attended with much ceremonial. The plant itself was regarded as a god under the name of Rongo-marae-roa, and it was considered as eminently "The food of Peace" never to be contaminated by being cooked in the same oven nor stored in the

same place as fern-root which was "The food of War." The *kumara* had to be steamed in the oven, the fern-root roasted in the fire. The *kumara* was mystically supposed to be under the guardianship of a goddess named Pani, hence a kumara plantation was called "The belly of Pani." If when harvesting any unusually large or peculiarly shaped sweet potato was found, it was called "Pani's medium" and was made sacred. If this was not done the whole *kumara* crop would rot away in the store-house, beside other evils. It was therefore taken by the priests and used at offerings of first-fruits cooked on a sacred fire. To find such a root was a cause of much gratulation as ensuring Pani's blessing, and as such *kumara* were only found when the crop was unusually prolific it was taken as a proof of Pani's favour. An incantation to this goddess always preceded the planting of the crop.[2] The tubers of the ordinary *kumara* that were to be offered as first-fruits to the gods at the digging-up were planted in a separate plot (*mara-tautane*) of the cultivation. Rotorua was a famous place for *kumara*, probably on account of the warmth of the volcanic soil, and on the island of Mokoia (in Rotorua lake), a very sacred place, the ceremonies necessary were observed with great strictness. The first incantation used was "The Song of Maui" (*Te tewha o Maui.*) The priests went out to the forest and gathered boughs of the *mapou* tree, while the people fasted; both that day and the next were held very sacred, even the lake being *tapu*, no fishing was allowed nor

did canoes put forth. The priests carried the *mapou* boughs and laid them with recited charms before the stone-god known as Te Matua Tonga. All day the branches rested there imbibing the essence of the god, and then they were removed to the *kumara* plantation and stuck into the soil to ensure a fruitful crop. The next morning the priests repeated their spells while the people were putting the tubers into the ground. When a great chief's *kumara* fields were being planted, the skull of his father or some other ancestor was brought out and placed beside the *mapou* boughs, remaining there during the season to give fecundity to the crop. The Arawa tribe used for this purpose the skull and bones of the old giant Tuhourangi, but in some places the skulls of vanquished foemen were set up along the sides of the *kumara* fields to promote a large yield of roots. It is said in legend that two persons, named respectively Taukata and Hoake, brought the *kumara* from Hawaiki to New Zealand, and Hoake returned as a guide in the canoes which started to get more, but Taukata was sacrificed and his blood sprinkled upon the door-posts of the store-house in which the first crop of *kumara* was placed, lest the spirit *(mauri)* of the roots should vanish and return home. Hoake did not return from Hawaiki, but six generations afterwards his descendants came to New Zealand with their vessels loaded with the sweet-potato. On landing they took the skull of Taukata from its burial cave *(whara)* and placing a seed-*kumara* in either eye-socket of the skull, the

flee. The most beautifully adorned house in a settlement was generally the red-painted *kumara* store, which was always erected so that the door was turned away from the cold south wind and also that the spirits of the dead might not fly athwart them as they journeyed to Te Reinga. The stores were usually set up on carved posts, their internal walls were often made of neatly-placed yellow reeds renewed every year, and they had squared plinths of fern-tree stems placed at base to keep out rats. The roof was well fastened down with ropes of the climbing fern (*mangemange*: Lygodium volubile) and the carved work of the gables was inlaid with haliotis (*paua*) shell. All *kumara* stores were rigidly *tapu* and persons entering them were *tapu* also, so that only necessary and exceedingly formal visits were made to these sacred stores. In Waiwiri lake (generally known as Papaitonga, but this is properly the name of an island in the lake) at Horowhenua, posts were erected in the water and food-stores erected thereon.

Although mention has been above made as to the introduction of *kumara* by Taukata, Maoris of different tribes dispute fiercely as to the honour of first bringing the tubers to New Zealand, and as to which of the ancestral canoes conveyed them hither—probably they all had a share. It seems likely, however, that the migration from Hawaiki did introduce the root to these islands, as there is a consensus of legendary evidence to the effect that the previous inhabitants of the land were unacquainted with the sweet-potato and had

fern-root, on the sugary root of the
m, etc. Many of the traditions
vay into the realm of myth, for
(the god of that name) is said to
the introducer, while the canoes
rwards and forwards to Hawaiki in
usly short space of time. There
y no trustworthy evidence in the
it is simplified by one legendary
hat the *kumara* grew "on the cliffs
in the Under-world."[4] Unless
and important material of enquiry
d, any attempt to ascertain the
ntry from which the *kumara* was
vaste of time. The Maori saying
aiki is the land where the *kumara*
taneously among the fern," has
ed counsel.[5]

t food-staple in importance to the
s the root of the common fern
Pteris aquilina or esculenta), the
eing denoted *roi* or *aruhe*. There
varieties known to the natives and
were said to be distinct, for in-
found on sandy soil differed in
that growing on the edge of the
a steep slope. The best grew on
alluvial soil, the root there having
and less fibre. A good root would
out three inches round by about one
If it did not break crisply it was re-
e supply had in some cases to be
miles, and the labour in procuring
ng it was no light matter. It was
g and early summer, then put into

skull was set up on the edge of the plantation. Thereafter at the gathering and storing of the *kumara* a descendant of Taukata was sacrificed as an offering to the gods, and his blood sprinkled on the door-posts of the *kumara* store-house.

The ceremonial of planting differed according to locality. Some tribes set up three stakes on posts, each representing a god, viz, Kahukura (the rainbow—chief god of the *kumara* crop), Maui-i-rangi and Marihaka; to these incantations were chanted and offerings made. The priests then went to consult the holy image of Kahukura that stood in the sacred place of Mua. (See Wharekura). If the god was propitious his image would shake or tremble as a sign that protection would be given by the celestial powers to guard the crop both from natural enemies and tribal foes. Great trouble was sometimes taken to ensure the presence of a celebrated priest (who was sometimes brought from a place far away), for, if a mistake was made in the prayers or any ceremonies omitted, the presiding priest would be smitten with death by the gods, and the crop ruined. The principal chief would probably see to the death punishment. At different stages in the work of planting loud shouts would be given by the workers, a shout when the ground was first broken by digging, again when taking the young shoots from the tubers, again when the bulbs were set in the little mounds. All the men, chief and followers, who worked at the planting did so perfectly naked. The *kumara* sets were addressed

as persons, reminded how good effects were to be obtained if they meant to grow, viz, from sun, wind and rain, and from holding on to the soil; nor were reminders of the ancient heavenly origin of the plant forgotten.

The *kumara* crop was dug when the star Vega (*Whanui*) was above the horizon in the direction (?) of Hawaiki. Should the star rise slowly there would be a fruitful year, not only for *kumara* but for all crops and all kinds of food, such as birds, rats, etc. If the star rose quickly there would be a lean year. If the *kumara* crop was not dug when Whanui was seen the crop might be good to eat at the time, but would not keep for winter use. The priest-chief (*ariki*) was always presented with the first-fruits of the *kumara* crop, some of it cooked and some of it raw. At the same time other offerings, of birds, fish, etc., were made to him, accompanied with hymns and chants reserved for the occasion. The men engaged in planting and harvesting *kumara* were very *tapu* and needed special forms of spells and purification before they could resume ordinary avocations.[3] The *kumara* was so sacred that when a *pa* was in danger of attack tubers of this plant were buried in all paths leading to the fort, in order that should a foeman chance to step on one of these he would provoke the anger of the gods against his party. For this reason a war-party would always make its own path if possible, and not use a beaten track. If the spell named *Whatu mahunu* was recited over the buried *kumara* the legs of a foeman would feel as if burnt and he would turn and

prepared by drying when mature by the aid of sun or fire, the contents being scooped out through a small hole in the stem-end. Small gourds were used as vessels for holding oils and paints for the body, the medium size were made into dishes and water-vessels, while the very large specimens were reserved for potting birds. For this purpose the stalk-end was cut off and a carved wooden mouthpiece inserted; this was cut out of one piece of wood large enough to allow of a man's hand being inserted into the vessel. At the bottom of the large gourd three or four legs were fitted so that it would stand upright; such containers were highly prized, and became heirlooms.

The tap-root (*kauru* or *mauku*) of the cabbage-tree (*ti*: Cordyline sp.) was dug up at particular seasons, split and cooked. The root of a finer quality from the species known as *ti-koraha* was carrot-shaped and about two or three feet in length, requiring a deep rich soil for its proper growth. The seedlings were carefully planted out, and the following year the root was fit for use. The plants were dug up, stacked in piles, and dried in the sun. The fibrous roots were burned off while drying. When dry the roots were scraped and slowly baked for from 12 to 18 hours. They were either chewed at once, or pounded, washed and squeezed to extract the sugar which was contained in great quantity, partially crystalised among the fibres of the root. The sugar was eaten as a relish with fern-root. There was another variety of cabbage-tree (*ti para*: C. edulis) a flowerless variety, growing

to a height of four or five feet and propagated only by suckers and side-shoots; when it had thrown out its suckers it died. The stem of this plant, which was considerably thicker than that of a cabbage, was cooked and eaten. Sometimes the heart-shoots of the cabbage-tree (*ti*) were eaten raw or after being roasted on the embers; this was usually done by men on a journey when food was scarce. The frond-stems and heart of the great tree-fern (*mamaku*: Cyathea medullaris) were also baked and eaten, a very nourishing food resembling sago. The heart of the *nikau* palm (Areca sapida) was eaten raw; it was succulent and wholesome but it destroyed the tree for a very small quantity of nourishment to the eater. The roots (*koreirei*) of the bulrush (*raupo*: Typha angustifolia) were found to be mild, cool and refreshing if eaten raw, but the roots of the New Zealand lily (*rengarenga*: Arthropodium cirrhatum) had to be cooked in the oven before becoming fit for food. A plant resembling a long red radish (*perei*: Gastrodia cunninghamii) was valued for its root, but it was scarce, and only found in dense forests. The roots of the common convolvulus (*pohue*: Convolvulus sepium) were carefully dug up and cooked, but were not much thought of as an article of diet, for they were to be found in small quantity and it took much trouble to dig up the long whip-like roots. The bulbs or large scaly bracts of roots at the base of the leaves of that most beautiful of objects, the horse-shoe fern (*para-reka*: Marattia salicina), whose leaves sometimes reach 14 feet

in graceful length, formed a delicious article of food, but the locality in which it grew was limited, and confined almost wholly to dark shady forests. The kernel-like inner part of the root of the sedge (*ririwaka*: Scirpus maritimus) was eaten.

Bread *(pua)* was made from the yellow pollen of the bulrush (*raupo*). It was collected in summer, and when raw was like mustard in appearance. It was gently beaten out from the flowering spikes, and mixed up with water into thin large round cakes and then baked. The taste was like gingerbread, and it was both sweet and light. Bread was also made from the berries of the *hinau* tree (Elæocarpus dentatus). The berries had to be steeped for a long time, sometimes for months, in running water. Then they were placed in troughs with water and rubbed with the hands, the nuts, stalks and bits of broken skin were drained off, and the residue was a kind of coarse meal which was made into a huge cake and steamed in the oven. It took two days to make a cake weighing from 25 to 30 pounds. It was troublesome to prepare but was greatly relished, as, though darker than our brown bread, it was pleasant to the taste. It was often set before visitors as superior food. Some tribes did not steep the fruit but only pounded it in a rude mortar and sifted it through a sieve made of the mid-ribs of the leaf of cabbage-tree (*ti*).

The pulp of the berries of the *karaka* tree (Corynocarpus lœvigata) was sometimes eaten raw and the poisonous woody kernel thrown

away. But as an article of food it was the kernel that was valued, and held in higher estimation than fern-root, but it was not so common, as the tree only grows near the sea. The fruit was soaked in water for months, a dam being formed in a small stream for that purpose. When ready they were washed by being trampled with the feet, the outer pulp and skin passing away. Then the kernels were cooked in the ovens. Another mode was to gather the fruits in the autumn and steam them in large ovens for a long time; then they were put into loosely woven baskets which were shaken and knocked about to remove the pulp and outer skin, the large seed being left; this removed the poisonous qualities. Afterwards they were spread out on mats and stages to dry and then stowed away. When used the kernels still in the husk were steamed again in the oven. Sometimes the hard seeds of the fruit of the *tawa* (Nesodaphne tawa) were steamed and eaten; the fruit, which is like a long plum, is not very palatable. Maoris after the arrival of the Europeans acquired a liking for a filthy kind of food, viz, maize steeped in water till rotten and then cooked, but it need not be considered as an article of Maori food proper, as maize was an introduced plant. The berries *(konini)* of the native fuchsia (*kotukutuku*: Fuchsia excorticata); of two species of solanum shrubs (*poroporo*, *poporo*: Solanum aviculare and S. nigrum) and of some other trees and shrubs were eaten raw. Fungi of various sorts, especially those growing on dead timber, were eaten and relished as we

enjoy mushrooms. If fungi were found in abundance it was believed that a year of scarcity of all kinds of food was at hand. The sow-thistle (*puwha*: Sonchus oleraceus) was used fresh as a vegetable, gathered once or twice a day and steamed in the oven. Only the tender young leaves and tops were used, and the stems were sometimes bruised and washed in running water to get rid of the bitter milky juice. It was considered a great relish when used in spring and summer, and cooked with fish. The leaves of certain other plants (*raupeti*, *toi*, and *tohetake*) were also used as vegetables. The so-called "Maori cabbage" was introduced by Cook, and was not an indigenous plant. The fleshy flower (*tawhara*) of the climbing plant *kiekie* (Freycinetia banksii) was eaten greedily and its fruit (*ureure*) was also eaten when it was ripe, in the winter. A few varieties of seaweed were also cooked and devoured; the principal of these was a species of Laminaria (*karengo*). It was an extremely slippery and flat growth, like paper, found on tidal rocks. It was collected and dried in the sun and closely packed away in baskets. *Karengo* was generally eaten after being steamed in the oven and mixed with *tutu* juice, when it became like jelly and was allowed to cool. It was considered a great treat, and was carried to inland tribes as a valued present.

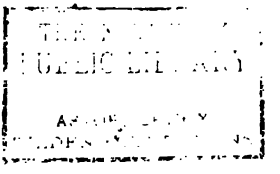
The Maoris drank little excepting water, or water made sweet with the honey of the flax flower (Phormium). The sugary roots of the cabbage-tree (*ti*) were sometimes bruised

in water as a sweet drink, but there was nothing to be called an artificial beverage except the juice of the *tutu* (Coriaria ruscifolia) berry. This juice had to be carefully strained to extract the seeds, which were highly poisonous, but if there were no seeds the drink was pleasant and wholesome. The juice was expressed from the berries and placed in calabashes which were set in a cool place for immediate use. A sister variety (*kawa*: Piper excelsum) of the plant (*kawa:* Piper methysticum) from which the South-sea *Kava* is made, grows in New Zealand, but although the Maoris had kept the name they apparently forgot how to make the beverage; neither the chewing or pounding the root for its juices was practised, or alluded to in legend. The gum of the *kauri* pine and of the *tarata* (Pittosporum eugenioides) was chewed as a masticatory; the latter being mixed with a gummy exudation from the sow-thistle. Bitumen was also chewed and passed freely from one to another.

The above covers pretty fully the subject of the vegetable food of the Maori, but before leaving the subject altogether a few words may be devoted to general remarks. Their plantations were not fenced; it was not until after the pig was introduced that fences became necessary. The only fences used were screens of reeds or tea-tree put up to shelter *kumara* and *taro* from high winds. The plantations were far apart, for fear that either an enemy's war party or a friendly plundering (*muru*) party might ruin the results of much

patient labour, for at such times crops were wantonly and ruthlessly destroyed. In preparing a cultivation the big trees were felled with the aid of fire as described in canoe making. The smaller trees were cut down by means of heavy stone-axes (*toki*) lashed to the ends of poles and impelled against the tree to be felled. This was done until two deeply cut (or bruised) rings about a foot apart were made round the tree, and then the intermediate portions of wood were removed by applying wedges of smaller axes. This went on till the centre of the tree was reached. It was a slow process, for often a stage on which many men could work had to be set up round the trunk. The ramming at the tree with the great axe-shaft was done by parties of men timing their work with chants, as they would do in hauling out a log or paddling a canoe. The plantations were very pleasing to the eye, being kept in good order and set with mathematical accuracy. *Kumara* fields had their plants set about two feet apart each in its little round mound like a small mole-hill, while the beautiful *taro* plants with their dark rich green leaves rose from a levelled surface often white with sand patted smooth with the hand. The *hue* were set in little depressions like bowls or hemispherical pits. All lines of *kumara* and *taro* were set absolutely straight whether viewed lengthwise or across, a cord being used in laying these lines out with uniform precision. Except dry gravel and ashes of burnt timber no manure was used. The Maoris consider the use of animal manure as a revolting and

AN OLD WARRIOR HOLDING A KOKOTI OR PATU.
(See page 311.)



filthy practice. They would have rejected as *tapu* any food grown in what they looked upon as so disgusting a manner, and regarded European cultivation with horror when they saw dung applied to agricultural purposes. It is, however, a most extraordinary thing for so observant and industrious a people not to have furnished clean water to their plants. They never watered their gardens even in times of drought and when water was close by, and crops sometimes perished for want of this simple aid in the struggle for existence. Agriculture was properly taught to the chiefs in the University.

The animal food of the Maoris was limited in variety but was fairly plentiful. Birds, fish, dogs and rats constituted the principal items. The fine New Zealand pigeon (*kukupa* or *kereru*: Carpophaga novæ-zealandiæ) was snared or speared in great quantity, as were the parrots (*kaka*: Nestor meridionalis). The paradise duck (*putangi-tangi*: Casarca variegata) a bird of beautiful plumage, but not of such flavour as the grey duck or teal, was considered a prize. The swamp hen (*pukeko*: Porphyrio melanotus), wood-hen (*weka*: Ocydromus sp.), the apteryx (*kiwi*: Apteryx sp.), the parson bird (*tui*: Prosthemadera N.Z.), the ground-parrot (*kakapo*: Stringops habroptilus), the quail (*koreke*: Coturnix N.Z.), the rail (*mohopereru* and *moeriki*: Rallus sp.) and many other land-birds were cooked or potted down. Many kinds of sea-birds, curlew, tern, mutton-birds, etc., etc., were caught and preserved in calabashes. The air-bladder of a

kind of kelp was utilised as a vessel in which cooked mutton-birds were potted; the oil that escaped in cooking being poured over them in the container. Bark of the *totara* tree was fastened round the outside and kept in place by stout sticks, the kelp bags and the bark covering being pressed into the shape of a sugar loaf standing five or six feet high and ornamented with feathers. Gross feeding on these very fat birds would produce eczema or some kindred form of skin disease. The small frugivorous rat (*kiore*) was an article of food highly esteemed. If being prepared for the dinner of a visitor or of a well-born chief the fur was singed off and the bones crushed within the tiny carcase. Care was taken not to break the skin, so the broken pieces of bone were extracted through the posterior orifice, but the intestines and their contents were left undisturbed, the vegetable substance in the stomach serving for ready-made stuffing. When cooked they were like large juicy sausages. Seals were sometimes taken and were highly relished as food. At one time the large edible lizard was caught by being smoked out of its burrow at the foot of a tree; an inland tribe, the Rangitane, were said to eat them only about eighty years ago.

The Maoris had good fishing grounds all round their coasts as well as in lakes and rivers. They sometimes used large seine nets and hand-nets but also were adepts at using hook and line. The cod (*hapuku*) is a fine sea-fish, sometimes attaining a weight of 50

pounds. It is related that on one occasion a shoal of Black-fish came ashore at low water and the natives tethered the huge creatures by the tails with long ropes of flax, killing them as they were wanted. The mackerel, the kingfish, barracouta, and some other kinds were caught with the running line and a hook made from the bent shell of the haliotis (*paua*). Snapper, *warehou*, butterfish, trumpeter, *moki*, flat-fish (*patiki*), and other fine sea fish were plentiful. Sharks caught and dried on stages in the sun were much relished. Mackerel were prepared by being cleaned inside and washed with salt water, then half-cooked in the oven, afterwards placed on a high stage 10 feet above a fire which burnt during the night but was allowed to die down in the daytime when the sun's heat helped to dry the fish. This was a favourite winter food. A very tasty dish was made by cooking fish in an oven, then, taking out the bones, the flesh was pressed into a solid mass. This was then wrapped in young *raurekau* leaves and baked (or steamed) in the oven a second time. It was called *koki*. Large quantities of eels were sometimes caught, generally by building (often with great labour) winged weirs in rivers or streams leading out of lakes. Strong palisades of long posts were driven in, the walls inclining together so that eel baskets (*hinaki*) could intercept the fish passing. Eels are a gross and oily diet, and were preferred dried. This was done by tying them in rows between sticks, sometimes between two long sticks fastened together, from which the dried eels stuck out stiffly and regularly on each side

like a large palm-branch. They were prepared by being placed over smoky fires which dried up the fat and cured the fish, allowing none of the flavour to escape. When being eaten only the skin was removed and no further cooking was required. Lampreys (*piharau*) were caught in loose mats of fern laid in the small streams and now and then examined, the fish being found entangled in their interlaced fronds. The natives sometimes died (as a certain English king did) from a surfeit of this luscious food. A small fish (*inanga*), resembling the minnow, swarmed in tidal streams, and made up for its size by its numbers; it was caught in a long conical net fastened to a frame and thrust down with a pole. They were eaten pressed into a solid mass, and are now called whitebait by the settlers. A kind of grayling (*upokororo*) was found abundantly in some rivers but its habitat was limited. Fresh water mussels (*kakahi*) were gathered with a large rake used in the lakes. Oysters, limpets, haliotis (*paua*), cockles, and mussels, were abundant along the coast. Shellfish were collected in tons during the summer, dried and carried off for winter stores. Crayfish were caught by diving, or in wicker traps, and were preserved as follows. They were taken alive and placed overlapping each other in the bed of a running stream, stones being placed on them to keep them down. After a day or two in the water they were taken out, shelled and the flesh hung on frames in the wind to dry. When quite hard they were put up in bundles and packed away in baskets, these being placed in the store-houses. They

were often used as presents when thus preserved for the men of the inland tribes, the coast natives receiving presents of potted forest birds in return. The cuttle-fish was in ancient times especially reserved for the high chiefs. A certain larva (*huhu*) found in rotten timber was much relished by the Maoris; and they also esteemed as food the small green beetle (*kekerewai*) found on the tea-tree (*manuka*) shrub. It was called as a compliment Te Manu a Rehua, "the bird of Rehua"—Rehua was a god.

Oil was obtained by hanging up the internal organs of the shark until they were decomposed and the liver-oil ran down into a calabash placed beneath. A vegetable oil was obtained from the berries of the *titoki* tree (Alectryon excelsum). These berries were bruised and placed in a wooden vessel with water into which hot stones were put, and the oil ran out from one end of the vessel. Bruised leaves of aromatic plants were then steeped in the oil to scent it. It was used for dressing the hair of people of rank.

In times of plenty the natives had two meals a day; one in the forenoon about ten o'clock and one about four in the afternoon, but in days of scarcity one meal only was partaken of. The primitive knife used in preparing the food was a flake of obsidian or more commonly a sharp cockle shell, a clumsy tool in European hands, but marvellously useful in the deft fingers of a native woman. Food was generally cooked in the earth-oven. This consisted of a hole in the ground in which a

fierce fire of dry wood was kindled, and upon the wood was set a number of large stones not liable to crack with the heat. When the stones had become red-hot they fell through the fire as it burnt down and were then taken out with rough sticks used as tongs and set aside. The ashes were taken from the hole and the hot stones replaced, upon these were set green leaves and the food laid on them. Edible roots and tubers were laid at the bottom and meat or fish on the top. The meat to be cooked was bound up in large leaves to keep the gravy in. More green leaves were placed over the top and then water poured over, the whole being quickly covered in with old mats soaked in water and with soil hastily heaped on so that the steam could not escape. After some time, generally about one and a half hours, the oven was carefully opened, the coverings lifted off and the well-steamed food taken out. The result was extremely good, and although this was almost the only practical mode of cooking known to the Maoris there was no complaint as to efficiency. Of course they knew how to cook birds or fish by broiling or toasting before the fire on a stick, but this was seldom attempted on a large scale. Not having utensils of metal, frying, boiling or baking was not attempted.

When boiling water was required the water was put into a vessel of bark or a trough of wood and hot stones thrown in. There were proper and improper modes of cooking particular fish, and it was supposed that if attention was not given to this matter that living fish

would leave the locality. Natives were sometimes afraid to make presents of fish lest they should be improperly cooked. Food was not eaten on a fishing expedition until all the fish had been caught that were required, or else the fish would not bite. Orthodox persons would not even take food in the fishing-canoe for fear the rule should be broken. Similarly no cooked food was allowed to be carried by bird-hunters; it would pollute the sanctity of the forest and drive all the birds away from it. If fern root had not been cooked it was permissable to carry it, and a small portion might be cooked on the spot, but only just enough for the meal, and if any remained over it had to be left behind, not carried on. If, when the ovens were opened, the contents were found to be only half-cooked, they had to be eaten in that state and not on any account to be cooked again. The cooking in this case had to be done at night, not in the day time. If a settlement was visited by bird-hunters and they were offered cooked food they might partake of it, but not take any as provisions for their further journey.

The food was generally served in small baskets of green flax, one for each guest of consequence, and these baskets were thrown away into a *tapu* place or else destroyed lest the personal *tapu* of the eater be desecrated. A food basket might be set between three or four common persons; this basket would probably contain sweet potatoes or *taro* with a piece of fish or bird and some sow-thistle or wild cabbage. A chief would not allow anyone else to

eat from his basket or after him. Sometimes a high chief would give a portion of his cuttle-fish (*tapairu*) as a mark of honour to another person, but this was very exceptional. Any fragments left by the chief were carefully placed in the basket and deposited in the sacred place (*wahitapu*). In some villages, however, the chiefs had boxes formed like little houses set on posts, and in these extremely sacred receptacles the remnants of food were placed. Women generally ate by themselves, after cooking (assisted by the slaves) for and waiting on the men, but properly each person of any rank ate alone, so this was no hardship for the women. If it was the idiosyncracy of any one not to be able to eat certain kinds of food, such person was said to be *wainanu*. "So and so is a *wainanu* for eels," etc.

It was not considered polite for guests when eating to be watched or intruded on by their hosts. A procession was formed and each person of the host's party bearing a basket would carry it for a visitor, set the food before the guest and withdraw. It was also considered very rude when carrying cooked food to pass in front of a chief or a guest. There is said once to have existed a small lake near Waikare-moana that was famous for the abundance of birds haunting the trees around it and thus a favourite place of bird-catchers. Unfortunately this lake has now disappeared, and no one can find it, because a chief who was snaring birds was disobeyed by his wife. He had warned her never to pass in front of him when she was carrying food, but she did so—and

lo, the lake vanished for ever. Chiefs were very careful that the steam of cooking food should not drift over them or come into the house in which they sat; they considered their "sacredness" offended by such circumstance. On one occasion when murder had been done and war threatened thereupon, the offending persons were inveigled into a house whereto the steam of the uncovered ovens penetrated, and this degradation was considered a full revenge.

In addition to other ordinary feasts the great festival of the Maoris was the *Hakari*. This name was sometimes applied to the building erected for the food as well as to the feast itself. A huge pole 80 or 90 feet in height was dragged from the forest, dubbed or squared, and set up. Stages were built from about seven to nine feet apart all the way up the pole; the bottom stage being about 20 feet square, and the others diminishing in size to the top so that the whole took the form of a pyramid. The frame was braced by long poles set in the ground and slanting upwards along the outside of the stages to the central pole. Upon the stages were piled baskets of *kumara*, *taro*, *hue*, dried fish, dried birds, dogs, rats, etc., till the whole was almost a solid mass of food. At one feast there has been seen 2,000 one-bushel baskets of *kumara*, at another 20,000 dried eels, tons of sea fish, calabashes of oil, etc., etc. The food allotted for each tribe of visitors was particularly pointed out and set apart for them. The erection when finished with was allowed to go to ruin, or was broken up for firewood, it was never used again for a

Of the form generally preserved, that of the canoe hewn from a single log, or the main hull of which was so hewn, we have many beautiful specimens. The work of building one of the larger and more important variety was a task requiring much forethought and preparation. First, a tree suitable through its great size and solidity had to be selected, and this tree must be growing in a place whence haulage to the water was possible. Cultivations were then made as near to the tree as convenient, in order that the workmen employed should have plenty of food during the construction of the vessel. Some men skilled in the shaping of large canoes had to be engaged (perhaps from a distance), because a craft so expensive in the amount of thought and labour to be expended upon it could not be left to the superintendence of an inferior artist. A good deal of time was thus spent on preliminaries, patience being one of the most necessary qualities for success with primitive materials, and also because the food had to be grown. Then began the religious ceremonies. Priests had to be consulted as to an auspicious day for beginning the work, incantations were chanted and rites practised to propitiate the Lord of Forests and his attendant wood-elves. These spirits were supposed to be greatly annoyed by the destruction of one of the "forest children," the trees, by man, and unless they were mollified by charms they would either interfere mischievously with the construction of the canoe or bring ill luck upon it at its completion, so that a war-party in such a canoe would be defeated, or, if it was a

fishing canoe its crew would catch no fish. Incantations and charms were always recited over the axes used in felling and shaping the timber. If a canoe was to be particularly sacred, a victim, often a chief's son, was sacrificed, and the body buried at the foot of the tree. The work of felling a very large tree with no tool but a blunt stone axe (such tree perhaps from four feet to ten feet in diameter) would have been almost an impossibility, but it was greatly aided by the use of fire. The process was to light a circle of small fires round the tree; when the wood was somewhat charred, the fire was drawn on one side at that place and the blackened portion chipped out with the axe, the fire was then replaced and the next little fire removed. When at last the tree fell, it was a great misfortune if it should be split or shaken by the heavy shock, as then all the labour previously expended would have been thrown away. (Felling smaller trees without the use of fire is described under "Food.") Little fires were then made along the upper portion of the prostrate trunk, and the rough shape of the canoe worked out by means of the charred part being chipped away with the axe. While the chiefs were doing this part of the work the slaves and men of lesser rank were busy making a path to the sea or river, by breaking down undergrowth, removing all obstacles, and preparing the rollers. Sometimes this path would be miles in length and great care was needed to prevent the partially-hollowed trunk from being split or injured on its way to the shore, so the road was carefully laid with skids on

192 feet must have been exceptional. "Okunui" and "Okuiti," canoes of the Ngati-Maru tribe, would hold five men abreast in rows, two outside paddling, three inside resting as reliefs. Such canoes could travel at 10 miles an hour. The next size (*waka tete*) was generally employed for fishing or travelling purposes; these were of plainer build, with a carving resembling a human head with protruding tongue for a figure-head. (*See* also "Fishing.") The third-class canoes (*waka tiwai* or *tararo*), on which little or no labour in the way of ornament was expended, were used for ordinary rough work. They were not necessarily small vessels; some would hold 20 or 30 people, but others only three or four. The smallest kind of canoe (*kopapa*) was paddled by a single occupant or perhaps by two or three if not particular about space or risk.

The larger canoes were usually painted red with ochre, or red and black. The sails (*ra* or *mamaru*) were light mats of bulrush (*raupo*) leaves; these sails were of triangular shape, the apex of the triangle being downward, and were kept distended by one side being fastened to the mast (*tira* or *rewa*) and the other to a sprit (*takotokoto*). Balers (*tata* or *tiheru*), often with carved handles, were provided with which to free the canoe from water. An anchor (*punga*) also was part of the equipment; this being usually either a heavy stone with a hole through which a cable (*taura*) of plaited flax was passed, or a stone contained in net-work. Fishing canoes formerly had platform-decks like war-canoes, and also fireplaces (*pakaiahi*)

with stones that could be heated for cooking food, and especially fish.

Distinguished persons usually occupied a seat (*tungauru*) at the stern of the canoe, that being the post of honour. Here too was erected the tiny temple of the sea-god under whose protection voyagers by sea placed themselves, a miniature copy of the larger shrine that in former days was built on the deck of the great double or outrigged canoes. Food was not allowed to be eaten on this sacred part of the vessel or anywhere aft of the centre; this, the "quarter-deck," was *tapu*, while the central part of the ship was common (*noa*). This rule did not apply to a war-canoe made sacred for a fighting expedition and when the warriors were themselves *tapu* for war; any cooked food on such a sacred vessel would desecrate. Even the canoes of the great Migration are said to have had other canoes as tenders in order to carry food for the sacred ships.

The Maoris possessed a ruder craft than any of these in the raft (*moki* or *mokihi*) made of bulrush (*raupo*) and formed somewhat into the shape of a canoe. The leaf of the bulrush (Typha angustifolia) is full of little air-filled compartments that give great buoyancy until the leaf has undergone prolonged immersion. These rafts were sometimes 50 or 60 feet long and could sustain a large load without sinking; they were very safe.[10] In some cases these bundles were strengthened by a framework of the dry flower-stem (*korari*) of the flax plant (Phormium tenax) and this to some extent resembled the curious canoes (*pahi*) of the Morioris of the

Chatham Islands. On the bulrush-rafts long distances of broken water were sometimes traversed. It is recorded that one of the chiefs of the Ngapuhi tribe, viz, Te Mauparaoa, who was born of Ngatikahungunu, was with his war-party, overcome at the Great Barrier Island, near Auckland, and the tiny remnant of the expedition escaped into the forest. Only fifteen men survived, and these men without canoes or provisions. They managed, however, in the night to make a raft (*mokihi*) of flax-sticks and raupo-leaves, and on this rickety structure crossed the twenty miles of open sea that separated them from the precipitous shores of Little Barrier Island. At the East Cape a raft made of buoyant timber was used, and in this natives would frequently go out to sea a great distance from land.

The Maoris always faced the bow in paddling, looking in the direction in which they were going. Of course this was because the paddle (*hoe*, *hirau* or *hiwa*) was short and thus did not need to have a fixed fulcrum, as the oar has in the rowlock, and with the oar the greatest power can be obtained when the back is turned to the direction in which the boat moves. When the Maoris first saw a boat manned by Europeans they said "These fellows are goblins, their eyes are at the back of their heads; they pull on shore with their backs to the land to which they are going." The chiefs sometimes used the powerful steering paddle (*urunga*).

CHAPTER VIII.

RANK, RIGHTS OF PROPERTY. HABITS.

RANK, RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

THERE was no trace of regal institutions in New Zealand. There were great chiefs who ordinarily wielded almost unlimited power in their own districts, but their actions were regulated in important matters by references to councils and with some deference to public opinion. Government was really a "democracy tempered with awe" for there was too much influence of birth and priestcraft to permit a true democracy in a system where both the aristocratic descent and the magic power were supposed to be derived from the gods. It may, however, be called a democracy if we use the term as the reverse of autocracy, and there were conditions in its constitution which allowed of success and honour being won by men of humble descent possessing brains and courage.

In alluding to some mighty noble the people might now and then apply a name of honour (*Au*, *Pu*, *Take*, *Tumu*, etc.) more befitting a king than a noble, but the highest title in practical use was that of "Lord" (*Ariki*), if we

allow a spiritual as well as a temporal potency to the rank. He was the Priest-Chief, "the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest son," etc., down from the gods of heaven and earth, but his position was of so interesting a character that it demands separate notice. Next below the Lord was the chief of each sub-tribe (*hapu*), that nearest in descent to the main line of ancestry being accounted highest. Then came the near relatives, such as brother and sister, of the chief of the sub-tribe; then his cousins and more distant relatives. After these ranked the ordinary "professional" (*tohunga*) who though generally a priest or wizard needed not always to be a priest, but must be a "skilled person" either in witchcraft, canoe-making, house-building, tattooing, etc. Next came the free-men of the tribe, gentlemen by birth, but of little weight and few possessions. Probably the bulk of these would be either descendants of far-off relatives or sons of chiefs by slave wives. Lastly, the slaves.

The grades of precedence needed much study, for the "crossings" and family relations were endless. The child of a man not closely related to the Ariki by his father might be more nearly allied through his mother, and thus it arose (as in other Polynesian islands) that the child might be greater than either of its parents because uniting the honours of both lines. To such an extent was this accumulation of ancestral dignities carried that it would end at last in the production of a child of such an imposing social position that no possible spouse could be found to mate on equal terms

with such magnificence. Again as a further study in social intricacies we may notice that all a chief's children were not of the same rank; in a system where a man might have several wives the birth and position of the wife affected the status of the child. This, with a few generations of intermarriage and the custom of adoption (especially of adopting a deceased brother's wives and children), gave a complexity to social observance among a people jealous of their rights that would puzzle a Herald's College to control so as to avoid vexation.

The position held, however, by men of noble birth was one of power, evoked partly from the awe arising from the hereditary possession of spiritual gifts as "god-begotten" and partly from the respect with which custom surrounded them from childhood. The greatest were set apart, guarded by endless ceremonial and *tapu* rights which wrought an unseen bulwark about them against intrusion and offence. Little by little as the kinship became more distant and as the relationship to the great personages "watered out" so the respect shown grew less till at last one reached the stage of the ordinary free man who had little else than his personal courage or skill to sustain his dignity. But through all ran the line of primogeniture; in every family the eldest child ruled the others, and they seldom failed to obey. There were separate terms for every relationship, but a man never said "my brother," he either said "my elder brother" (*tuakana*), or "my younger brother" (*teina*).

So also, a woman did not say "my sister," but "my elder sister" (*tuakana*), or "my younger sister" (*teina*), using the same words for her sisters as the man for his brothers. But the leading chief considered himself (though he would hold council with them) as the equal of all the rest of the tribe and would say of them "we two" will do this and that, implying that he was one and the rest were the other. This pride of position by birth belonged to women as well as to men; one whom we should style a princess was sometimes set apart with her own servants in a carved house surrounded with three rows of palisading like a fort. Her servant who cooked the food would give it to a higher servant, and that one to another still superior, till a "maid of honour" handed it to the noble lady. One instance is known in which a tribe almost worshipped a woman (Hine Matioro) as their chieftainess. Even after her death men's lives were spared if they asked for mercy in her name. Until a few years ago the obedience shown to a chief's command was very great, even if he was not a priest-chief (*Ariki*) but a war-leader. When Te Rauparaha on one occasion was hard beset by foes who drew near the hiding-place where he and his small band lay concealed, a wailing cry broke from the baby of a young married couple who were with him. The chief said to the parents "Strangle that child." He was obeyed at once.

Property apart from land was scanty, and the richest had little to bequeath to his heirs and successors. Apart from the communal

right to tribal possessions, a man owned his own house if he had built it, and if it was on his own land. His clothes, his weapons, his tools, and his ornaments were his, and but little else. Often a man's house was not on land acknowledged by the tribe to be his, but if he had been allowed to erect it on land allocated to him by a promise publicly made, it was his property. If he obtained acknowledged permission from a landowner to fell bush and make a cultivation in any locality he could use it as long as he chose, and the crop was his. He could keep anything he obtained by hunting or fishing, always with the understanding that if a man of higher rank expressed a liking for the product of the chase, etc., it would have to be given up to him. This was invariably done, but, as it was sure to be rewarded by a return present of greater value, it was done willingly. Near a settlement land was understood to more particularly belong to certain persons; one man looking upon a particular portion as belonging to him or his family, and he would hold to this even if the place had been deserted for years. The chiefs of course held most land, but everyone had some private estate to treat as he pleased. The larger portions were tribal lands to be cultivated in common, but a man might want to consult his own taste as to some favourite spot.

[A man or family might hold a right to do certain things in a certain place, thus, to gather shell-fish from a particular sand-bank, to hunt rats or small birds in specified localities, to gather berries in a prescribed part of the forest,

or to put down his eel-baskets at a certain weir in a river or lake outlet. Sometimes two families might each have a right over a certain place, thus, one might dig fern-root there and the other hunt rats, and so on. A right might exist for a limited time, perhaps for a year only. The right was advertised by a pole (*rahui*) set up, having a bunch of grass or leaves fastened thereto. There were not only individual rights but collective rights apart from the communal right. Thus, a party of persons might agree to make a large seine net, or to go together to snare birds, etc. It was difficult to understand where the communal right, the collective right, and the individual right separated, but they were regulated by old custom, and the general spirit of toleration and hospitality tempered all. Over the large area of common land individual interests were allowed to be exercised by a general courtesy, and if one marked a tree, for instance, out of which he intended to make a canoe, another would be considered a boor instead of a gentleman if he interfered without having a prior claim, or affirming some principle such as ownership of that particular place.

If there was trouble between members of the same tribe as to the ownership of particular lands or property the tribe would discuss the question at an arranged meeting. There the genealogies would be quoted showing how some ancestor in ancient times had such a cultivation, eel-weir, etc., at such a place, and the case would be decided by the law of custom in similar matters.

Of all property land was the most valued asset a Maori could bequeath, or that could descend by inheritance. From his early youth the son of a chief accompanied his father if possible on his hunting and fishing expeditions that he might learn the name and history of every boundary and portion of the tribal lands. The head of a family had a perfect right to bequeath his property to his son or nephews and a death-bed bequest had the force of law, but customarily the property did not pass to his grandsons till all his sons were exhausted. Thus, if a father had sons named A, B, C, D, on the death of the father the property passed to A, but not on the death of A to A's son. It went to B, and on B's death to C, and so on to D, but at D's death it reverted to the son of A. For this reason a man preferred counting succession through his grandfather instead of through his father. Sons inherited the land and it was only parted with when the men of the tribe were destroyed. Girls did not receive land to hold in permanent occupation lest they should marry strangers and the land should be claimed by enemies. This custom of leaving the lands to males was universal, and accounts for the brothers' consent being necessary to their sister's marriage. If they consented they could give her a piece of land, but if she married into a strange tribe they would say "You can go with your waist-girdle only (as our forefathers would have said "Be married in your shift"), you will only be a slave to blow your husband's fire." In some tribes male children inherited their father's

land and girls their mother's, but if a girl married a stranger from another tribe she forfeited, and her children had no claim to the land of their mother's tribe, but could be reinstated if adopted by one of their mother's brothers. If after a girl had married and received land she had no children, the land again reverted to her family. If a father had girl-children only, his land became theirs, but if the girls' husbands belonged to the same tribe as the girls they had to be people of considerable consequence to resist encroachments of their wives' relations, while if the women married strangers they would have to hold the land by force of arms. A chief's granddaughter had an equal claim with her male cousins on her grandfather's lands, and her claim held good as far as her own grandchild, but then reverted to the male line of the second generation from the male ancestor from whom they claimed. If this had not taken place there would have been tumultuous wrangling over lands and property arising from chiefs' daughters' marriages, and family wars would have been incessant. In some tribes an eldest son would grab all he could at his father's death unless a younger brother was plucky enough to oppose him.

The titles by which lands were held were (1) Lands held by hereditary descent and lands held by undoubted conquest. (2) Lands over which many members of a tribe had a joint right, but which contained other portions, the property of individuals or of families non-resident, or [redacted] lands,

claimed by adjoining tribes. These were the frequent causes of war and drained one side or other of its fighting men. (4) Lands once owned by natives conquered but allowed to remain on sufferance. (5) Lands once held by a tribe, conquered, and driven away, but considered to hold a right of redemption some day when strong enough. These titles were again made complex by the different claims which could be made to hold them. Some of these were as follows: (1) Descent, *i.e.* by universal consent as to the lands having been owned by direct ancestors. (2) Because the bones of the claimant's parents or forefathers have been buried (or were at one time buried) there. (3) Because his umbilical cord at birth was cut there, or the after-birth of his mother when he was born was buried there. (4) By having acquired it through his wife; this was only during his wife's lifetime or (if she died) during the youth of the children. (5) By having been one of the warriors who conquered it. (6) By having been wounded on it. (7) By having acted as an ally by supplying food, weapons, etc., to the victorious war-party. (8) By being cursed on it. (9) By having received it for some service as a gift publicly declared by the ruling chief of the tribe and acknowledged in open assembly. (10) By being allowed through a public permission from its owner to occupy it either by building a house there or cultivating the soil. (11) By his ancestors having been allowed to catch rats or eels, etc., there. (12) By his tree (*hewa*, the branch used in baptism, sometimes

planted) having grown there. (13) By some ancestor having been (by permission) buried there. (14) By his ancestors having set up an altar *(tuāhu)* there or a fort *(pa)*, etc., etc. Sometimes grim but grotesque claims were set up, such as that made by a chief who asserted that his ancestor had killed an ancestor of the other side, had made a bird-cage out of his enemy's ribs and backbone, and had kept therein a tame parrot. This cage was set up on the land and was a plain proof in Maori eyes that he was the owner of the land in question. One man claimed on the ground that his ancestor was a lizard that used to live on the land; another that his ancestor once saw a ghost there. This latter claim was allowed by the Colonial Government and a Crown Grant made. Even the acceptance of a valuable present from one chief to another might be made the subject of a claim by the giver to the land on which the event occurred. Should any act be performed which passed without comment by the owners, their silent acquiescence was taken as recognition of a claim. Thus, a chief named Raukataura, passing through a forest owned by a friendly tribe, had one of the feathers of his head-dress torn out by a shrub. Sitting down, the chief made a little fence of broken sticks round his sacred feather. He was accompanied on this occasion by some of the men of the tribe owning the place, but they said and did nothing. Their silence and inaction were construed as an assent to ownership, and the sons of Raukataura held possession by this title until the

present day. Had the little fence been broken down and obliterated no claim would be sustained. Sometimes if a chief should wash or comb his sacred head when journeying across a piece of land his people would claim the land, or if he slept in a temporary hut for a night, title would be asserted. These claims were not, however, made lightly, there were to be other circumstances, such as the death of a near relative at the time; something to mark the event as of importance before such claim was established, and it always had to be upheld by the law of the strongest.

If a chief discovered or took up unappropriated land, he acquired the *mana* of that land and divided the territory among the tribe as he saw fit, according to native custom, regarding himself as a trustee for the whole. Having made this allotment the lands so held would pass on from generation to generation and were under good title.

It sometimes happened that a chief after traversing the lands along the shore would on turning inland reach a mountain range, where he would meet another chief on land-acquiring business also. Each would halt and sticking his spear in the ground agree that this range should be the common boundary. If the boundary was along a valley instead of a ridge piles of stones were set up as termini, or holes were dug in the ground to show the demarcation. When a chief was murdered on a piece of land by men not the owners of such land his relatives would claim it by right of the bloodshed, and when a chief was drowned a

demand was made by his friends that a prohibition *(rahui)* should extend over a portion of the sea and shore where his body was found, that is, that no shell-fish should be taken from that place or its neighbourhood for a time, generally a year. To remove the prohibition a number of fish, sharks especially, were captured by the tribe in occupation, and the relations of the drowned person invited to a feast where the dried fish was offered as a present. If the occupant tribes broke the prohibition the land was claimed by the drowned man's friends.

If when war had driven away a tribe from their villages and ordinary settlements its members were still allowed to occupy a portion of their old lands, they retained a claim to the whole on the ground that "their fires had never been extinguished." The victorious party had not only to win, but to occupy every part of the conquered ground before their after claim became indisputable. In speaking of lands held by conquest (as distinguished from the incontestable hereditary lands) a chief would base his claim on them as payment *(utu)* for his relatives killed in obtaining them. In settling land recently acquired by conquest, the rule sometimes adopted was that whoever first claimed a place could have it by immediately performing some act of ownership; and that he could own as much as he could travel round before encountering another selector. One would start off in his canoe and, landing, dig some fern-root and cook it. Another would start inland, and meeting some fugitive make

the place sacred by killing him and offering him as a victim. Another would go to the top of a hill, and set up his spear as a mark of occupation. When one tribe had given military support to another, the assisting forces were generally allotted a portion of the conquered territory (or rights thereon) by gift to their chief. Any of the allies, however, who had a relative killed in the service of the victors had a particular claim beyond that of the general tribal right, but these claims were subject to occupation being made permanent. As a rule allies were only granted sub-rights in recognition of service. If they had the right of fishing, bird-snaring, etc., the produce of the first day's sport was sent at once to the *Ariki* of the dominant tribe; certain men of that tribe were deputed to be present, and to stop all further fishing, snaring, etc., till word was brought that the first-fruit offering had been accepted. Such sub-owners were not allowed to bury their dead on lands held on this tenure; if they buried their dead there it showed a disregard or even open defiance of their landlords. There existed a right on the part of dispossessed persons to recover lands once theirs if they could, and by "nursing men" recover sufficient warlike strength to resume possession. Though conquest always was a good title so long as occupation lasted, the "resumptive right" always remained with the broken tribe that had been driven away. If divisions of a tribe had been fighting among themselves, when peace was concluded land changed hands. By some peculiar sense of

justice it was the sub-tribe that had suffered most losses that received the larger portion of land. Land would also change hands as damages in a case of adultery,; "land for woman" was a rule. Sometimes cheating took place over this, as the injured party on going to take the land might find other claimants in possession. Men who were without lands or important family connections were called in the South Island "men of an odd number" *(tangata hara)*, or "men not to be counted." It was not unknown that such a landless man and one with no powerful relatives could by great courage and skill gather to himself in a kind of "Cave of Adullam" the bolder spirits and unsettled characters from several tribes and make himself a power. In such a case he would almost certainly endeavour to strengthen his position by marriage, and would woo the daughter of some powerful neighbour. Lest this should contradict the principle above mentioned, that the wife could not take her land away to a stranger, it should be remarked that in this case it would be the man who would go to the woman and so swell the strength of her tribe. It would have been different if the man had been a chief of a powerful territorial tribe, who would expect to take the woman away, and any right to her land with her.

Habits, Etc.

The modes of thought and action are best described when considering war, religion, traditions, dress, etc., but some matters may easily

KUMETE —A LARGE CARVED WOODEN BOWL FOR HOLDING FOOD.

The round portion above the bowl is its lid, fixed on a spike *(for photography)* to show the carving.

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escape notice in a general account, and peculiarities may be therefore dwelt upon in a separate description.

When a person of very noble birth arrived in a strange place and desired to make a formal declaration of rank, it was necessary that he or she should on no account use the ordinary means of ingress or egress. The visitor could not enter by the common gateway of a village fort but had to climb over the palisade or have the palisading removed. So, when the great chief Maru-tuahu came to see his father he climbed over the palisade of the *pa* at Whakatiwai.[1] This sacredness of course only belonged to very high rank, and in one case when a celebrated ancient priestess was welcomed to a strange village, the chief of the settlement came outside and said—"Come! Welcome! If you come by the authority of Tu, the god of war, dare and make a path for yourself, but if you come by the authority of Tahu, the god of peace and plenty, I will make a path for you and open a road for you over my stockade."

This idea of the un-sacred nature of the common or general entrance-way also pertained to child-birth, so when a child of very noble parents was born in a house the side of the building had to be broken out to allow the babe to be removed for the baptismal ceremony. When the semi-divine offspring of Tawhaki and Hapai, "the Heavenly Maid," was born the side of the house was opened that the holy infant might be brought into the open air.[2]

Women were supposed to veil their faces, however high their rank, when approaching sacred places. If they ventured to disregard this they would be reminded of the fate of a lady of old time who saw with open eyes the Sacred Dog, and was in consequence changed into a rock in the sea. The story runs thus—A magician named Wheketoro had made an island "prohibited" *(tapu)* to secure the safety of some very uncanny pets, but some time after a chief named Kaiawa determined to remove the prohibition. He took his daughter Ponui with him, as her presence was necessary before he could light the sacred fire kindled by friction, near which his incantations and spells had to be recited. (She had to put her foot on the wood and hold it steady while the priest rubbed on the wood with another stick—an infinitely ancient rite in the pre-historic world.) When they had reached the island they omitted to veil the face of the girl and the Stone Dog, the *Moho-rangi*, looked upon her uncovered face. It gazed fixedly upon her and she looked fearfully upon the monster. The father collected some seaweed, made it sacred, and presented it as an offering to the Dog. Fire was produced by friction whilst Ponui stood with her foot upon the lower piece of wood. Then the girl was put to sleep and fires were lighted, one for the gods and one for men. Then fires were kindled in many places, and the smoke rose in dense clouds, filling the nostrils of the wild creatures till they sneezed and this made them tame. When the old man returned to the place where his daughter had slept he could

not find her, and he went about crying "O Ponui, where art thou?" He saw a grasshopper jumping in front of him; that was all. Then he lifted his eyes and looking out to sea, saw his daughter changed into stone and become a rock standing in the sea. He wept for her, but in vain. Women now never go near that island, lest the fate of Ponui, be theirs, and strangers veil their faces as they pass lest they should see the *Moho-rangi*.

A crouching attitude was considered a mark of respect from an inferior to a superior. To nod the head was a sign of dissent; silence also implied dissent, but acquiesence was signified by raising the eyebrows. If a Maori raised his arm showing the fingers of his hand closed on the palm, the sign was understood to mean "Enough. That will do!" It was considered extremely rude to step over a person who was sleeping or lying down. Even if only the legs or feet were stepped over it was an offence, particularly if it was a woman who committed the action. If a woman stepped over a male child, the boy would never grow up to full stature, but would be stunted.

A remarkable custom was that of "plunder" (*muru*). It was a difficult matter for a European to understand, but was a method by which an offence was expiated. It consisted of a band of persons (*taua*) visiting the offender and stripping him of all his movable property, or at all events of as much as was supposed to pay for the damage done. If a man allowed one of his boy children to get hurt, the tribe would *muru* the father for the

straight or with the toes slightly turned in, one foot being set closely before the other with the sole flat on the ground. The Maori salutation (*hongi*) was to press the nose against the nose of the person greeted; sometimes with a low crooning song of welcome or lament. Natives disliked to hear a person whistling. It was supposed to resemble too much the voice of a spirit, as in a peculiar whistling voice supernatural beings communicated with men. The wizard (*tohunga*) always when "possessed" or when acting as a medium delivered his oracles in a hissing voice.

Maoris counted well up to a hundred, after that not so certainly, the word *mano*, now used for "thousand," not originally being definitely that number, but "very many." They counted by pairs for men, baskets of sweet potatoes, fish, etc. Time was reckoned by nights, not by days, so "to-morrow" was "the night's night" (*apopo*). The day was divided as follows:—

Daybreak—"The shadows of morning appear."
Sunrise—"The sun mounts."
Daylight—"Daylight."
Forenoon—"The sun is on its way upwards."
Mid-day—The sun is upright as a post."
Afternoon—"The sun is tilted over."
Evening—"The time of fires."
Sunset—"The sun sets."
Midnight—"Night and day are divided."

The year was divided into moons, and the periods were distinguished by the names of stars or by the flowering of plants, thus the month answering to our January had its nights sacred to the star Rangawhenua and its days to Uruao, in this month the *karaka* tree flowers. March

was Ngahuru, the harvest month for the sweet-potato crop, etc. The year commenced with the rising of the Pleiades (*Matariki*). There is a curious legend to the effect that the ancient year was of ten months only, till a certain teacher, full of the wisdom of the gods, came to men and instructed them to make the year twelve months long, and his precepts have been followed to the present day. The months, denoted by the appearance of the heavenly bodies, were checked by other natural means, viz, by signs such as the mating, moulting and changing notes of birds, the flowering of trees, the singing of insects and the arrival of the migrating cuckoo. Days were generally known by nights of the moon, as Whiro, Tirea, Hoata, etc.; some days were lucky and some unlucky, and on the latter journeys were not commenced or other important actions begun. The year was divided into two great seasons, Summer and Winter.

The powers of the inclined plane and the wedge were known to the natives, who also understood how to raise heavy weights by moving them up inclined slopes. Rollers or skids and the lever with a shifting fulcrum were used as helps to toil. The measures of length were the hand-span, the cubit (from end of fingers to bend of arm), the stride, the arm-span or fathom, and the yard or half-fathom, calculated from the tip of outstretched fingers and straight arm to the middle of breast. There were no measures of capacity or weight.

As looking-glasses, still pools of water were used. If a great chief fancied some particular

CHAPTER IX.

CHIEFS AND PRIESTS.—SLAVES AND SERVITUDE.—NAMES OF PLACES, ETC.

CHIEFS AND PRIESTS.

AT first sight it would appear that the highest offices of government among the Maori were carried out by men whose power descended to them in an hereditary and simple manner. Stated generally it was hereditary monarchy, for, although there was no king over the whole nation, it should be remembered that the greatest chiefs wielded power little short of regal, indeed sometimes passing the temporal sway of kings, for they united the office of monarch (under local limitations) with that of high priest. Eldest son of eldest son, down from the gods of Heaven and Earth, their ancestors; that was how the proud lineage of the mighty was counted. Yet not without interruption, perhaps, for few were the pedigrees into which some little flaw, some inferior marriage, or disputed succession did not obtrude itself, and the men of absolutely spotless descent in the land of the Maori could be counted on the fingers.

On the territorial or temporal side great war-prowess or immense possessions might reinforce the pretensions of some mighty lord, but spiritually (one might almost say ecclesiastically) such a leader might be held as of less account than one to whom fate had denied the heritage of temporal power but whose authority (*mana*) as "god-descended" was enormous.

If a great chief's first-born son was by a slave wife, the boy had many privileges of primogeniture, but he could not be an *ariki*, unless his mother was a woman of rank. The different tribes and sub-tribes had *ariki*, but the greatest of them all, the "head of the Clan," was the Upoko-ariki, the Pu, or Tumu-whakarae, the different names being bestowed in diverse localities. The Tumu-whakarae is stated to have been the title of one so sacred that, like the Japanese "Spiritual Emperor," he was too exalted a personage to do anything at all. He therefore allowed his next younger brother to take the office of *ariki* and perform all the priestly part of his work. Hence the proverb, "The cockle may beget progeny where it likes, the High Chief sits quietly." (*Ka haere te Pipi-ai-he, ka noho te Tumu-whakarae.*) It is probable that to this peerless sacerdotal rank belonged the great priest Taewa-a-Rangi of the Takitumu canoe, for although he was of far higher position than was the celebrated Ngatoro-i-rangi of the Arawa canoe, yet no record of an action or precept of his has been preserved in the traditions of his countrymen.

To descend, however, to the ordinary prince or *ariki*, we find that he was set apart from

birth to his high office of priest-chief. He had great privileges, and being of higher birth than his parents (through uniting their two lines in him) considered himself almost a divine person, a Divus Cæsar. Taught all the knowledge of his ancestors in the University of the Whare-kura (shortly to be commented on), he emerged as a peculiar being, with rights and attributes all his own. He only might eat the meat of certain sacred offerings, and one variety of food, viz, the octopus (called for this purpose *tapairu*), was never eaten except by him. Almost the highest honour he could pay to any distinguished visitor was to send him some octopus, and the very highest honour was to ask him to eat some octopus from the same basket. He acted as judge in all tribal matters regarding land or property, he settled all ecclesiastical affairs such as those relating to *tapu*, he regulated the operations of agriculture, fishing, and burial ceremonies. He was the medium between the gods and his people, to him were brought the first fruits of the cultivation of the soil, of fishing expeditions, etc. If a certain part of the tribal lands was allowed to be cultivated by people of another tribe (probably a defeated or broken tribe) the first-fruits of the crops were taken to the Ariki by the chiefs of the cultivating tribe, and not till that Ariki had eaten and the chiefs returned to their own people did any of them dare to remove the rest of the crop from the ground.

To the care of the Ariki the sacred *kura* or charm-stones of the tribe were committed; with them went the power of making common

objects into gods or of bestowing on them spiritual attributes. He also had the reverse faculty, viz, that of depriving things of their supernatural character (*tapu*) and making them common (*noa*). Generally this latter function was exercised by touching the sacred thing with cooked food or by putting it into the fire whereon food had been cooked. Then each member of the tribe who partook of that food would be outside the power of the god who had formerly made his abode in the now desecrated object, but such action was seldom undertaken unless it was found that the object in question was working evil instead of good to its clients.

To the Ariki belonged any wrecked canoe or "flotsam" generally, even if it were the property of some of his own relatives or friends. His also was any treasure-trove if it was ancient; things recently hidden could be claimed by the owner. He possessed royal rights in certain large fish, such as a whale (always a fish to the Maori, indeed "the" fish), dolphin or porpoise. If a white heron was seen fishing in a stream it was not disturbed, but the news had to be borne to the Ariki, who would take proper steps for its capture, that its feathers might adorn his regalia.

Strange to say, although the system was built on primogeniture, this was by no means universally adhered to. There are legendary instances where even the *mana* or spiritual power of the priest-chief did not descend to the eldest son. The great-great-grandson of the hero Tama-te-kapua of the Arawa canoe was named Rangitihi, and possessed all his ancestor's sacred power. When he died his youngest

boy alone dared to rise up and bind his father's corpse with vines, the elder brothers who, each in turn should have done so, lacked the moral courage or confidence to utter the necessary incantations, any mistake in which would have been fatal to themselves. So, though the youngest brother, Apa-moana, considered that one of his elders should perform the rites, yet, since they dared not do so, he took upon himself the holy office, and the *mana* of his father passed to him, to the exclusion of his brothers. Sometimes the *mana* of a father was ceremonially transmitted before his death to his successor. The process was quaintly described by a native thus: "The father tells his son to bite the great toe of his (the father's) left foot, and then to fast. Neither father nor son touch food. Eight days do they fast, sleeping at night, while the father teaches his son what he has learnt in the spirit-world, until all the invocations have passed into the memory of the son. Then is the work finished."[1]

If there was danger to a first-born prince that under extremely rare circumstances his priestly power might be lost, there was far greater probability that his temporal authority might be questioned and taken away. As a rule he was supposed to receive his spiritual appointment from heaven at birth, but his leadership and direction of the people in peace or war (especially in war) had to be confirmed by the popular opinion of his people. There was thus in the system a curious blending of theocratic and democratic ideas. The Ariki had to possess certain moral and mental attributes

in addition to his "divine right;" he had to be brave, intelligent and generous. No coward, no fool, no niggard could lead the splendid, open-handed, clear-eyed warriors of the Maori. If in consequence of any glaring physical or intellectual defect he was incapable of being "dux et auctor," he would be set aside by the unanimous consent of his tribe for another, generally an uncle or brother. This election or appointment was brought about by a kind of silent sympathy among the notables that a certain person was "their man." It was considered a breach of etiquette to discuss among themselves the position or acquirements of the chief, but in some curious way (a barbaric "telepathy") they seemed able to make each other feel that another leader was necessary, and who that person was to be. Then the chosen one became the war-chief, the director in council, and to him pertained the royal privilege of veto. There was quite enough energy among so warlike and turbulent a people to make sure that the leader had no sinecure and was no "roi faineant." Cases have been known where the Ariki has lost his leadership through the dying words, "the last will and testament," of his father, who, being hostile to him, passed him over for another.

If, however, the Ariki lost his temporal power, of his priestly position no one could deprive him, except under such rare circumstances as above mentioned in regard to the successors of Tama-te-kapua. He was essentially the holy one, necessary to his tribe as the medium of the gods. His was the task of

preparing the war-parties before battle and freeing them from the *tapu* of blood thereafter, of blessing the crops, of serving at the altar, and his were the offerings at the altar. "Opener of the womb" was he, and through his children the line of the "god-born" was carried on. He was the greater if he united the spiritual and temporal powers, as he usually did, but no popular judgment affected his supernatural position; it was only in mundane affairs that the world could take away what the world had given.

If, by evil chance, a girl appeared as the first-born in the sacred line, she too had many of the powers that a son would have inherited. She was called the Tapairu (a word now translated "Queen," anciently the mystic name of the octopus) and became the High-Priestess of the tribe. She could eat the octopus and the sacred offerings; no person might eat with her or after her. She alone of all women might taste human flesh, which she did when a war-party returned with portions of the bodies of the slain. As not even her sacredness allowed her to break the law which prevented a woman entering the Wharekura (unless she was its presiding priestess, and then only for the opening ceremony), she could not learn all the incantations which a male could have done in her place, but there was, still, much of ancestral lore for her to acquire, and this was imparted to her by a priest specially told off to teach her outside the precincts of the Holy House. There she learnt her lessons and the spells necessary to counteract witchcraft and evil influences. It was her task to "make common" (*whaka-noa*)

and to "cause to live" *(whaka-ora)*. Before a grand house could be open to the crowd she must take away the *tapu* of its newness by stepping across its threshold *(paepaepoto)*. If a man or woman was afflicted by the gods for having infringed some ceremonial rite, by her stepping over or passing between the legs of the afflicted one, that person could be healed and made safe once more.

There is yet another case in which the king-priest line might suffer, viz, by the heir who should be Ariki dying young. The next brother could not succeed to the position because he was not "the Opener of the Gate" of birth. The succession generally reverted to the grandfather (mother's father) so far as his being the medium of the gods and the eater of the sacred food of the offerings. As the grandfather was probably old and unable to carry on the active work of leadership a solemn meeting was held in Wharekura. In deep silence the brothers of the dead man or youth stood up one after another in their places, and when the right man arose a low cough ran across the assembly. This was the sign of approval. All was done with great solemnity and decorum; there was no canvassing or persuasion allowed, not even to the extent of mentioning the matter to each other.

Slaves and Servitude.

The position of a slave among the Maoris was a peculiar one and depended somewhat on the manner in which a man or woman entered

into captivity. If only a member of an enslaved tribe such a person might continue to dwell among his or her people, and the condition of servitude was more that of a tributory than of personal service. A tribe was considered enslaved if by a crushing defeat it had lost all military prestige. Probably the majority of both men and women would be spared, only a few of the finest women being carried off to the homes of the victors. The rest of the tribe would be ordered to bring presents now and then of food to their conquerors as a token of inferiority, but saving this they would live much as they did before. The subject-tribes cultivated their lands as usual but sent their choicest products to the victors—even then these tributes often received acknowledgment by presents being made in return. The only fear was least the conquered might increase in numbers so much as to again become dangerous, but this danger was minimised by the masters carrying off every handsome girl as she grew up, so that the dominant tribe should keep its numbers increasing. Sometimes if two famous tribes had a war the vassals of the losing side would be killed and their wives and children carried off, thus leaving the aristocrats of the enemy without servants to do the rough work, a condition of great hardship. The fear of such action would make a dependent tribe throw in their lot with those who had enslaved them and forget former injuries in dread of a greater catastrophe. The vassal-tribes supplied the victims when slaves had to be sacrificed, as at the launching of a large war-canoe or at the

opening of a great house. When one of these vassal-tribes thought that it was strong enough to rebel, its members showed their fierce and defiant temper by bringing their tribute of food, etc., carried on the points of their spears and laid it before their masters, who took the hint and said that they need not return.

The other class of slaves was obtained by taking prisoners of war individually, or in small groups or perhaps by reserving some persons from the ovens when the cannibal feast after a battle was in progress. Hence one of the most contemptuous of Maori insults was to call anyone " Remnant of the feast !" (*toenga kainga*) meaning " you are not even worth cooking." In taking war-prisoners a curious custom was sometimes observed in cases where a chief was nearly related to both sides and when if likely to be taken he would assuredly become a slave. To obviate this, when a battle had taken place and one of the contending armies was evidently about to give way and be routed, it was permitted to the chief of the winning party to call out the name or names of certain warriors among the enemy. If one of those named immediately accepted the invitation and joined the number of his foemen he was then treated as a visitor and not as a prisoner, indeed being often kept as a highly-honoured guest.

When a prisoner became a slave his lot was not one of intense misery; he was often well treated, had plenty of food and much liberty of speech and action. It was useless for him to try to escape to his own people, for they would not have received him; he was an unlucky

man whose gods had forsaken him, the proof being that they had allowed him to be captured. He was to his own tribe as one dead, or worse, his presence would be a living insult to them. They wanted neither him nor his bad luck again in their fort or war-party; it was misfortune enough that one of their number should be "a morsel spared from the oven" but the offence could not be wiped out by the return of the captive; only the blood of his captors could avenge the degradation. Slaves had one great consolation for the misfortune that had taken away their rank or position as freemen; it had delivered them from the discomforts of the *tapu*. A slave was nobody spiritually; his gods had forsaken and forgotten him; therefore he was essentially non-existent. Of course he had to refrain from breaking the personal *tapu* of a chief; death was probably his portion in such a case, but what he had to dread was the vengeance of the offended person, not the wrath of deities. The celestial penalty of the breach would fall upon the chief whose *tapu* had been broken, not on the slave, who was below divine notice. Such pleasant absolution from individual holiness allowed the slave to execute many tasks which it was impossible for more exalted persons to perform, such as cooking food, carrying burdens and other menial duties which it was to the advantage of the community should be executed, and which he was therefore valued for being able to do. The warrior whose person was so holy that it would be contaminated by going near a cooking-oven and whose back was too sacred to bear a burden

had a good friend in "the outcast of the gods." So, often he bore his lot with equanimity; he forgot his old condition, put up with violent language if it was applied to him (it was considered "bad form" to abuse an inferior) and consoled himself with thinking that his lot to-day might be that of his master on the morrow. Sometimes a slave would be allowed to work for a person other than his master and would be paid for his labour by a present, part of which he would usually offer to his own master, who, however, seldom demanded it as a right. Slaves were at times transferred from one owner to another in return for an equivalent, and the first master had then no further claim. In most cases a strong bond of friendship or family loyalty sprung up between master and slave. It is related of Paoa, a great chief in old days, that he made love to a slave-girl of bewitching beauty and, making her his slave-wife, deserted his high-born wife and children for her sake. A male slave of Paoa resented this conduct and returned to the service of his mistress, continuing to live with her as her slave. He and his mistress worked the *kumara* plantations together; Paoa and his slave-wife worked theirs together.

Of course there were very considerable drawbacks to life in slavery, the least, perhaps, the contempt of the free men of the tribe, the greatest the uncertainty of life. It was humiliating for a slave not to be able to approach a *kumara* store for fear that he should defile it, nor to be able to enter a burial ground *(wahitapu)* or other prohibited place without

leaving all his clothes outside. When he died there was no ceremony of wailing, nor rites connected with the scraping of his bones: he was buried in a hole, without fuss or lament. But these were trifles compared with the "sword always hanging by a hair" above him, of instant death should the anger or pique of his master prompt such a deed, or religious objects require a sacrifice, such as at a chief's funeral or other great event. There are countless instances of the light regard paid to humanity when a slave man or woman was in question. As example we may note that on one occasion a chief had suffered the insult of having his dog-skin mat worn by the saucy wife of one of his friends, his anger was only to be assuaged by the murder of one of the offender's slave-girls.[2] Another chief who had been away on a long journey asked his sister on his return why he found her cooking food. She replied that her maids had deserted, whereupon her indignant brother went to the houses of the runaways and killed them both.[3] A robber chieftain in the South Island made it his work to lay in wait for parties of travellers on a trade route and kill the wayfarers. For a very long time no notice was taken of the bandit's action because he had only killed slaves; when at last a free-man was slain the tribes instantly set about the robber's capture.[4]

Slaves sometimes married slaves and so perpetuated slave offspring, but as a general rule they would become by inter-marriage incorporated into the tribe. There were generally several female slaves or concubines about

a great chief's house, and these did the menial work as well as enjoyed the patronage of their master. The poorer free-men of a tribe, those constituting "the common herd," the "poor relations" of the more powerful families, were not very particular if they took a slave-woman or a free-woman to wife, and the children soon merged into the free section, but always with the possibility of having their ignoble origin thrown up in their teeth. So too even a well-born woman might sometimes choose a handsome slave youth for a husband, generally when she had a strong desire to be the dominant partner in the establishment, for it was a rule of Maori life that when a husband went and lived with the wife's family the wife was master, and vice versa. It was possible that men having slave-blood in their veins might by daring courage and military genius rise to the position of leaders and war-chiefs, but the instances were few indeed, and such a leader could never obtain the reverential respect paid to men of noble birth. There would be still with this conservative people such an impression of the successful upstart as there was in the ordinary European mind when comparing some rude victorious General of Napoleon with a Prince of the Blood Royal. It is true that the lineage of such a war-chief's slave parent might itself be of the noblest, and the blood of both parents of the purest, but captivity had tainted the name of the slave and made its possessor a mere chattel without human personality—therefore as an ancestor he was not to be counted.

Nomenclature.

One of the most common troubles of a person supposed to be acquainted with the Maori language is that of being asked the meaning of Maori names. Very often an attempt is made to supply the meaning, and in most cases only by guess work. Of course there are certain names whose meanings are plain and unmistakable, such as Wairarapa "flashing water," Awaroa "the long river," etc., but in most cases it is safer to decline to answer. There is one rule of comparative security. It is that if there is a well established legend containing an account of the name being bestowed, that meaning may be fairly taken as legitimate.

Places were named sometimes from actions of celebrated persons, even from very unimportant actions. The traditional occount of the wanderings of a celebrated lady of ancient times thus recites how certain localities were named. "Where she hung up her apron (*maro*) to dry was called Te Horohanga-maro ("the apron hung up to dry"). Where she rubbed her neck ornament *(hei)* they called it Te Miringa-a-hei ("the rubbing of the neck ornament"); where she had built a temporary hut or screen they called it Hokahoka ("stick bushes up"). Where the impression of her foot was seen on the path they called it Tapuwae-roa ("Long-foot") etc.[5]

Sometimes places were named from some observation on the animals found there, as a place frequented by the cormorant or shag

(Kawau phalacrocorax, N.Z.) was called "the flock of shags" (*kahui-kawau*). At other times the appearance of the land or sea would cause a name to be applied, such as "Big Mountain" (*Maunga-nui*) or "red earth" (*Whenua-kura*). At yet others a circumstance would decide what designation should be applied. Thus, a war-party was passing through a plantation, and, coming by chance upon a man at work, killed him, as was the custom of such war-parties. An oven was prepared, and the body placed therein, but the slaying had been seen by a boy who hastened to tell the news to the victim's friends. They turned out and attacked the war-party before the food in the oven was half ready, but the visitors gallantly held their own till the meal was ready, and then carried it off with them. The place was always called thenceforward Tunu-haere, "Cook as you go." The longest place-name I have yet encountered is that of a locality near Whanganui. It is called Putiki-whara-nui-a-Tamatea-pokai-whenua.[6]

Maori names are hideously travestied by the colonists in many cases, not only in speaking but in writing. *Te Umuakaha* became Temuka; *Wairarapa*, Wydrop, *Ngaru-a-wahia*, Naggery-Waggery; *Eketahuna*, Jacky-town; *Te Urukapana*, The Woolly Carpenters. Even names of persons suffered terribly, the great chief Te Rauparaha being designated "The Robuller."[7]

Names of tribes (*iwi*) were generally denoted by the prefix Ngati, meaning "descendants of," as Ngati-Raukawa the descendants of Raukawa. Sometimes sub-tribes (*hapu*) or

small remnants of tribes used Ngati before their names. The prefix varied into Ati and Ngai as Te Ati-awa, Ngai-tahu. All tribal names did not bear the prefix, the Arawa, Muaupoko, Rangitane, and others are in this class, but variations of the prefix with a similar meaning are to be found; Nga Whanau-a-Mahu "the children of Mahu," Te Uri o Hau, "the posterity of Hau," Te Aitanga a Whare "The Begotten of Whare," are instances in point.

Turning to the subject of personal names, some prefixes appear often repeated on particular lines of descent. Rakei and Ngai are thus used in the Urewera pedigrees of "the people of the land." Pare, as a prefix to female names, is common in Ngaiwi genealogies, while Hine is similarly frequent among the descendants of the Great Migration from Hawaiki. Names commencing Tu or Tama were generally male. "The" (*Te*) before a name was an aristocratic symbol, as Te Morehu, Te Hapuku, etc., and held position as among the Irish Celts a chief was called "The O'Donoghue," "The O'Connor Don." The sign of the vocative case, E, was used before a name in addressing a person as we should use O, the Maoris saying *E hoa*, as we would "O friend." This word *e* was often mistaken by Europeans as part of the name and so spoken or written, causing the name of Te Puni, for instance, to be written Epuni, because the chief was addressed "E Puni."

The names of chiefs are generally selected from those of ancestors, bestowed at the "baptism" of the child. If the baby sneezed

or moved peculiarly while the names of its forefathers were being recited at the ceremony, the name being uttered at the time was given to the infant. A child was generally known by some pet-name or nick-name given by its mother, but as it grew up its proper baptismal name was used. Afterwards other names were assumed. Such a name might be "in memoriam" of some loved relative, or it might take its rise in some incident of the life-history. As an example we may take that of a man who, on account of his father being murdered in his own house, assumed the name of "The House of Murder" (*Te Whare Kohuru*). A warrior who was renowned for stealthily approaching an enemy's fort was called Mawhai, the name of a creeping plant. Some names were very fine and resonant "The Sounding Sea" (*Tai-haruru*), "The Great Ocean" (*Te Moana-nui*), "The Shady Heavens" (*Rangi-maru*), etc., but others commonplace or even ridiculous in our notions: "Eight-warts" (*Ira-waru*), "Stiff-beard" (*Kumikumi-maro*), "Long-sob" (*Hotu-roa*), etc. Some names, especially girls' names, were pretty and poetical, "Plume of the precious bird" (*Puhi-huia*), "White heron" (*kotuku*), "The young lady in love" (*Hinemoa*). The last name has a rather round-about explanation. The moa (dinornis) was supposed to stand on a mountain with its beak wide open "eating the wind" (*te moa kai-hau*). The idea of "eating the wind" or "feeding on air" became a metaphor applied to lovers who lost their appetite through excess of sentiment, so that to say one was a *moa* feeding on air

implied that the person spoken of was in love. Hence Hine-moa, "Lady Moa," meant a girl lover.

Maoris disliked (especially if chiefs) being asked their names straight out. To do so implied that the person asked was personally not known, and therefore undistinguished. A story is told that a stranger went to a village at Ohinemuri to visit the chief Taipari. On entering the settlement he asked for Taipari, but unfortunately addressed his enquiry to that person himself. "That is he" answered Taipari, pointing to his slave Netana. The visitor went up to the slave, saluted him and then began a confidential chat; all to the intense delight of the crafty chief, who, when he thought the game had lasted long enough, said "Netana, let food be cooked for my guest." The visitor was naturally disconcerted, but had sufficient command of himself not to express his annoyance, knowing that he had put himself in the wrong by his own breach of etiquette.

Allusion has been made (under "Tapu") to the custom of the use of a word being reliquished if it was the name, or part of the name of a chief. If a chief was named Te Mango, "the shark," for example, the word *mango* would drop out of common use, and some word such as *waha-nui*, "Big Mouth," be given to the fish instead. On account of the name of the chief Tai, "the tide," the word "*tai*" was changed to *ngaehe*, "Ripple." Sometimes a chief would alter his name as a memorial that some curse or insult was still unavenged;

indeed the whole of a tribe, or sub-tribe, would adopt a new name for such a reason, and until revenge had been obtained.

Words were altered or dropped altogether for certain reasons, just as names were. Thus, when out bird-snaring, it was wrong to say "I am going to look *(titiro)* at my snares." The birds not being dead might escape if this word were used, so the word examine *(matai)* was spoken instead. So also in discussing the taking or unfastening *(wetewete)* the birds from the snares, *wetewete* had to be avoided and the rare word *wherawhera* used instead.[8] When on a rat-hunt it was indiscreet to speak of a rat by its proper name *(kiore)*, it became *koroke*, "the fellow."

CHAPTER X.

THE DOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.—THE MOA.—FISHING.

THE DOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THE dog occupies no unimportant part in Maori legend, and it doubtless had a considerable part to play in the economy of domestic life. It is evident that in the course of time its nature and breed altered under differing circumstances and under diverse influences. The dog that was in existence shortly before the advent of the Europeans was certainly of quite another breed to that of which we get shadowy glimpses in folk-lore and myth.

The Maori dog *(Kuri ruarangi)* has now entirely disappeared and it is highly improbable that even the very earliest of the white settlers ever saw the real animal, although doubtless some of its blood was running in the veins of the mongrels that roamed around the native villages. Those seen by Cook, Forster, and others, about the time New Zealand was discovered, were small dogs, something like *degenerate* sheep-dogs, with large heads,

sharply-pricked ears, and a short flowing tail. It was considered a valuable article of food, being bred for its edible qualities rather than for any other purpose, and as such even appreciated as ekeing out the slender resources of the explorers with Captain Cook. Crozet described native dogs as looking like domesticated foxes, indeed they would destroy poultry just as foxes do, and he relates that they were fed on fish, and would not be domesticated among white men, whom they would bite on occasion. The skin was highly valued as an article of attire, and a mat of dogskins was a precious possession. The white hair *(awe)* of the dog's tail was also used as an ornament for the weapons of a chief; the tail of the living animal being kept regularly shaved, and the hair put away for this purpose. The flesh of the dog was not allowed to be eaten by women, and not by men except under certain restrictions.

The account given by old natives many years ago as to the real Maori dog is as follows. It was a small animal and did not bark like our dogs, their dogs cried *au, au*, while ours cry *haru haru* and *pahu pahu*; they howled a good deal. It would not bite men; the owner prized and petted them, giving each its proper name. They were sometimes castrated. Birds and rats were given to the dogs to eat; the animals were often trained to catch ground game such as the ground-parrot *(kakapo)*, rails *(weka)*, and apteryx *(kiwi)*. This was done by the master squatting down, and holding his dog, at the same time giving a cry in imitation of that of

the bird, who hearing the cry would come towards the hunter. The little dog was then let go and would catch the bird and hold it or bring it to his master. The dog might get lost through its stupidity, but never ran wild. Dogs with white hair were greatly prized, not only on account of the skins being valuable as mats, but because the long hair of the tail was so esteemed that a house with clean mats was provided for the owner of such a tail lest it should lose its whiteness and lustre. The skins were prepared by being stretched on a frame to dry where sun and rain could not get at them; only men attended to this duty and only men were allowed to make the mats by sewing the hides together and then to the lining of woven flax which always underlaid the furs, although the flax-cloth lining was made by women. Dogs played no inferior part among the incentives to war; the theft or killing of a favourite dog often leading to bloodshed involving many human lives. An anecdote which at once exhibits the intelligence of the ancient dog (as compared with the stupidity of the later breed) and an example of the animal becoming a cause of quarrel may be quoted in the case of the dog Marukukere. This chief had, or considered he had an "overlordship" on another chief named Kahu and his people, so at the time of the harvesting of the sweet-potato (*kumara*) every year Maru would send his dog, with a wooden spade in its mouth, to Kahu, as a hint for the latter to organise a company to come and gather in the crop of the dog's master. For many years this was done

A LITTLE KUMARA GOD.

A. HAMILTON, PHOTO

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and the mute order obeyed, but at last Kahu began to think that this conduct was rather insulting and was intended to degrade him. So he said to one of his men, "if that dog comes again kill it." When the time of harvest arrived and the intelligent animal put in its usual appearance it was caught and killed. Maru waited some time and finding that neither his dog nor Kahu's workmen appeared he went to see what was the cause that his summons was neglected. But he himself was attacked and killed. Out of this war arose, in which the nephew of the murdered man led his forces to victory, killed Kahu, and extirpated Kahu's people.

The spirits of dogs were supposed, like those of men, to pass to the World of Shadows *(Te Reinga)* but they travelled by a different path than that taken by the souls of human beings. If a dog barked in a certain way at a man it was supposed to denote the death of the person barked at; the god of evil and death (*Te Nganahau*) inspired the dog to give the warning. Dogs frequently became goblins (*taniwha*) and sometimes the guardian spirits of certain places. The sacred dog of Maahu lived under the waters of a lake named Te Rotonuiaha, and was a kind of banshee, its bark proceeding from under the water being a warning of the approaching death of a chief. Moe-kahu, a goddess, the daughter of Houmea the ogress, and a sister of the three Haere the rainbow-gods, was incarnate in the form of a dog, and her appearance to any of the Urewera tribe (their land was her habitat) was looked

upon as an awful omen of evil and death. A chief of high descent and great powers had a dog that was killed by a falling tree, and thereon the chief commanded the spirit of the dog to pass into a large tree growing near, and in that tree the spirit dwelt for ages and spoke (in the dog language) to travellers who dared to address it. The tutelary deity of dogs was Irawaru or Owa, the husband of the sister of Maui the hero, but Irawaru offended Maui who changed him into a dog and then insulted his sister by telling her to call aloud for her husband with the cry "*Moi moi!*" the usual call to a dog, and which is even to-day an insult if used to a man. A certain chief of old times had a dog that innocently broke the laws of *tapu*, and for this it was killed and eaten. The chief's sons went about calling their dog at village after village, and coming at last at the right place they heard their dog answer them, "Au! Au! Au!" from the belly of the eater. A parallel has been drawn between this Maori story and the Irish legend of the stolen sheep bleating in the belly of a rogue, by whom it had been eaten, when St. Patrick called on the sheep to answer.[1]

In the accounts of the voyages of the ancestral canoes to New Zealand dogs are mentioned as part of the freight, but it is certain from the researches of geologists that the bones of the dog are to be found in old ovens and other places of a date far anterior to that of the Hawaiki immigration. Probably, however, if the new-comers brought their dogs with them they were of a species closely allied

to that of the indigenous stock, and it was more of a replenishment than an innovation. Kupe, one of the legendary discoverers of these islands brought his dogs with him, and not only do the Hokianga natives show some curious markings in stone as being footprints of one of these dogs, but in another place they exhibit a stone into which another of the animals was transformed.

A tradition that tells of matters which occurred prior to the Hawaiki Maoris leaving their own country relates a description of a fight in which dogs took part. "Then Uenuku caused the fog (by his charms) to clear away, but, seeing many of Whena's people still alive, he made it settle down again and sent his dogs on shore to attack them. After some time he caused the fog to lift again and waited in the canoe to witness the battle of the dogs and the people of Whena." This was called "The battle of the Food of the Dogs." Such dogs must have been of a very different breed from the tame little Maori dog of more recent times. We are told of fierce hunting dogs used by the Kahui Tipua, the ogre-aborigines of the South Island, but these were two-headed dogs and belonged to the land of pure myth. A curious legend existed as to certain mysterious dogs named Mohorangi which had the power fabled in Greece as belonging to the head of Medusa, for they turned into stone any person (unstrengthened by magic charms) who dared to meet their petrifying glance. Two stone dogs are said to haunt the western bank of lake Taupo and their barking was listened for with fear, for if a stranger should hear them and

make the usual call to a dog *(moi! moi!)* a terrible storm would arise in which the unwary traveller would be drowned.

The flesh of the dog was held to be a *tapu* food, only to be indulged in by certain persons and under certain restrictions. A dog was always killed at the great ceremonies connected with the children of chiefs and on other important and formal occasions, but the priest ate its flesh. A dog was also killed for the tattooer, when he was operating on a chief; but anciently they were kept for sacrifice. A legend relates that when the Aotea canoe and its consort were on their way to New Zealand the weary storm-beaten voyagers rested at a small island named Rangitahua, and there offered up a dog in sacrifice. "They cut it up raw as an offering to the gods, and laid it cut open in every part before them, and set up pillars for the spirits that they might entirely consume the sacrifice. . . . Then they rose up from prayer and roasted with fire the dog they were offering as a sacrifice, and holding the sacrifice aloft called over the names of the spirits to whom the offering was made, etc., etc."[2] It is said in another legend that when these canoes reached the well-forested island of Kotiwha the captain of the Ririno (the consort of the Aotea) ate a portion of a dog that was being sacrificed to the god Maru, and as a consequence the Ririno was shortly afterwards wrecked and all her people drowned.

There is a story told concerning a war-party that chased a dog and having caught it offered it as a propitiation to the spirit of a dead

comrade, the heart being roasted and offered by the priest to the gods and afterwards devoured by the most aged member of the party.

There was much woodcraft to be learnt by an educated Maori before he became proficient in obtaining from forest and stream the food-producing creatures which formed a large and savoury part of his fare. He had not only to study the habits of the inhabitants of wood and river, but learn how to spear and net and hook and snare, and how to prepare the various tools he required. When these things had been fully learnt, however, he was well equipped to survive in desolate places where one less instructed and observant could easily have starved.

The large and handsome wood-pigeon (*kukupa* or *kereru*: Carpophaga novæ-zealandiæ) was through its abundance and its large size considered a prize worth obtaining. There were three methods employed in catching them. In the first *(tūtū)* a platform was erected in the branches of a growing tree with inwardly inclined branches, and on this platform the hunter was seated, at a time of year when the forest was full of fruit and berries in which the pigeon delighted. Artificial perches (*tumu*) were placed on the ends of short poles *(pouaka)* which were lashed into position among the branches. A noose was carefully spread on the perch, and the cord of the noose passed through the perch and alongside the pole to the hand of the snarer, who, as soon as the pigeon alighted, pulled the noose and caught the bird. Pigeons were very plentiful, and gathered in

favourite trees like swarms of bees. A snarer has captured as many as two hundred a day in like manner. The second method (*ahere* or *mahanga*) was by setting snares. Wooden troughs *(waka)* were made, and being filled with water, were set among the branches of the *miro* (Podocarpus ferruginea) trees when the berries were ripe. The birds became accustomed to seeing them and to drinking the water. Then, snares were arranged all along the edges of the troughs. The snares consisted of running nooses placed so closely side by side that the pigeons could not drink without putting their heads through the snares, and in drawing back their heads the ruffling of the feathers drew the cord tight. Sometimes the snares were set around natural drinking-pools of the pigeon. It was the custom never to take the dead birds away the first day of snaring: they had to be left till the next morning, for some unknown reason. The third way of taking the pigeons was by spearing *(tahere* or *here).* The bird-spear was a long flexible shaft of over thirty feet in length, having a bone head barbed on one side. The spear was used in the customary way, working it up through the branches so as not to startle the quarry. It was not (except in very plentiful years) so efficient a method as the snare.[8]

The parrot (*kaka*; Nestor meridionalis) was taken in one way just as the pigeon was snared, viz, by the noosed perch (*tūtū*) but with the assistance of a decoy bird (*timori*) a tame *kaka.* The parrots swarmed on the *rata* trees (Metrosideros robusta) when the flowers were in bloom

and full of honey, so in the *rata* the platforms were built. Here the man sat with his decoy parrot on its perch, and a little basket (*kori*) of parrot's food hanging from the perch (*turuturu*). The bird was made to cry out, and soon its wild brethren would alight on the noosed perch and the cord was pulled. Parrots were also caught in the honeysuckle (*Rewarewa*: Knightia excelsa) tree in its flowering time by the same method. Another mode of catching parrots was by the pole (*taki*). This pole was a rod about two inches in diameter and about twenty-five feet long. A small hut of tree-fern leaves was built in a likely place, and the pole was set firmly in the ground with its foot in the hut but protruding through the fern-leaves upwards in a slanting direction. In the hut sat the man, with his decoy-parrot outside, fastened to a cord by a bone ring (*poria*) fixed on one of its legs. The decoy was made to cry out and to bite things on the ground till the wild parrots gathered, thinking from the biting and excitement of the other bird that there must be good food down there. They would begin walking down the sloping pole to join the other at its feast, as they thought. The birds turned from side to side as they descended, and the man watching his opportunity when a bird was near the ground slipped his hands through the fern-leaves and, placing one hand over one wing and the other hand over the other wing, drew it into the hut and trod on its head. A procession of birds passed down the pole to the decoy. Sometimes a man had no decoy and had to delude the birds by imitating their cry,

but it was very difficult to do, and as soon as he caught one he would keep it alive and train it as a decoy. This took much patience and skill, as a well-trained bird had to be able to stamp about and scratch and break sticks as well as cry, so that the birds would think that it was having a very good time down there.

The Parson-Bird (*tui* or *koko*: Prosthemadera N.Z.) was taken in many ways, by nooses (when the *kowhai*—Sophora tetraptera—was in flower), by spearing, and by two or three other methods only used for this bird. One of these was the mode of capture by striking. A perch *(pae)* about seven feet long and one inch thick was set up in the branches between two adjacent trees, one end of the perch being higher than the other. At the lower end of the perch was built a fern-tree hut, to hide the striker who imitated the birds' call to each other by means of the leaf of a tree (*patete*: Schefflera digitata) held between his lips. When a bird settled on the perch it was knocked off with a long flexible stick. Another mode of capture was by means of a movable baited perch (*wheke*) with noose held in the hand and the cord tightened. The whole of this apparatus—noose, pole, bait (*kohukohu*), perch, etc. —was called *pewa*. The *tui* was also taken in frosty weather by men marking its roosting place at evening and then climbing the trees just before dawn by the light of burning torches. The birds' feet at that hour were numbed *(uhu)* and contracted with cold so that they could not open their claws to let go the branches they sat on.

The paroquet (*kakariki*: Platycercus sp.) was snared by means of a pole six feet long having a snare (*mahanga* or *tari*) on the end. The fowler made his hut of tree-fern leaves and sat therein. As soon as he could noose one of these rather tame birds, it was used as a decoy for the others, being fastened to a perch by the leg, then when the others came to its cry they were knocked over with the pole. Wild ducks of different kinds were caught in snares, a line (*kaha*) of which was stretched right across a river or narrow lake and fastened to a stake at each side. The loops of the snares were suspended just above the water. When a flock of ducks passed under the line perhaps every loop would take a duck. Sometimes the combined strength of so many struggling birds would pull up the stakes unless they were very firmly fastened, and the ducks would fly away till they became entangled in some tree. Sometimes when the birds were moulting they were hunted with dogs. Ducks are fat when moulting (*turuki maunu*) and they cannot fly well at that time. The dogs were taken to the place in canoes which quietly approached the ducks as near as possible without frightening them, and then the dogs were sent overboard. The ducks were preserved (*huahua*) in their own fat rendered into calabashes.

The mutton-bird called *titi*, includes Buonaparte's Shearwater (Puffinus tenuirostris) and Cook's Petrel (Œstrelata cookii). It was taken on foggy nights by means of a large net set a little way back from the edge of a cliff, the ends being fixed by poles arranged in the

shape of an X, and a fire being lighted on the extreme edge of the cliff. Behind the fire and in front of the net the natives sat, each armed with a stout stick, one man standing at each end near the outer pole. When the dazzled birds flew at the fire they struck the net and were killed by the hunters. If the first bird struck the supporting poles it was a bad omen; no birds would be taken, but if it struck the net the hunt would be successful.

Advantage was taken of the sense of hearing in the *kiwi* (Apertyx sp.) to capture it with the aid of dogs. The *kiwi* goes along looking for worms or rather listening for the rustle of the earth-worm under ground. When the bird hears the worm creeping below the soil the long beak is prodded down and finds its prey. The *kiwi* hunter fastened little pieces *(patete)* of wood to his dogs' neck, so that they would rattle or rustle, and the *kiwi* would stop to listen, thinking that it heard the worms creeping. Then the dogs would rush in, and the men came forward with torches which they had hitherto concealed. The bird was astounded at the sudden dazzling light, it being a nocturnal bird and not used to the light, so that it was easily killed. The *kiwi* sometimes goes about in a stupid way by daylight, but was only hunted at night. Sometimes *kiwi* were caught by lighting a fire and breaking small sticks when the birds would be attracted by the glare and snapping of the twigs. The Wood-hen (*weka*: Ocydromus sp.) was easily caught, as being a very pugnacious bird, one had only to hold out a piece of red rag on a stick and it

would attack the stick till the latter knocked it over. The Ground Parrot (*kakapo*: Stringops habroptilus) is fond of the roots of the fern. Sentinel birds are posted while the others feed but, if after wasting some time no danger approaches, the sentries come in and feed with the others. The Maoris would carefully watch these feeding places of the birds, and would hold their dogs in hand until the *kakapo* sentinels no longer called their "All's Well"; then the dogs were loosed. Efforts were always made, if possible, to catch the sentinel-birds, then the others were easily caught as they seemed confused by their loss.

The frugivorous native rat (*kiore*: Mus rattus) has now been almost entirely exterminated or succeeded by the grey Norway rat. The small black native rat was considered a choice article of food, and its hunt was accompanied with ceremonial and much preparation. Long narrow tracks were cut through the forest for miles; generally two parallel tracks near together. Along these lines traps *(tawhiti)* were set with snares or springs, these being baited (*poa*) with berries beloved of the little quadrupeds. If a rat was taken in the first (*tamatane*) trap baited then it was an omen of success for the others; the animals running along the straight prepared lines. Rat-hunting parties were often out for days at a time, and would capture several hundreds of the little creatures. Incantations were chanted before the hunt commenced, and ceremonial ovens had to be prepared and the contents eaten by priests before the hunters were allowed to touch the cooked bodies of the animals.

Maoris often tamed the wild denizens of the bush and made pets of them. The *tui* was perhaps the favourite bird to keep as a caged companion. They learnt to talk well and were a great source of amusement and pride. If a *tui* could say "Lo, here is the welcome visitor," or "Come hither, come hither"; guests would be delighted. A great fight took place at Tahoraite (Hawke's Bay) over the theft of a tame *tui*, and it resulted in the loss of their land by a whole tribe. The white crane or heron (*kotuku*: Ardea egretta) was kept for the sake of its feathers, which were plucked every five or six months. The bird was kept in a miserable way, in a rude low cage, too small for its size. It was fed with small freshwater fish, but it seldom lived long. Another bird kept for the sake of its feathers was the *huia* (Heteralocha acutirostris); this for its tail feathers, the ornament reserved for the head-dress of a chief. The parrot (*kaka*) was tamed not only as a pet but as a decoy-bird for catching others; it was tethered by a bone ring (*poria*) round its leg fastened to a cord which was attached to a perch or spear of wood too hard to be nibbled. The large sea-gull (*karoro*: Larus dominicanus) and another gull, the Oyster-catcher (*torea*: Hæmatopus sp.), were domesticated, but merely as pets or companions; they served no useful purpose. They were caught young and fed by hand. The Paradise Duck (*putangitangi*: Casarca variegata) was also kept as a domesticated fowl. Names of dead relatives were often given to pets so as to make them sacred and to insure *their* safety.

Pet lizards were sometimes carried about, being fed on berries of the *tawa* (Beilschmiedia tawa).[4] This is a traditional statement, and it is said that lizards were often tamed and kept as pets by chiefs in olden days. The legends, however, generally relate to very celebrated persons, and the assertion may be a pure invention, so as to add to the mysterious grandeur of the individual described as possessing a reptile pet. The ordinary Maori certainly regarded the whole of the lizard tribe with dread and repugnance.

Legends declare that many of the living creatures found in New Zealand were brought in the canoes from Hawaiki. Thus Turi brought the Swamp-hen (*pukeko*: Porphyrio melanotus), the green paroquets, and the Maori rat in the Aotea canoe. Whiro-nui landed insects and lizards from the Nukutere canoe. The native rat is also said to have come with Nukutawhiti in the Mamari canoe. The centipede (*were*), the caterpillar (*whe*), the Maori-bug (*kekerengu*), the birds *torea* (above mentioned) and the ground lark (*hioi*: Anthus N.Z.), a sacred bird, were all supposed to have been brought in the canoes. The birds and lizards, however, are in almost all cases of species indigenous to these islands and (so far as at present known) to no other part of the world; so such traditions are little more than inventions, and are unworthy of credence. The Samoan Great Pigeon or "Red Bird" (*manumea*) is known in old Maori story, and the turtle was probably also once known by its Polynesian name (*honu*).

A mottled and speckled lizard (*moko tapiri*) was supposed to bring forth the New Zealand cuckoo (*koekoea*), or else it is believed the bird loses its feathers at the approach of winter, retires to a hole in the ground, and becomes a lizard (*ngaha*). As spring returns its tail drops off, feathers grow, and it becomes a bird again. The cuckoo is, of course, a migrating bird. When the eggs of the paroquet (*kakariki*) were hatched, the shells were supposed to turn into green lizards (*moko kakariki*).

A small bird, the Pied Tit (*miromiro*: Myiomoira toitoi) was the "little bird" that, as in our nurseries, was supposed to carry messages, especially love messages. It also acted as messenger between a separated husband and wife. If a man went to a sorcerer and asked for his wife to be sent back to him, the *miromiro* was despatched, however far away she might be. The tiny messenger would settle on her head and then, whether she wished it or not, an overmastering desire came to her to return to her husband. She would rush back, a wind blowing behind her and lifting her feet, the sacred breeze (*Hau-o-Pua-nui*) that only a magician could raise. Hence the proverb "The wind of Puanui will bring her."

Birds often had miraculous or supernatural powers attributed to them. In some Polynesian dialects (as in that of Rarotonga) the word for bird (*manu*) is sometimes used for "soul." Although in New Zealand particular birds were not regarded as incarnations of deities, as at Samoa, nevertheless gods at times assumed bird-shapes and others were tutelary protectors

of certain species. Maui assumed the form of a dove or pigeon when visiting Spirit-land, and that of a hawk when procuring fire for men.[5] The Saddleback (*tieke*: Creadion sp.) was supposed to guard the mythical treasures of the Maori. As tutelary deities, Pahiko was the protector of the *kaka* parrot, Haere-awa-awa of the wood-hen (*weka*) and the *kiwi*, Parauri of the *tui* bird, etc.

The Moriori used figures of birds neatly carved from hard wood as part of the ceremonial when their priests were paying honour to Tiki, the first-created man. Twenty or more of these wooden birds were placed in parallel rows on the altar, a carved figure of the god Rongomai being set at the end. This ceremony took place every year when possible, but sometimes one or two years would lapse.

The Moa.

Controversy has raged for some years among experts as to the time when the *moa* disappeared as a living creature. It seems almost impossible to reconcile the statements of the students of natural history and anthropology in this matter. Bones of the birds have been found on the surface of the ground, and in positions in which it seems certain that their owners perished within a few years of the present day. Parts of the bodily frame of the dinornis, such as a thigh and the neck vertebræ, have been recovered, with the skin, tendons and ligaments still attached. Bones of the bird,

apparently cooked and gnawed, have been exhumed from kitchen-middens and alongside old native ovens. The skeleton of a man was found in an old burial cave, with the skull resting on the egg of a dinornis; of course this egg may itself have been a comparatively recent "find." Most of the dinornis bones discovered have been brought to light from excavations in swamps wherein by hundreds together the birds have perished in flood time.

None of the remains of the large species of *moa*, such as Dinornis giganteus and Dinornis maximus, have been found with traces of human interference or proximity; there are only the smaller and later of the twenty nine species of the bird which appear to have existed as contemporaries with man. They evidently found food plentiful, were without enemies of consequence, and increased to immense numbers. Whether they became exhausted generically through too great prosperity, or not, only the smaller species survived. As to these, marks of disease have been found on the breast bone and other osseous remains, sufficient to show that they were strongly decadent, and would probably have died out without help from the spear or snare of the hunter.

The students of Maori legend and customs number many in their ranks who assert that the dinornis has been extinct for centuries, and that the Maori *(i.e.* the Maori from Hawaiki) did not know the *moa* as a living bird, although perhaps some knowledge of its once existence was conveyed to the immigrant tribes by a race of men already in possession. Such students

point out that every person who is said in tradition to have killed or seen a *moa* is a myth-being. No feathers of *moa* were transmitted as heir-looms on weapons or mats; no mention is made of the great bird in even the oldest legends containing lists of food materials, although less important animals, such as the pigeon, parrot, *tui*, rat, eel, and other wild creatures, are enumerated as parts of the possession passing with tribal lands. They state that although the word *moa* is now widely applied to the dinornis (so that even Europeans use it), the Maoris did not know that the remains were those of a huge bird, nor understand the mention in their own songs, until they were made acquainted by colonists with the fact after the skeleton had been "re-constructed" from a single bone by Professor Owen. Many of the Maoris thought the remains of the *moa* to be bones of giant ancestors or rather predecessors in the country. One of the old natives having visited a museum was describing a *moa* skeleton to his friends, but complained that "the arm-bones were missing." He was corrected—"but the *moa* was a bird!" The old man replied, "O son, I thought the *moa* was a man."

Here and there a feather supposed to be that of a *moa* was handed down through several generations, but not one of these is procurable or in evidence. The legendary description of such feather is, from the account of its brilliant hues and "eyes," more like that of a peacock than of the dull grey dinornis—nor would the plume have been so highly valued had the

living bird been common. However, such a tribe must have believed that the *moa* was a bird. In the North Island, the East Coast Maoris believed the *moa* to be a huge bird and that the last one was to be found standing on Mount Hikurangi, between two great lizards or dragons. But, mythologically, Hikurangi is the mountain to which the remnant of mankind escaped from the Deluge. Old chiefs of authority in tradition asserted seventy years ago that all the *moa* had been destroyed at the time of the (Maori) Deluge.[6] A proverbial saying of the Maori was to the effect that the *moa* was "the bird hidden by Tane" *(te manu huna a Tane)*, that is, by the Lord of Forests.

Lastly, that the few allusions preserved in song and proverb showed that the *moa* had been lost in very ancient times, and that a song composed at least twelve generations (300 years) ago in the South Island speaks of "lost, as the *moa* is last," a remark which would have been absurd had the bird been then as abundant as the supporters of the "late extinction" theory assert.

The subject is still obscure; the bibliography is large and consists mostly in papers scattered through the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute."

Of other extinct birds, the swan does not appear, even in the faintest echo of legend, to be remembered. The great eagle (Harpagornis moorei) has been perhaps embalmed as a memory in accounts of great rapacious birds, *Hokioi* and *Pouakai*, mentioned in old traditions and alluded to elsewhere in this volume.

FISHING.

The fishing-net *(kupenga)* was, when of a large size, a most valuable possession of the Maori. It was made of flax; the mesh *(takekenga)* being formed over bunched fingers, and the knot was identical with that used by European net-makers. The meshes were closer and the material stouter towards the centre or belly of the net, where the strain was greatest. The upper *(kaharunga)* and lower (*kahararo*) ropes of the net were of undressed flax; to the upper were fastened the floats (*pouto*) of buoyant wood placed at about eighteen inch intervals, the lower rope being weighted with stones. The centre float was often highly ornamented. Great care was taken of the nets, and, after they had been used, they were dried, folded, and put away on a stage or in a regular storehouse (*whata*) raised on piles (*see*, also, nets, under Textiles). The seine net has been known to have been cast for human fish on several occasions of which tradition has recorded tragical adventures. A funnel-shaped net (*riritai*) was also used. Sometimes nets of this kind were very large. One measured 75 feet in length with a diameter of 25 feet at the mouth and this particular net was the work of one man who was over 90 years of age at the time.

Small nets (*rohe*, *kori*, *etc.*) were used by hand, some of these over hoops and fastened to poles, some (*toemi*) were made to draw together like the mouth of a bag. A hand-net (*tapora*)

with very fine meshes was used for catching white-bait (*inanga*). An eel-net (*pukoro*), in shape like a long bag, was to be seen at times, but generally the eel-basket (*hinaki*) or the many-pointed spear (*heru* or *matarau*) were the more favoured methods of catching eels (*tuna*). The eel-basket (*hinaki*) was nearly of the same shape as that used in England for the same purpose, the form being that of a pear, and the length from five to eight feet. It (the *hinaki*) was woven of the wiry stems of the Climbing Fern (*Mangemange*: Lygodium volubile) and was utilised in the narrow openings of eel-weirs whereof the wings were strong palisading.

Fish-hooks (*matau*) were of all sizes and were generally made of wood or bone. The large hooks such as those for catching sharks were of wood with bone tips. A hook used with the line running behind a canoe was decorated with the iridescent shell of the haliotis (*paua*). Hooks were generally barbed, but not always. Flounders were transfixed with a barbed spear. The sea-mullet (*kanae*: Mugil perusii) often ascends tidal rivers in great numbers. They were caught in canoes into which they jumped when alarmed suddenly. These fish are thus called proverbially "The leaping sons of (Tangaroa) the Sea-god." Crayfish were caught in baskets (*taruke*). Shellfish were sometimes collected with a rake (*rou kakahi*) which had a net (*rori*) attached to it, and into this net the molluscs would fall when scraped up or off with the rake.

Many superstitions were connected with fishing. On large fishing expeditions, the men engaged in making or mending nets were *tapu*. If cooked food was carried in a fishing canoe no fish would be caught. To cut up fish, freshly taken, to serve as bait at the same time or place was absolutely forbidden; if such action had been performed the fishing ground would be ruined. Before a new net could be used an invocation (*whaka-inu*) had to be uttered over it. Men carrying the net to the canoe had to be naked for fear that a morsel of cooked food might have touched their garments and so defiled them, and Tangaroa the Sea-god would be angry. If fish were caught in *tapu* water, any such fish had, when cooked, to be taken a considerable distance from the oven before they could be eaten. If a party was about to set out on a fishing (*hi-ika*) expedition with hook and line, the evening before the day of departure the hooks to be used were carefully collected and made efficient by charms. The next morning the hooks were taken to the canoe and stuck into the covering of the joints of the side-planks (*rauawa*), the priest meanwhile invoking the aid of a god; on the West Coast this was usually the god Maru. The first fish hooked was put back into the water after being charmed so as to induce plenty of its fellows to come and bite. The next fish taken was reserved as an offering to the gods and a priest took charge of it. When the party returned to land, three ovens were prepared, one being for the gods, and in this latter the first fish kept was cooked. Another oven was

for the chiefs and the third for the common people who were allowed to eat as soon as the priest held up one of the fish (by a string through its gills) before a sacred place and uttered an accompanying invocation.

If when fish were caught, snapper *(tamure*: Pagrus unicolor), or a variety of fishes were taken, women as well as men could share the food, but if only the fish named *kahawai* (Arripis salar) was obtained women were not allowed to partake.

Not only were human bones used as fish-hooks, or as barbs for fish-hooks, on purpose to insult the family or tribe of an enemy whose bodily remains were thus treated with contempt, but sometimes a chief would fix the dried head of an old foe on the gunnel of his fishing canoe. Then the fishing line would be fastened to the ear of the trophy in such a way as to cause the head to nod freely when the fish on being hooked hauled on the line.

When human bones were made into fish-hooks, it was not always done in scorn by an enemy of a dead person. There were curious and quaint notions concerning the powers of such fish-hooks. It is related that when a certain chief who had been cursed was dying, he ordered his sons to make fish-hooks from his bones. Having, in due time, exhumed the bones of their father, they made the required hooks and went fishing with them. Having caught some fish, they sent them all to their father's enemies, who, having partaken of the fish, died in great numbers "by the power of the god who was in the bones." Again, a

Taranaki tribe wished to make war on another tribe in the same locality, so they killed a boy of the people with whom they desired to quarrel, and made fish-hooks of his bones. The fish caught with these hooks were sent to the boy's relatives who ate the food and then, having heard of the way the fish had been caught, instantly formed their war-party to revenge the deadly insult.

CHAPTER XI.

TAPU.—CURSES.—DREAMS AND OMENS.—OFFERINGS.

TAPU.

TAPU is the word which has been adopted into the English language as "taboo," when we say that such and such subjects are tabooed. Its proper sense seems to be neither "sacred" nor "defiled" although it may take either meaning, and that medial expression "prohibited" perhaps translates it best — "prohibited" for sacred reasons, "prohibited" for objectionable reasons. The true inwardness of the word *tapu* is that it infers the setting apart of certain persons or things on account of their having become possessed or infected by the presence of supernatural beings, particularly of the ancestral spirits who were guardian deities of the tribe. Great chiefs were by nature *tapu* on account of their divine birth, they being able to trace their genealogies up to the gods of heaven and earth. If such chiefs performed certain actions, such as entering a

common house, leaning against a post, eating a portion of food, etc., the house, the post, or the remaining scraps of victuals were *tapu* to others. If the chief in question devoured the body of an enemy, in doing so he not only insulted the tribe of the fallen man, but, secure in the protection of his victorious gods, he was challenging in a daring way the guardian spirits of his foeman's tribe. If a common man partook of scraps left by his noble master he was then "eating the god" of his own tribe, and thus not only committing a terrible sacrilege against his protecting deity, but probably bringing down upon his leader the wrath of heavenly beings whose essential sacredness had been conveyed to the food by the touch of the chief. That is the reason why the chief himself would feel violent personal anger at his *tapu* being broken by the act of an inferior. If a chief made a thing *tapu*, a canoe, for instance, by touching it and saying "This is my head" such prohibition was only held binding on lesser men; if some more powerful noble came and wished for the canoe he would take it, disregarding the *tapu* of the other, very much as if he had said "This fellow's position in regard to the gods is nothing compared with mine," but of course he might have to maintain such superiority at the point of the spear. It must not be inferred in all cases that this "Eating the god" was sacrilege. The act of partaking of the flesh and blood of the tribal deity is the soul of most savage religions, but such a communion must be a "Communion of saints," that is, of people prepared by proper ceremonies

sacred head?" but if he found it was his son, it did not matter. A chief if invited to stay and have food at a village would probably do so if he was invited on his approach. If, however, the inhabitants had not seen him till he had passed the place and then sent a message asking him to return and eat he would feel insulted, saying that "they had invited the back of his head." He fancied that such food would kill his people because it had been given to the sacred back of a chief's head and such food was fit for the gods or highly *tapu* people only.

If the shadow of a great *ariki* fell across a food-store (*whata*) or a food-pit (*rua*) the contents became *tapu* and had to be destroyed, therefore his presence in a village was watched with great anxiety. If a chief blew on a fire with his breath the fire became *tapu*, if he went into a cooking-shed the action would make it useless and it would have to be destroyed. Of course such an action as that last spoken of would have its counter effect on the chief, and have to be atoned for. Sometimes this power of *tapu* would be used benignantly as in the case of a chief throwing his mat over a prisoner, who would thereupon become *tapu* and his life spared. Priests were especially sacred, and should a priest in drinking let fall some of the water from his hand (he never used a cup, always being *tapu*) that place was *tapu* and the length of time it so remained depended on the quantity of water spilt. Anything given to him had to be laid before him, not handed to him, lest the proferring hand might have held cooked

food. He would not eat food cooked in a large oven, nor light his fire from a large fire—these were common (*noa*). If people travelling came across a shed wherein a priest had stopped they would take some of the firebrands left by him and make a fire therewith, then in this fire the sticks of the shed could be used as firewood, but only thus could the *tapu* be removed. No one would pass behind a priest; that would make the offender *tapu*. It was only in war that a priest would lead his men and the *tapu* of his god was supposed to be in front.

A *tapu* person not being allowed to feed himself sometimes great mischief was wrought by disobedience to this rule. When Tutanekai, the celebrated lover of Hinemoa was baptised, his father called upon the priest Te Murirangaranga to perform the duty. This was done, but before the priest had completed his purification he was seen one day gathering and eating *poroporo* berries. This was a deadly insult to the baby he had baptised, therefore the child's father, Whakaue, had the priest (*tohunga*) drowned, it not being lawful to shed a priest's blood. Of the arm-bone of the victim a flute was made and given to Tutanekai who became very proficient thereon, and afterwards charmed the heart of the celebrated beauty Hinemoa with the melody evoked from the arm-bone of Te Murirangaranga.

Of course a chief's house was *tapu*, and on one occasion the people of a village became *tapu* from eating the wild cabbage which had grown on the site once occupied by a chief's house. If rain from the roof of a sacred

destruction of the house, but if the building was of value it could be redeemed by certain ceremonies being performed to make it "common" once more.

The *tapu* for touching a dead body (except in case of war) was the worst kind of the defiling *tapu*. There was generally in every village some person (*kai tango atua*) who was almost continuously unclean from handling the dead; silent, solitary, daubed with red ochre, he lived as an outcast, almost as a leper. He took the displeasure of deities or malignant spirits upon himself, and so was victim or scapegoat for the whole community.

The infringement of *tapu* was not only a spiritual offence, but sometimes produced actual physical consequences. Thus it is related that on account of common men taking some palm (*nikau*) leaves from the sleeping-shed of a priest who was engaged in important funeral obsequies an epidemic disease broke out that carried off two hundred warriors. Consumption or a wasting (*kaikoiwi*) of bodily strength was a sign of having offended the gods. The physical consequences of broken *tapu* have been noted in numberless individual instances. Death would almost certainly ensue if a common man found, for instance, that he had cooked his food with timber from some *tapu* place, whether it was a fragment of a house once dwelt in by a chief, or twigs from a tree in among the branches of which the bones of a dead person had once been deposited. The story is told that a certain tribe killed and ate the favourite dog of the chief's wife; the way

KAPIKAPI, ROTORUA.

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the *tapu* punished them was that thereafter the members of the tribe became doglike in speech, and that when they are talking it sounds like the *au, au, au* of a barking dog. A slave when cooking birds for his master burnt his fingers and foolishly put them in his mouth. This was a wicked action and was instantly punished.[3] If a person was struck by lightning it was a sign that some rule of *tapu* had been broken, and that the god Tupai (one of the lightning deities) had punished the offender.

The variety of *tapu* called *tapa* consisted in transferring personal sanctity to an inanimate thing by calling it after a part of oneself. Thus if a chief said, "That mountain is my backbone," or, "That canoe is my head," the mountain or canoe would acquire the sanctity of the part named. Sometimes a mountain or river would be "named" (*tapa*) for an ancestor, and thus become sacred. The name (or a syllable of a name) belonging to a chief was not allowed to be used in common conversation lest a reference should be inferred to the chief himself. Thus if a chief's name was Upoko-roa, "Long-head," the word *upoko* for "head" would be dropped by his followers, or by those who had reason to be careful, and synonyms such as *pane* or *uru* or *mahunga* used instead. If a chief had a long life the *tapu* word would almost drop out of recollection, and this accounts for much of the difference in dialects found between certain tribes.[4]

If one fell ill and could not remember having committed an action that had broken the *tapu*, then he had to make enquiries as

to whom had secretly thus caused him to offend, for an old way of paying out a grudge was to make the person you hated annoy the gods unwillingly. Generally this was done by one in an inferior position, or one who did not openly dare to show his animosity. To discover the malicious person recourse had to be taken to a Seer (*matakite*) who by means of his art could find out the offender and nullify the evil effects.

When Christianity was introduced sacred things were made "common" by the effects of food—thus by washing the head in water heated in a cooking-vessel.

Closely connected with the subject of *tapu* is that of sanctuaries or "Cities of Refuge." At Mohoaonui on the Upper Waikato River stood a fortress that received its name from Hine* the daughter of Maniapoto. Hine was a woman so highly thought of by her tribe that her home was held for ever inviolable and sacred. Even her foes respected her so greatly that when the fort in which she lived was attacked it was sufficient for her father to say to the storming party "Do not intrude on the courtyard of Hine!" to make them stay their steps and retire. No human being was allowed to be killed on that spot, and "the courtyard of Hine" became a synonym for "sanctuary." Thence arose the widely known proverb "The Courtyard of Hine must not be trodden by a war party," and if one tribe was asked to assist

*Hine is pronounced somewhat as if written in English, He-nay.

another in battle and made answer "Come to the courtyard of Hine" it was understood as a refusal and a message of peace. It is a beautiful thought that even among such ruthless warriors as the old Maori the memory of one good woman could be kept so sacred that for generations after her death her name and that of her house were equivalent for "Sanctuary" and "Peace."

A very sacred spot for centuries was the temple and courtyard (*marae*) at Taporapora in the Kaipara Harbour. The place on which it stood has no residential existence now, for it became covered by the sea and appears as a sand-bank, but it exists in Maori legend as the "Kingdom of Lyonesse" does in the Arthurian legends of Cornwall. The temple, and all the sacred property therein which had been brought to New Zealand by the immigrants in the "Mahuhu" canoe, were swallowed up beneath the waves.

Curses.

Among the Maori a very frequent cause of bloodshed and a still more frequent cause of social unquiet was "the curse." It had its primitive signification generally, this being to utter an evil wish; often among Europeans cursing only means the utterance of forbidden or disgusting words. In this latter sense the word had no signification for the Maori, and he has had to fall back on the resources of civilization. The real curse (*kanga*) was generally a

wish that the indignity of being cooked should fall to the lot of the insulted person, "May your head be cooked," etc. Another form (*apiti*) consisted in likening a portion of the other person's bodily parts to some undignified utensil, etc., also generally connected with cooked food, as, "Your skull is my calabash," "My fork is of your bone," etc. The third curse *(tapatapa)* was to call anything by a person's name, such as to name a vessel after him. This is not what we understand as a curse, but it would give the person whose name was used a title in the article. For instance, if a chief *tapatapa*'d a spear by saying that it was one of his legs, it became his property, that is if the owner was not a greater man than he, in which case he would probably consider himself cursed, and demand satisfaction. The subject is difficult, and can be best understood by giving a few examples.

An old man of Waikato was at work in a plantation at Kawhia during a shower of rain. The sun came out and made the moisture rise in a cloud from the worker's body. A lad of the Ngati-toa tribe standing by said "The steam from the old man's head is like the steam from the oven." These words were considered a curse, and a war ensued in which many were killed. A famous battle was fought in old days because a woman was asked "Is the firewood your brother's pillow that you do not use it for the fire?" This parallel drawn between common "cooking wood" and the pillow on which a chief's sacred head rested was sufficient to convey a deadly insult. A chief jealous of the

fame of the great leader Te Rauparaha said of him "His head shall be beaten with a fern-root-pounder *(paoi)*." War followed; as it did on another occasion when it was reported to Te Rauparaha that a man had cursed him by saying "I will rip open his stomach with a barracouta tooth." A little boy having gone up to receive a portion of the livers of some skates that had been cooked was pushed aside by his uncles, and the child wept. He went, however, to his half-brothers, of another tribe, and told the tale of the slight upon him. Soon a war party was assembled and this *taua* attacked and carried the fort of the churlish relatives. The boy's uncles pleaded to him for mercy but received none, and each as he was despatched heard the taunt "This is the liver of your skate." The old wife of a chief was pounding fern-root when a party of another tribe, passing, called out "Pound away at the fern-root; it will line the oven in which you are cooked." This was a fearful and unsurpassable curse, so the old lady was not long in rousing up a war-party to pursue the speaker and avenge the insult.

Sometimes the curse took the form of naming some part of an opponent's body or limbs, and striking the ground at the same time, thus bestowing a blow by proxy on the part named, and this was considered as equivalent to a blow on the part itself. A curse need not always be uttered, an action was sufficient, thus when the bones of Tupurupuru were used as tools with which to dig fern-root, his tribe was "cursed" thereby.

To liken a man to an animal or inferior was a curse. One chief noticing that the hair of a senior was white as a Maori's dog skin, called to him as one calls a dog "*Moi! Moi! Moi!*" This was a very deadly insult. If, when hair had been cut from the head of some person of consequence and had not been removed to the sacred enclosure (*wahitapu*), any one should say "How disgusting to leave it about; whose is it?" that would have been a curse on the owner of the hair.

The supposed origin of cursing was the malediction on the moon, uttered by Rona. (*See* Moon Stories.)

A curious legend exemplifying the extraordinary way in which a curse could be conveyed is related by the Arawa tribe. Tuwharetoa was a renowned warrior whose three sons were killed in battle. With his remaining son, and his fighting men, the old chief started out for revenge. Arriving near a fort of an allied tribe they blew the long war-trumpet (*pukaea*) and this sound so enraged an old priestess resident near the fort that she cursed them with a shout of "Cooked heads" (*pokokohua ma*). When the sons of Tuwharetoa heard this curse they repeated the sound of it on the trumpet, thus "*To-roro! tororo!*" "Your brains." The priestess replied "My fern-root is the bones of your ancestors." So the hearts of her hearers grew dark with the shadow of so terrible an insult. Tuwharetoa was very sad and consulted the oracles how the curse might be removed. According to direction a lizard was killed and the *apiti*

neutralised; after which the army went home and stayed for ten nights. Then said the chief "Go and slay the offenders," and the war-party moved off to the attack; two forts were encircled and captured.

A laboriously intricate ceremonial accompanied the removal of a curse *(kanga)*. The person insulted had to accompany the priest (both being naked) to the side of a moving stream beside which mounds of earth were raised. The priest set a twig of *mangeao* (Tetranthera calicaris) into the bank; on this the gods were supposed to alight and rest upon the mounds. The two men then went into the water and an incantation was uttered.[5] Then returning to the village a place was swept clean of grass and leaves as a resting place for gods, and the "Sweeping" spell (*tahinga*) was recited. After this a hole about two feet long was made as a grave for the souls of the people who had uttered the curse. With a mussel-shell these spirits were swept or scraped into the grave. The priest brought stones and gave each of them a name of one of the cursing persons, then put them one by one into the grave and covered it up, patting down the soil with his hands. The next day the priest and the injured party again visited the spot and wove a little "god's basket" (*paro taniwha*) repeating an invocation which fixed the soul of the enemies in the basket and this basket was hung over the grave and squeezed by the hands of the priest, the contained spirits being offered to the gods. There were several other ceremonials before the whole

matter was concluded, but they are wearying to peruse except by those persons to whom the study of ecclesiastical formulæ is of interest.[6]

If one person insulted another who could not at the time practically revenge it, the injured person would perform the "clutch" action (*kapo*); that is, would raise his arm above his head and clench the fingers as if clutching an object. This had the meaning of intention to attend to the matter later on.

Dreams and Omens.

We have treated of the omens that were particularly noticed by a war-party (or in time of war), in those parts of this book which treat of war itself. There were besides these, omens drawn from dreams or from circumstances not having direct connection with the "alarums and excursions" of actual conflict.

Dreams were supposed to arise from one's spirit (*wairua*) leaving the body and wandering about. Sometimes dreams were accepted as warnings, sometimes as prophecies, but there was hardly a case to be thought of in which they would not be regarded as of importance. It was GOOD to dream that—

Your spirit was flying along with another pursuing it, but you escaped.

You were embracing a woman. A lucky hunting sign.

You saw alive one who was really dead (as one's late wife, etc.).

You saw a calabash of preserved birds.

You had a new house.
You saw feathers. If a woman dreamt this, it signified conception.

An evil dream was called a *kotiri*.

It was BAD to dream that

Your spirit was flying along pursued by another, and that yours was captured.
You saw someone carrying an ornament of greenstone. It was evil for him or her.
You saw a man spilling *tutu* juice on the road. *Tutu* juice symbolized blood, and the dream showed that a murder would soon take place.
Someone made an insulting gesture to you.
You were inside a house with two doorways.
You could see a house facing towards the back of another house.
Someone used threats to you. This was a warning.
You saw a garment hung up before you. This was only for a woman who had been weaving by day.
You beheld the vision of a god or supernatural being (*atua*) hovering about you. It showed that the spirit, probably of your dead father or your child, was telling you to beware of some unknown danger.
A spirit was doing you mischief.
You were inside a house that had carved slabs. Evil for the owner of the house.
Your hair was being cut. Evil for your elder brother or his child.
You saw the spirit (*wairua*) of a human being. An unlucky sign in hunting or fishing.
You visited a place and the people thereof offered you no food. Evil for them.
A fence lay across your path.
You were eating provisions, particularly if they were bad provisions.
You were out in a canoe catching sharks. It foreboded war.
You saw death-wounds, or people wailing, etc. It foreboded death, particularly if it was yourself you saw being wounded or killed.

The above instances will suffice to show the nature of the auguries derived from dreams. Of the omens the greater number by far were evil, and the path of the Maori was beset by innumerable warnings and gruesome portents.

Some of the GOOD OMENS were as follows:

If anyone sneezed while eating, visitors or news would soon arrive.

If a dog twitched or barked in his sleep, you would go hunting with him soon, and he would catch plenty of *kiwi* (apteryx) for you.

If when catching mutton-birds one bird flew against the lower rope of the net.

If when hunting, your dog ran ahead and waited for you on the right hand side of the track.

If an owl hooted when the tribe was in council.

If a hawk flew over the heads of a council when they were deliberating as to projected war.

If a pigeon cooed at the moment a child was born.

If when men were voyaging in a canoe one of them in changing his paddle from side to side accidentally allowed the outer end of the paddle to come into the canoe. It presaged plenty of food at the termination of the journey.

If when travelling by land the feet got filled between the toes with fern. It was an omen of abundant food, but to ensure this a charm had to be repeated, which ran thus, "Omen of sweet food, hold; go thou to the oven that I may arrive ere it be opened."

If a travelling party heard the bird called the Saddleback (*tirauweke*: Creadion carunculatus) cry on the right hand of the path, it was a sign of feasting.

If the chin itched, the person owning the chin would soon have a meal of oily or fat food such as eels, dog, whale's blubber, etc.

When spiders built their webs. A sign of fine weather.

If the sign was a jerking (*takiri*) of the limbs, etc., in sleep. The jerk on the right side was generally held to be fortunate. The lucky ones were the *kokai*, a starting of the leg or foot in a forward direction. (If in war time, it denoted a repulse of the enemy.) The *tauaro*, a starting of the arm toward the body. The *whaka-ara*, the head starting upwards in sleep. It signified that the chief (*ariki*) would soon arrive. The *kapo*, when a man lying asleep with his arm for a pillow started so as to strike his head. If in war-time, the sleeper who had experienced a *kapo* would not speak of it, for if not revealed to another it was an omen that the man who had felt it would kill the first man slain (*mataiki*) of the enemy.

There were omens that were neither good nor bad. Of such are—

Should burning wood shoot out a jet of bright flame (*hutarore*) it was a sign of approaching rain; a spirit had come to obtain fire.

Should food fall from the mouth of one who was eating it was a sign of visitors coming.

If, in weaving, the woof threads became knotted, visitors would arrive next day.

Should the weaving-rods (*turuturu*) fall, visitors would soon arrive.

If one felt hungry when cooking it was a sign that strangers were on the road to that place.

When one heard a singing in the ears it was time to ask a question, such as, "Is it peace?" "Is it war?" "Is it murder?" "Is it good news?" and so on. The ears would cease singing when the correct question was asked.

If the sign shown by involuntary twitching (*io*) of a part of the body was given it was interpreted thus. If on the right leg between thigh and knee visitors who had never been in that district before would arrive. If between thigh and stomach, visitors were coming who had never been to that village before. If in the groin a visit from relations coming that same evening or at dawn next day. The subject would say,

"My parents?" "My elder sister?" etc., etc., and the *io* ceased at the right name. If on right arm a present of food would soon arrive for the person perceiving it; if on right shoulder the food would be birds and eels. If on the lower lip food would soon arrive for that person. If a sleeping man's right hand closed convulsively (as if clutching something) or if he ground his teeth, these were signs that plenty of food would soon arrive.

The EVIL OMENS were as follows—

If a woman stepped over a male child. Bad for the child; it would become stunted.

If one beat out fern-root at night. One's head would soon be pounded by the enemy.

If a chill wind blew through the village and sent a shiver over every one. This was the icy Wind of Battle (*Tokihi kiwi*), and that village was threatened by a foeman near at hand.

If a gurgling sound was heard in the throat of a sleeper. Murder was near.

If anyone sneezed. A charm (*tihe mauri*) had to be said to avert the omen.

If the young moon was on its back. A sign of bad weather.

If you allowed a person to go by your village without asking him to stay. Even if you had no food you should have asked him to stay awhile, as only the sound of your voice requesting him to do so would avert the calamity (*aitua*).

If you passed cooked food over a person's head.

If you slept often in the day time.

If when on a journey you lit a fire on the path. It should be lit to one side.

If you stumbled with the left foot when going out hunting.

If a spider when spinning a web on the inside of a roof let one of its threads down to the floor. The house would catch fire and be burnt.

If feathers were left behind in the hands of the priest when food had been consumed by the gods in the ceremony of *Kumanga Kai*.[1]

If you awoke and found signs of a lizard (*kaweau*) on the floor.

If a chief quarrelled with a common man and was thrown down. Evil omen for the chief.

If a sound was heard in the house like a hand fumbling with the thatch. It showed that Maikuku and Maikaka, two household gods that dwelt in the corners of every house, were moving.

If you saw any demons (*tipua*). These demons might be stones, water monsters, etc., or only sacred birds.

If there was heard a spirit voice (*irirangi*) singing outside the house when all the people were within their dwellings. If there was anyone ill the omen was for him.

If one sang in the house at night.

If a man was always singing about the place. Evil for him.

If you sang when travelling at night. It was your spirit (*wairua*) making you do it as a sign of danger to you.

If people (when not on a woman-seizing expedition) collected and sang jeering songs.

If one heard the sound of a death-watch beetle.

If one heard the chirp of the small house-lizard (*moko-ta*).

If you slept in the open and did not cover your face.

If you talked nonsense in your sleep, and your hands were clenched. It was not an omen to talk in one's sleep if the words were sensible. Delirium was a bad omen.

If a man slept at another man's feet. A woman could sleep at a man's feet.

If one awoke a man when he was dreaming. He was not to be shaken, but called so that his spirit might have time to get back again.

If, when you were sleeping near another person, you received a dig with his elbow. This was unlucky for him, but the evil could be averted by giving him a pinch.

If, when not asleep, you heard a tree falling, or the noise of a cracking branch. Should many trees fall or the sound be heard on many successive nights, it *meant* trouble for the whole tribe.

If one heard a peculiar sound, said to be made by an earthworm. If heard at night it was a death omen, but some say it only presaged a deserted house.

If you saw the spirit of a person who was absent. If the appearance was shadowy and the face hidden, the person it represented was in danger only; if the face was plainly seen he was already dead, and the ghost was a *kehua*.

If a weaver wove fine garments after sunset.

If a fine mat or garment was woven in the open air. This could be averted by the erection of any kind of temporary roofshed such as an old garment on sticks.

If, in weaving, a cross thread was left not carried out to the margin by sunset.

If a visitor arrived when weaving was going on, and the work was not laid aside.

If, when a weaver ate food, the work was not covered.

If, after the site of a house was levelled and prepared, the house-building was not proceeded with.

If, in house building, you improperly fastened the batten that lay next the ridge-pole.

If, in house building, when the pegs were put in to square the house, the pegs were inserted exactly in the right spots at the first trial. This was evil either for the principal builder or for the owner of the measuring cord.

If the house should shake when on the occasion of its opening ceremony the visitors seized and shook the posts. It was an evil omen for the builders, not for the visitors.

If one got up and went through antics of defiance while others joined him, all without singing. Evil for those people.

If you passed anyone without speaking. You were a rude person and it was ill for you.

If, on a journey to another village, you met someone who told you that a friend or relative had died in that village; if you did not go on, but turned back it was evil for you.

If, when travelling, you were invited to stop at a village and refused.

If you made a mistake or omission in reciting an incantation. Very deadly.

If you made a mistake in singing a song as part of a public speech.

If you fell when among a number of other people.

If you experienced when sleeping one of the unlucky jerkings (*takiri*) of the arm or body. They were: *Kohera*, a starting of the arm and leg of one side of the body in an outward direction. *Peke*, a starting of the arm outward from the body. *Whawhati*, a sleep in which legs, neck, and head were bent doubled up to the belly. Very unlucky for the sleeper. All *takiri* but the last may have referred to companions.

If your nose itched. It was a sign that you were being maligned.

If you experienced an involuntary twitching (*io*); the signs differed as follows: Near lungs it meant death. Under the ear, death. At the side or below the eye, death. If above the eye the person would be smitten with leprosy or with contracted muscles. If on upper lip, you were being slandered.

If a party of travellers was detained by rain or wind an *io* felt by an eminent person such as the chief or priest would have following meanings: If in middle of arm or leg, general misfortune. If on extremity of arm or leg, there would be bad weather, rain or wind, coming. If on left side under arm, death. If on chest and near heart, death, murder, or war.

If anyone interfered with the Sacred Tree. The tree is the abode of one of the guardian-spirits of the forest.

If you carried cooked food to the forest in a bird-snaring expedition, or cooked birds a second time.

If, when hunting, your dog ran ahead and waited on the left hand side of the track.

If, when hunting, and going along track, one's head got into a spider's web.

If, when on a hunting party, you spoke of game as already caught.

If, when looking for edible roots (such as *perei*), you uttered its name. The root would get away, or, as we should say, you would not find any.

If, in snaring birds, you said "I am going to examine my snares at such a time."

If, when hunting, another person got fine fat birds and you did not.

If, in netting mutton birds, any of them should bleed or strike against the upper part of the net.

If you spoke when returning from setting traps for rats; if you spoke, rats would not enter the snares. The hunter had to eat his food and go to sleep in silence.

If one's eel-weir was interfered with or part of it destroyed.

If one took off his mat without untying the string, when about to make a public speech.

If you spoke of ancestors, history, etc., in a place not made sacred.

If you offered food to anyone who was in "The House of Mourning."

If, when carrying food, you met a friend and passed him without speaking for fear you would have to share the food. It was bad for the churl.

If, when on a plundering party (*taua muru*), you stood by idle while others loaded up with booty. It was unlucky for you.

If you made an error when carving wood.

If you blew off the dust or chips when carving wood.

If you found a pigeon's nest. A rare find.

If, when a tree was being felled, it hung on the stump.

If, in felling a tree, it fell backward.

If, in felling a tree, one did not spit into the "scarf" or cut. If no one spat, the arms of those using the axes wearied.

If, when making a canoe, you did not throw a small stone into it during the final adzing. If this was not done it was thought that the art of canoe making would be lost.

If you did not bevel the gunwale of the canoe when adzing it.

If, in clearing ground for cultivation, certain trees (*rau-tawhiri, tawhero*, etc.) were not left standing with their branches lopped off. If every limb and branch were not cut off the clearer of the ground or his wife would die.

If you saw a certain kind of lizard (*moko-tapiri* or *moko-papa*) that lives in hollow trees.

If a traveller saw a lizard on the path before him. This was very deadly. The omen was only to be averted by killing the lizard and getting a woman to step over its dead body. Then the traveller would search his mind to try to discover the malicious person who had sent the lizard and would say "May so and so (the enemy) eat you (the lizard)." This would bring the bad luck upon that designing one.

If a land-slip occurred. Sometimes a very evil omen.

If you kept seed in a house where a certain kind of wood (*maire*) was burnt for firewood. The seeds would not grow.

If you planted seeds at any time of the moon except the full.

If you lashed the palisading of a fort badly.

If, in going to visit a village, you did not take some present (*koparepare*) for your hosts.

The above long list will serve to give some idea of the innumerable omens and presages which surrounded the daily life of the Maori. Of course there were other signs which connected with the religion, superstition, *tapu*, etc., etc., complicated observances and encircled, as with a fine net of unseen rules, every thought and action of the native, but these can only be gathered by inference as we describe the customs and beliefs of the people.

The antidote to some kinds of evil omen was to be found in a "luck-post" (*tuapā*), a slab of adzed timber painted red and set up in a village. Persons going on an expedition

would avail themselves of its powers somewhat as follows: A fisherman before setting out would take a splinter from his torch, touch his fish basket (*puwai*) with it, and then throw the splinter down before the luck-post, reciting a charm the while. So, a person going bird-snaring would take a small branch, touch his bird-spear or the basket in which the snares were carried with the branch, throw the branch at the foot of the luck-post and repeat the charm.

Offerings.

Mention has been made of offerings presented to deities or during ceremonial rites of different kinds. It may be remarked, generally, that the character of the offerings differed according to the nature of the person to be propitiated or the character of the occasion. Sometimes it appeared as if in offerings to unseen beings, such as deities, only the spiritual part of the sacrifice was accepted, while in offerings to human creatures (themselves representatives of the gods) the actual substance of the sacrifice itself became the property of the person addressed.

In an offering of first fruits to a chief, *kumara*, birds, fish, *taro*, etc., were presented, while hymns (*waiata whangai ariki*) were chanted; these offerings were accepted wholly and in full. Again, food set apart for the gods, "food of propitiation" (*kai popoa*), was offered to and received by a chief as a sign of his supremacy and because he represented deity.

Even to the gods themselves the most simple of sacrifices was at times presented, such as fern-root, seaweed, grass, etc. One ceremony consisted in making a canoe of bulrushes (*typha*) and putting stones therein to represent men; also food cooked and uncooked. Then the canoe was set adrift as an offering to the gods of Hawaiki. A calabash of potted birds was the thank-offering for the recovery of a sick person. To the spirit of a deceased chief a dog was sacrificed, and birds before setting out on a war party.

More terrible were some of the sacrifices offered to the gods of a battle-loving race. Libations of blood before a war began and presentation of the scalps, hair, and hearts of enemies in the *Whangai-hau* ceremony at the return from the fight were usual and common. A war-chief would cut out the heart of his own son, and offer it to the gods as a bribe for victory. To Whiro the head, heart, and liver of a victim would be sacrificed, and a human head was offered to Maru in the *Whangai-hau*. The fatal sacrifice was not confined to war alone; the opening of a new house, the tattooing of a chief's daughter, *solatium* to mourners in the House of Mourning, erection of the palisading of a fort, all these and other occasions (alluded to elsewhere) called for offerings of human beings to appease the bloodthirsty ghosts of religion and custom. It seems almost impossible to reconcile the ideas we entertain of the ordinary life of a race like the Maori—simple, cheerful, industrious, affectionate—with such barbarous practices, but the

nature of man is full of anomalies. Human life is freely sacrificed every day in the crowded industrial centres of population for the production of wealth, and the recipients of that wealth are accustomed to spend the proceeds of sacrifice very cheerfully. It may be said to the credit of the Maori that little children were never among the victims offered to their gods—as they are to ours.

CHAPTER XII.

TEXTILES.—DRESS.—ORNAMENTS.

TEXTILES.

THE Maoris were skilled weavers of those materials which were accessible to them, and which could be utilised for the rough uses of people to whom luxury was unknown in the sense in which the inhabitants, ancient and modern, of great cities have conceived and executed beautiful fabrics for the decoration of their persons and their homes. Rough, comparatively speaking, as some of the products of the native looms were, they were admirably suited for the purpose for which they were designed, and were not only hygienic and durable, but were often ornamented with a good taste beyond praise. The mats and baskets now so often seen in New Zealand, and exhibited as specimens of Maori work, decorated with fringes and tassels coloured in discordant and glaring hues, owe their hideousness to "Judson's Dyes" used with unsparing hand to produce vulgar effects. The beautiful browns and dull reds, or the black and white patterns to be seen on old Maori garments,

prove that the eye of the maker was as susceptible to an æsthetic scheme of colour in the decoration of textiles as it was unerring in regard to form when carving or canoe-building.

The chief textile material was the New Zealand flax (Phormium tenax). It was as a general name spoken of as *harakeke*, but to the accurate speaker and observer there were over fifty varieties.* The species fit for nets could not be used for making a fine mat; that woven for the body of a mat was useless for the border. The variety suitable for a girl's small apron (*maro*) was rejected for the mat used as a spear-pad, and so on.

To prepare the material the leaves of the Phormium were cut, generally in the winter time, dried in the sun, tied into bundles, and carried to the village. The green outer cuticle was scraped from the fibre with the sharp edge of a cockle (*pipi*) shell. The fibre (*muka*) was then steeped for three or four days in running water, taken out and pounded with a stone beater. It was again dried and bleached in the sun; then chafed and rubbed, and well

*The best kinds were *tihoi*, *oue*, *rongo-tainui*, *paritaniwha*, *rukutia*, and *huruhika*; of these the superior sorts of garments were made. The varieties called *huhi*, *rataroa*, *mangaeka*, and *tutaemanu* were of poorer quality and used for inferior or rougher materials. *Whaririki* (or *Wharaeki*) is brittle in fibre and was only used for sleeping mats. The *ruatapu* was set apart for making fillets wherewith to bind the air, while the *ngutu-nui* was split into unscraped threads for the making of nets. There were three or four kinds of variegated flax (*taneawai*, *aohanga* and *pare koretawa*) but these were more valued as ornamental plants than for textile purposes.

worked in the hands till properly soft, and till every particle (*para*) of the green outer skin had been removed. It was only the portion of the flax intended for the warp-thread (*io*) that was pounded; the woof-threads (*aho*) were merely chafed and rubbed. When this had been accomplished the *muka* was called *whitau*, and was ready for spinning, but the process was often repeated several times in preparing choice fibre for the superior kind of garments.

Although the groundwork of a fine mat consisted generally of the silvery white of prepared flax, still there were portions such as the borders, fringes, etc., requiring dyed material. The Maoris had two good dyes, a black and reddish brown, both fast colours as they prepared them. The red was obtained from the bark of the *tanekaha* (Phyllocladus trichomanoides) which was pounded up with a wooden or stone beater (*patu*) and placed in a bowl or vessel (*oko*) full of water. The water was kept boiling by means of hot stones transferred thereto with wooden tongs. The fire at which these stones were heated might not be a cooking fire, nor might it be looked at by common people, or the knowledge how to prepare the dye would vanish from the minds of the artificers (ah, the trade-secrets!). After water containing the bark had been some time boiling the flax-fibre was placed in the vessel and the boiling continued. The fibre, stained red with the dye in the bark, was then transferred to a carefully prepared bed of hot clean wood-ashes, a layer of ashes being placed above it. The whole was moved about quickly,

the width of the web. The threads used were of two kinds, one (*miro*) made by twisting and rolling the fibre on the leg, the other (*karure*) of two of the first kind twisted together. The first woof-thread (*aho*) was fastened to the sticks, pulled taut and secured, the sticks being also made firm in the ground. To the *aho* was then attached the vertical threads of the warp (*io* or *whenu*) which hung down to the floor. The woof-threads (*aho*) were then passed across from left to right, the first being the sacred thread (*tawhiu* or *aho tapu*.) Each woof-thread was made of four single threads, two of which *aho* were passed in and out, under and over each *io*. The process was, however, opposite to the European mode of weaving. Two *aho* threads were raised or depressed at the same time, crossing them by bringing the two outer ones over the two inner, which thus became two outer, and formed the knot holding the woof-threads. Thus instead of the shuttle-thread or woof being alternated between threads of the warp, the warp-thread was brought over the woof-thread.

Before the pupil could work, however, she had to be made holy, so that she could handle the sacred thread (*aho tapu*). She took in her hand some of the flax while the priest recited a charm (*he moremore puwha*) and when he had concluded, she bit the upper part of the right-hand weaving-stick, that *turuturu* being the sacred one, the other, the left-hand rod, being common (*noa*). Then the sacred thread was laid by her across the frame and fastened; this thread being made from the fibre she had held

in her hand during the ceremony. She then wove in a band of the woof-threads some inches in depth, copying some valuable garment spread out before her for the purpose.

As the work went on the priest chanted another invocation *(pou)* designed to make the mind of the learner receptive, and the memory retentive. During the time the ceremonies and teaching were in progress to perfect the initiation the pupil was not allowed to eat, nor to approach food or the cooking place of food; she was *tapu*. If the matter in hand could not be finished in one day the novice had to sleep in the *whare pora* or in some place by herself, which place itself became *tapu*. Neither could any communication take place between the pupil and her family.

By "the matter on hand" being finished it is not meant that the mat or garment had to be finished. The remark only applied to the initiatory ceremonies. The web first started always remained unfinished, as her "pattern piece" (*mea tauira*). When the time came for the young woman to go out, she had first to be "made common" (*whaka-noa*). To do this the priest produced some green vegetables (*puwha*) and then repeated the incantation (without the ceremony) known as "turning the floor mat" (*hurihanga takapau*). On its completion the pupil bent her head and ate some of the *puwha* or else touched it with her lips and gave it to her teacher to eat. She was then free to depart, and take up the ordinary duties of life, including weaving, for the future.

A valuable mat would sometimes take a woman two or three years to weave, and a proficient weaver was regarded as a very desirable wife.

There were many omens to be watched for and rules touched with the supernatural to be observed while the process of weaving was going on. If in preparing the threads some of the refuse, the tow (*hungahunga*), should be thrown into the fire, it was bad luck. If the woof-thread was incomplete at sundown (that is not carried right across) it was bad luck. If fine work was in hand, at sunset the right hand *turuturu* was released and the work rolled up till morning; but the threads might be prepared or common garments woven at night. If this was not attended to the weaver would lose all knowledge of the art. If one of the upright sticks fell over without being touched it was a sign of approaching visitors. If a stranger approached a woman who was weaving she had to lay down her work and grasp the right-hand stick, the sacred *turuturu*, laying it down, or leaving it lying at an angle across the work. If the woof-thread (*aho*) became tangled it was a sign of visitors. When high-class work, such as for superior garments had to be done it might not go on in the open air; some sort of roof, even a branch or two put over the head, had to be provided. If men ever wove they confined their attention to the weaving of the ornamental borders (*taniko*) of mats.

Mat-weaving is said to have been taught to Rua, an old Maori ancestor, and Rua is the tutelary deity of the weaving-house and

weaving. He is reported to have learnt his art from the Wood Fairies (*Hakuturi*) who also taught him wood-carving. Another legend, however, ascribes the credit of first weaving clothing to Hine-rau-a-moa, the wife of the god Tane, and certain garments are named as having been made by her, but the honour is claimed, also, for Hinganga-roa who taught the art of weaving baskets and sleeping-mats in coloured patterns.

Further allusion to weaving clothing will be made under the description of the different kinds of garments worn by the Maori, but we will now pass to the consideration of the coarser kinds of weaving and plaiting necessary to form the different articles in common use.

Floor-mats (*whariki*) made of flax or *kutakuta*, a kind of rush, and a finer description used as sleeping-mats (*takapau*) were constructed of *kiekie* (Freycinetia) leaves or *whaririki* (Phormium colensoi) but under the fine sleeping-mats were placed coarser ones named *tuwhara*. The *kiekie* leaves required little preparation. They were cut and half dried, threshed on the ground to give them pliancy and hung up for a while till bleached, then split into strips and woven. Coarse mats (*tapaki*) were used for placing in the earth-ovens, underneath and above the food.

Reference is made in legend to a very valuable and sacred mat on which a chief's wife lay in child-birth. It was made of the scalps of slain enemies.

Baskets (*kete*) were of many kinds and, though all named, are difficult to differentiate

in some of their varieties, some being set aside for particular purposes, and others only being noticeable from a peculiarity in weaving. The leaves of the cabbage-tree (*ti*) or of the *nikau* palm (Areca sapida) were often used instead of flax for baskets, but flax was the chief material for their production. The best and most beautiful work that could be executed was expended on the baby's basket by the native woman when expecting her first-born child, and on it was lavished the tender and delicate workmanship which was the outward expression of mother-love common to every race at such a time. "Weave, weave the basket, a couch for my unborn son" were the opening words of the invocation address to the goddess of child-birth at the time of parturition. Small finely-worked bags (*putea*) were used for holding small articles,[1] and, being carried by a cord slung over the shoulder, served the purpose of a lady's reticule. Very small ones, containing fragrant moss or gum were worn in the bosom by a cord round the neck. Food-baskets, named differently on account of the shapes (*taparua*, *paro*, *konae*, etc.), were roughly woven from green flax and served as plates or dishes to be thrown away after being once used. Baskets (*ngehingehi*) were used in the process of extracting oil from *titoki* berries, others (*pututu*) for straining the juice of *tutu*. Round baskets (*toiki* or *tukohu*) held food requiring to be steeped; seed-kumara were kept in baskets (*pu-kirikiri* or *toiki*) but the *toiki* were made of supple-jacks (*pirita*: Rhipogonum parviflorum) not of flax. A very useful kind of basket

(*patua* or *papa-hua-hua*) although not woven, was made from the bark of the *totara* pine (Podocarpus totara) folded together to hold water, and sometimes used for boiling water through the agency of hot stones thrown therein.[2]

The larger kinds of ropes, (*taura*) cords, etc., were made of flax, but leaves of the *ti* (cabbage-palm : Cordyline) and of *kiekie* were also used. Some kinds of flax are much more pliant and flexible than others, and great care was taken and discrimination shown in choosing the right material. All kinds of twists and plaits were used, flat, round and square. The shoulder-straps (*kawe* or *kahaki*), for carrying burdens on the back, were flat. The anchor-cable was a peculiarly-plaited four-sided rope made from the leaves of the *ti* wilted in the sun and then soaked in water to make the material pliant; flax would not have been suitable for ropes often wetted in salt water.*

The large seine fishing nets were made of flax prepared but not scraped, and split into widths. Some were of immense length; one example measured 2,400 feet long by 30 feet deep. They were all fitted with floats of buoyant wood (*whau* : Entelea arborescens) and

*Ropes were named generally as "a rope" (*taura, rahiri, whaka-heke, hutihuti*, etc.), or from their use, as *pae* the rope by which a seine net was hauled, *kaha* the rope at upper edge of a seine, or else from the plaiting with several strands (*tari* 8 : *tamaka* 5; *whiri paraharaha* 3 flat; *rino* 2 twisted; *whiri-kawe* 3 flat; *iwi-tuna* 4 round; *whiri-tuapuku*, 4 round; *rauru* 5 flat; *whiri-pekapeka* 9 flat; *whiri-taura-kaka* 10 square). Flat plaits were generally *whiri-papa*.

with sinkers, hauling ropes, etc. The fine cords or lines for fishing, etc., were twisted with the most delicate care, and those for special purposes, such as for fastening barbs to fish hooks or for attaching to the little apron of a young lady of rank, were often exquisitely made.[3]

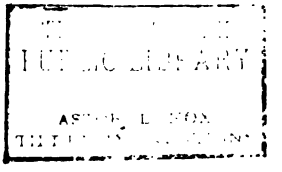
Dress, Ornaments, Etc.

The basic portion of a Maori's dress was the belt (*tatua*) and apron (*maro*). The man's belt (*tu pupara*) was about five or six inches wide, made of strips of white and black flax, with fastening strings (*tau*). It was worn doubled over with the edges turned in, and fastened so as to serve as a bag for small articles.* There were many patterns, some in vandykes, and some (*tu muka*) in strands of white, black, and red. It is probable that the *tu* (the name of the war-god) was formerly applied to the war-girdle worn by fighting men, but also by priests. The war-belt worn in the Ngati-awa tribe was called *Kuaira*. The women generally wore girdles of sweet-scented grass (*karetu*: Hierochoe redolens) or if wearing the *tu-whahariki* belt

* It is related that when Kahukura came from Hawaiki to New Zealand and visited Toi the resident chief, Rongi-i-amo, the friend of Kahukura, took some dried kumara from his girdle and presented it to Toi, who, with his people, had no previous knowledge of such a delicacy. The girdle must have been of large size since the dried sweet-potato (*kao*) was put into seventy calabashes, but it is probable that both Kahukura and Rongo were gods.[4]

GROUP OF MAORI CURIOSITIES

The elaborately carved upright slabs are stern-pieces of canoes. The smaller rounded object surmounted with a carved head is a coffin (ATAMIRO).—[See page 397.]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some sweet-scented moss (*kopuru*) was inserted into it. To the girdle was fastened the apron (*maro*) which was sometimes worn like the Highlander's purse (sporran), but when hanging in front was generally supplemented by another behind, or else the *maro* was drawn (*hurua*) between the legs and fastened to the belt behind. Girls wore a small apron (*maro kuta*) of woven grass, but when of high rank a triangular *maro* (*maro kapua*) with ornamental border and thrums, or one (*maro waiapu*) of black, white, and yellow, adorned their privileged persons. Married women wore a larger apron (*maro nui*) than girls. Only chiefs were allowed to wear the apron of dogs-tails (*maro waero*); and two kinds, one (*maro huka*) of dressed flax, and the other (*maro tuhou*), were reserved for priests, the former in war time. When the war-girdle was put on a particular incantation (*maro taua*) was recited. Boys did not wear girdles or aprons; they went naked as far as underclothing was concerned.

Over the *maro* or apron was worn the kilt (*rapaki*) or waist mat. This generally consisted of a mass of strips of flax hanging from a belt of the same material. The green strips were scraped and left untouched in alternate inch-lengths, and were also scraped at the sides so that when dried they curled round like pipe stems. The loose strips hung down to the knees and rustled musically as the bearer moved. This kind of mat (*kinikini* or *pokinikini*) concealed the limbs sufficiently and gave full scope to movement. A waist mat (*piupiu*) was of similar length but was of dressed flax

and did not rustle. Women sometimes wore a waist mat (*pihipihi*) of dressed flax with little rolls of flax in short lengths sewn thereon and dyed in horizontal stripes.

The most important garment for both sexes among the Maoris was the cloak worn hanging from the shoulders. These were sometimes very large, some of the handsomest being nine or ten feet by seven feet. Such cloaks were divided into two classes, fine woven cloaks which were properly called clothing (*kakahu*), and the rougher inferior varieties (*mai*), which latter never received the honour of being considered clothes. The fine cloaks were of many kinds each distinguished by its name.

The *korowai* was of fine flax beaten out with a club to make it soft. It was generally worn by women or girls. The white ground was thickly covered with black thrums or hanging tags (*tahuka*) of twisted flax. There are several varieties of cloaks almost similar, one (*kuiri*) with the thrums in squares, another (*whaka-hekeheke*) the groundwork of which is arranged in bands of black and white, with black thrums, another (*hihina*) entirely white with white thrums, and a fifth (*waihinau*) all black with black thrums. The *korirangi* was a large mat covered with black and yellow strings, the latter made of curled hand-scraped flax, but with joints of each tag made flexible by scraping so that the countless hard pipes rattled merrily.

The *kaitaka* or *aronui* was a fine white mat of flax without thrums, but with a deep border (*taniko*) woven in black, white, and brown

patterns at the bottom, and with similar but narrower borders at the sides. Only chiefs of good position wore the *kaitaka*. When this kind of mat had a deep border at top as well as at bottom, it was called *paepaeroa*. There were several other varieties of mats with coloured borders, such as *korohunga*, *parawai*, and *parakiri*, each with some slight difference from the other. The border was woven on after the body of the mat was finished. A mat often seen was the *pekerangi* in which the white flax was studded with little tufts of coloured material instead of thrums.

Feather cloaks (*kakahu-kura* or *huruhuru*) were woven of flax in the same manner as the *korowai*, but in the process of weaving feathers were fastened in by the woof-thread. They were often very beautiful. One of the most showy was that made from the red feathers under the wing of the parrot (*kaka* : Nestor meridionalis). Another handsome cloak was prepared with the neck-plumes of the wood-pigeon, often with a narrow border of red and white feathers. The Maoris prized highly the garment *(arikiwi)* made with the hair-like feathers of the *kiwi* (Apertyx). The *kiwi* cloak is the only one of the feather cloaks in which the feathers are worn with their points upwards so that they fall outwards, making the garment look as if composed of fur. Sometimes there is a woven border (*taniko*) in colours to this cloak. The feathers of the white albatross were also used for adorning cloaks, and so were those of the ground parrot (*kakapo*: Stringops habroptilus).

The most valuable shoulder-mats of the Maori were the cloaks of dogskin (*kahu kuri*). The most highly-prized variety was that (*kahu waero*) made of the bushy tails of white dogs, fastened so thickly on the flax foundation (*papa*) that none of the textile portion could be seen. When the tails were less closely placed an inferior kind of mat called *mahiti* resulted. If instead of tails the skins of white dogs were used, sewn on in strips to the flax, the cloak was a *puahi*, if the skins were of black dogs it was a *topuni*. The latter also had a thick shaggy collar of the skins, and if very closely woven was called *ihupukupuku*. The *ihupuni* was also a cloak made of strips of black skins. A cloak for use in war (for protection against spear thrusts) was made without any flax foundation, and composed of the hides of the dogs sewn together. The mat was known as *tapahu* or *tahi-uru*, and hence the proverbial saying "Irawaru's cloak" (*He tapahu o Irawaru*) applied to them, because Irawaru, the husband of Maru's sister Hina, was the tutelary deity of dogs, after he himself had been turned into a dog by his cunning brother-in-law. Maori legends mention cloaks of seal-skin (*kahu kekeno*), but except in the far South they were exceedingly rare.

The rough inferior cloaks (*mai* or *pokeke*), or more properly capes, were strong and serviceable, used tied round the shoulders for warmth or in bad weather, as most of them would turn the rain. The *timu* or *whakatipu* was made of loosely-woven coarse flax, and was about four feet by three. The ground-

work was thatched with short pieces of unscraped flax, or rather unscraped except about one inch in the centre of each piece, which was dressed so as to allow of some flexibility in the hanging strips (*hukahuka*). These were fastened by being passed under the woof-thread and doubled over, so that they were fixed (like the hairs in a brush), and the loose ends hung flat one over the other to shed the rain. This mat had a collar formed from the upper ends of the warp-thread (*io*). A cloak much resembling the above was the *tihetihe*. A showy kind of *timu*, generally coloured black and yellow, was the *manaeka* or *mangaeka*, so called from the dye of the same name.

Other kinds of rough shoulder-capes (*tatara*, *tara*, *taratara*, *pake*, *pekerere*, *pora*, *tuapora*, *pukaha*, *pureke*, etc.), were in common use, they differed in some slight degree from each other, but not in any important degree. A cloak (*pauku* or *pukupuku*) was very thick and closely woven ; after being soaked in water to swell the fibre it was worn in war time as a protection against the long spears (*huata*) or darts thrown with the *kotaha* or whip. One of these mats was worn above the other, and formed a cumbersome sort of armour. The *pauku* had an ornamental border with a fringe (*kurupatu*) of dogs hair on the lower hem. Sometimes as a defence against the spears cast with the whip-sling (*kotaha*) a plaited band of flax about six inches wide was wound round the body. As the band was often ten fathoms long, such a preparation needed some time to accomplish.

Other materials than flax were sometimes used for cloaks, though rarely if the flax was plentiful. Rough shoulder mats of *kiekie* were serviceable garments, but the fibre was prepared by steeping not by scraping. They were soaked in water until the fibre could be easily separated from the refuse. The Tuhoe tribe found a substitute for flax in the leaves of the mountain cabbage-tree (*toi*: C. indivisa). It is much coarser fibre than flax, and the midrib of each leaf had to be taken out, as it was too hard to work up. Only enough leaves could be cut for one or two weavings, as they dried too rapidly to be kept in stock, and the fibre itself required beating before the cuticle and refuse (*para*) of the leaf could be taken away. Rough almost as cocoa-nut fibre, the *toi* was a serviceable cloak, and when dyed black (with unbeaten strips of the same material as thrums or "thatch") they would remain waterproof for years.

In the South Island mats have been found in which the flax has been covered with tufts of tussock grass. Sometimes a sea-side-spreading plant named *pingao* (Demoschœnus spiralis) was used for making belts, and the soft leaves of *kahakaha* (Astelia banksii) were also taken into the service of mat-makers.

In former times there were in New Zealand large plantations of the Paper Mulberry (*aute*: Broussonnetia papyrifera), but the shrubs never grew to a large size, so that bark-clothing like the *tapa* of the South Seas was not worn within historic times. There is, however, a tradition of the Ngati-awa tribe that in old

days the bark of the mulberry was used as clothing, and that two men, Te Whatu-manu and Te Manawa, were renowned as beaters of the material for garments. One of the names of these ancient garments was *te kiri o Tane* "the skin of Tane," *i.e.* of Tane Mahuta, the Lord of Forests. Generally the *aute* bark was used for ornaments, as thin streamers for tying up the hair of chiefs, etc., and for making the most valuable kind of kite. Small plantations of *aute* were seen growing at Whangaroa and Mangamuka so late as 1839, but (except perhaps in some garden) the plant is now extinct. It is supposed to have been brought to New Zealand in the "Tainui" canoe, and was first planted by Whakaotirangi, one of the women of that canoe. Another lady on board, Marama by name, also planted *aute*, but on account of sexual indiscretion on her part the plant did not "come true" but appeared as the *whau* (Entelea arborescens). Indeed so highly moral were all the vegetables which she attempted to grow that they came up as something different from what she attempted to raise; a disastrous result luckily confined to a remote period of history. The bark of *aute-taranga* (Pimelea arenarica) was also used for ornamental purposes, and for the belts of chiefs. The legs and feet of the natives were generally uncovered, but sometimes sandals were worn, or rather sandals and leggings combined. They were usually, in the North Island, constructed of flax, either woven or green. Of these the *panaena* was of dressed fibre; it was little more than a toe-cap, and was fastened

with a cord from the heel passed round the ankle. The *rohe* was a combined sandal and legging. The *papari* was a legging sandal of green flax stuffed or lined with moss (*rimu-rimu*). The *parengarenga* or *kopa* was a broad piece of woven flax folded round the leg and then laced from ankle to knee. The *tumata-kuru* was a combined sandal and legging, netted from the alpine spear-grass *tumatakuru* or *kurikuri*: Aciphylla squarrosa). They were folded over the foot and leg and then fastened by lacing. Sandals made from the leaves of the cabbage-palm (*ti*: Cordyline sp.) were sometimes made; they were called *parewai* in the North and *tahitahi* in the South Island. The latter, however, only received this name when composed of one (*tahi*) layer of material; they were called *torua* when of double thickness. The southern name for a sandal generally was *paraerae*, but the *paraerae hou* or *kuara* was so called when only one layer or thickness of flax was used.[5]

When needles were employed they were formed from birds' quills (*tuaka*) the thread being fastened to the feather end, such needles were called *toromoka*. The bones of a fallen foe were contemptuously made into needles with which dogskin mats were sewn. Needles of bone and of greenstone have been found, but they were, possibly, most used as pins for fastening mats at the shoulder. The mat-pins (*au* or *au-rei*) were probably so called from *rei* a tusk, or anything of ivory*, as they were

* The *lei* is the Samoan and Tongan word for the whale's tooth, in Mangareva *rei* is a whale's tooth. See also *aurei* in regard to ear-pendants.

often made from boars' tusks or from sperm whales' teeth, but also of *manuka* or *maire* wood, or the iridiscent shell of the *paua* (the sea-ear: Haliotis iris). With these pins the mats were fastened on the right shoulder. Anklets (*tauri*) or ornamented bands were worn on the legs; they generally consisted of dressed flax woven into strips with patterned borders. The *komori* was a small sea-shell and many of these strung upon cords of plaited flax adorned the leg; this ornament was then called *tauri-komore* and was donned by persons of rank. Tattooing to look like anklets or bracelets also was called by this name of *komore*. The hollow culms of a plant (*hangaroa*) were threaded on flax and used for anklets.

Little or no attention was paid by slaves or common persons to the dressing of their hair which fell about their shoulders how it would. The chiefs wore their hair long in times of peace, though it was not wholly free from freaks of fashion. The most common style was the *putiki*, in which the hair was gathered into a knob behind the head (almost in the Japanese mode) and fastened with a comb (*heru* or *amiki*) formed from a portion of the thin part of the jaw of the sperm-whale (*paraoa*). Other combs were made from the heart-wood (*mapara*) of the white-pine (*kahikatea*), or from the stalks of a fern (*heruheru*: Todea intermedia).[6] The comb of a chief was sacred. When the head was dressed elaborately even the wooden pillow or head-rest could not be used for sleeping lest all the trouble be wasted. As a variation, a number of small knobs

varying from two to eight, were sometimes worn round the head. The coiffure called "the Top-knot" (*koukou*) was formed over a framework of supple-jack (*kareao* or *pirita*) which supported the hair. The latter having been plaited with eight tails was wound round the frame with the ends turned up on the top of the head. The *rahiri* method of hairdressing consisted in turning the hair up like a sheaf, and binding it with a tie of *aute* ribbon.[7] At certain times and places *tikitiki* was the fashionable mode. It was formed by drawing the hair to the top of the head and slipping it through a two-inch ring (*porowhita*) made from the *akatea* vine; the ring was pressed down close to the head, the hair arranged neatly and evenly all round the ring and the ends brought up and tied underneath the ring. This style in old days was not wholly confined to men, as we are told that Maui, the hero-god, received his full name Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, because he had been hidden or carried in the *tikitiki* of his mother Taranga. An unusual mode of hairdressing was "the rat path" (*ara-kiore*), in which the hair was thinned out in a broad parting from the forehead to the base of the skull. Of course an inferior could not touch the sacred head of a chief for the purpose of dressing his hair, but sometimes a high chief would comb and dress the hair of his sons of rank. He would not do this, however, for his bastard sons or for his sons by an inferior wife. Beards were not worn, because they hid the tattooing of the face; the hairs of the beard were removed with tweezers of mussel-shell.

The women generally wore their hair short if unmarried, and when arranged in a mass of curls *(potikitiki)* it distinguished them from the married ladies, who favoured plaits of long hair braided round the head. The fan-like *wharawhara* plant and the downy skin of the Celmisia supplied material for the women's hair-adornment. A sign of mourning was the *tiotio* or *reureu*, a long lock hanging down at one side of the neck while the rest of the hair was cropped short; the effect of this when worn with the mourning cap *(potae-taua)* was somewhat ludicrous.

Green leaves of various plants were used by women as ornaments, but especially as signs of mourning. Artificial chaplets or fillets *(pare* or *rakai)* were also worn; generally they were woven bands of flax or *kiekie*. If adorned with feathers they were called *kotaha*. Sometimes a cap covered with feathers was used as a head-dress.[8] The mourning caps *(potae-taua)* were really fillets, and were worn by widows. They were made of the inner part of a large lake-growing rush, dyed black and yellow, and woven with thrums, which hung down all round the head and over the wearer's eyes. Sometimes these were decorated with birds' tails (removed in one piece) and allowed to move about.

Feathers were extensively used for hair-adornment. The most valued kinds were tail-feathers of the *huia* (Heteralocha acutirostris). wing-feathers of the white heron *(*Ardea sacra*)* and the long red tail-feathers of the *amokura* (Tropic bird: Phaethon rubricauda*)*. The ancient war-plume (*marereko*) consisted of

twelve *huia* feathers. There was one peculiarity attending the use of the white heron plume. A woman was not allowed to eat food in the presence of a man who wore such a plume. If she ate anything her hair would fall out, but if the visitor removed the feathers and put them aside she might eat.

As an almost invariable rule Maoris disliked wearing red feathers or red flowers in the hair, and practically never did so. There are legendary allusions to such a fashion, however. We are told that in far *Hawaiki*, Uenuku "made red plumes for his children," and in the story of Hinepopo the girls danced "wearing balls of red feathers as ornaments in their ears."[9] Maru-tuahu also wore fifty red parrot (*kaka*) feathers in his hair.[10] These references only make the usual dislike more apparent by contrast. The well-known story of the "red wreath of Mahina," told as an incident of the arrival of the Arawa canoe, is a misunderstood legend and has some far remote origin; probably it is a lunar myth, since Mahina means "the moon."

Feather plumes were kept by their owners in small boxes *(waka-huia)* often beautifully carved.[11]

Bird-skins *(pohoi)*, dried into cylindrical shape over a rounded piece of wood, were worn fastened to the ears. The skin of the purple swamp-hen (*pukeko*: Porphyrio melanotus) soaked in *titoki*-berry-oil and scented with fragrant *tarata* gum was often tied to the ear or worn round the neck. Balls of down from the breast of the albatross or other sea-

birds were similarly used and known as *pohoi* or *kopu*. Nasal decorations, consisting of the tail-feathers of birds thrust through the pierced septum of the nose, were now and then affected by the men, but rarely.

The most prized ear ornaments were pendants of greenstone (jade), although similar articles were formed of bone or shell. These ear-drops *(kai* or *whaka-kai)* were named according to their shape, material, or quality, as —*kuru*, *kapeu*, *kapehu*, *tangiwai*, *tautau* (this last is curved to one side at the end), *tara*, etc.[12] Some ear-pendants were priceless on account of their historic or legendary interest and were kept as heir-looms. Of such articles may be mentioned the famous *kuru*, known as *kaukau-matua*. It was brought to New Zealand by the almost mythical ancestor Ngahue, and became the property of Tama-te-kapua. It is often alluded to in Maori poetry and tradition.[13]

The ear-drop was worn suspended by a string (*turuki* or *kope*) made of *aute* bark.[14] The small Marine fish known as the Sea-horse (*kiore-moana*: hippocampus) was sometimes caught, dried, and worn in the ear. A highly valued ear-pendant was the conical shark-tooth (*mako*). It was obtained from the *mako*, the largest variety of shark.*

The flesh of this shark was never eaten; its head was cut off in the water alongside the

* The Maori knew of many varieties of shark—*mako*, *ururoa*, *karaerae*, *pioke*. *uatini*, *tahapounamu*, *taiari*, *mangotara*, *tatere*, *arawa*, *horopekapeka*, *tope*, *wharepu*, and twenty or more others; the general name was *mango*.

canoe of its captors, and the carcase was allowed to drift away. The cutting was done with a knife (*mira-tuatini*) edged with the sharp triangular teeth of the *tatere* shark, these teeth being fixed into a wooden blade. The head of the shark was carefully wrapt up in a dress-mat, that it should not be stared at by strangers. There are eight of the larger conical teeth and eight smaller ones in the mouth of the *mako*, the smaller or outside teeth being like those of the *tatere*. The larger teeth were kept as ear-pendants and were known as *rei*, the smaller ones were only "teeth" (*niho*) but these if worn as pendants were called *aurei* (See previous description of mat pins). The *mako* could not be caught with hook and bait, the native fish-hook was not strong enough to hold so powerful a fish. If one of these sharks was seen moving along the surface of the water near the canoe a barbed hook, baited, was let down and when the fish lowered its head to the bait a noose was deftly slipped over its tail. When it had hauled the canoe this way and that till exhausted, its head was cut off. It was forbidden to mention the name of this fish when sighted and some paraphrase had to be used.

Around the throat necklaces of teeth were worn; those of sharks, dogs, seals, and human beings being common, and a pendant sperm-whale's tooth highly prized.[15] A very small ornament called *pekapeka* derives its name from its resemblance to a bat (Scotophilus). When human teeth were worn as necklaces they were often relics of some fallen foe.

Other necklaces of imitation teeth *(niho kakere)* cut from portions of a sea-shell have also been found. A large pendant resembling a hook *(matau)* was occasionally to be seen,[16] but by far the most valuable of all was the grotesquely hideous breast-ornament, the *heitiki*. It has been sometimes thought that the *heitiki* was the image of a god, *hei* meaning "to wear round the neck" and *Tiki* being the name of a god. Probably, however, the *heitiki* was only a memento of an ancestor; it was never addressed, invoked, or prayed to. The *heitiki* was sometimes laid down and wept over (when friends long separated had met) in memory of the people who had worn it. The ornaments were regarded as heirlooms or keepsakes *(manatunga)*. When a chief was conquered and made a slave his wife was expected to send her *heitiki* to the wife of the victor. If the last of a family died the *heitiki* was also finally buried. If ornaments were buried with a chief or lady of rank they were re-acquired when the exhumation (*uhunga*) took place. *Heitiki* were generally made of greenstone, but sometimes of bone, and in one or two cases from the bone of the human skull.[17] Small ornaments in some degree resembling the human figure were called *tiki-popohe*.

Women and girls wore round their necks little bags made of the plumage of the grey duck or the male paradise duck. Small bags *(putea)* of woven flax were filled with scented moss or *tarata* gum and worn round the neck. A perfume was made from a spiky plant

(taramea). The process was to hold it over the fire and catch the exuding oil in the bottom of a calabash.

Young people collected berries of the *miro* (Podocarpus ferruginea), the *mangeao* (Tetranthera calicaris), and *kohia* (Passiflora tetandra, a creeper) to express oil from them, and the oil was scented with *moki*, a kind of fern, *akerau-tangi* (Dodonea viscosa), *karetu* (Hierochloe redolens) and other sweet-scented grasses and plants.

A very handsome piece of work in greenstone was lately discovered. It was the headrest (*Kohamo*) on which the neck of a deceased chief was set during the funeral rites, and was formerly used by the Ngati-Mahuta tribe of Waikato. It was in shape an irregular oval, countersunk to fit the back of the head and neck. It was of polished and beautifully coloured jade, weighing between 50 and 60 lbs. The length was about eighteen inches by eleven inches by six inches.

It may be as well in this place to speak of the famous greenstone of which the neck ornaments *heitiki* and the ear-pendants were made, as well as the best adzes and *mere*. The Maori greenstone (*pounamu*) called jade, jadeite, nephrite, etc., by Europeans, is a mineral very restricted in its deposits. Most of it has been obtained in the beds of the Teremakau and Arahura rivers, on the West Coast of the South Island, although one variety (*tangiwai*), which though soft is beautiful in appearance, is found at Milford Sound. It is not, however, a true *pounamu*. Green-

stone is a very beautiful stone when polished, and its extreme hardness made it of exceeding value to a people like the Maori to which metals were unknown; the steel point of a pen knife will not scratch its surface. There are many varieties named by the natives (*kawakawa*, *inanga*, *kahurangi*, *kahotea*, *totoweka*, *hauhunga*, *tuapaka*), but all these differ from the Asiatic jade and from the poorer kinds found now and then in the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and New Guinea.

One curious circumstance connected with greenstone is the uncertainty with which the Maori regarded its origin. Until quite recent times it was very scarce in the North Island (where the bulk of the Maori tribes resided) and very vague notions were possessed as to the genesis of the material. It was widely believed to be a fish or found in a fish. Cook was told by the natives that greenstone was speared in the sea, and that when it was dragged ashore it hardened into stone. The northern tradition is that the stone was obtained on Tuhua (Mayor Island, Bay of Plenty) but the guardian god became offended at some act of impiety so he covered the land with ordure (volcanic deposit) and swam away with the fish that produced the greenstone. There were three of these mythical fishes in the sea, viz, greenstone (*pounamu*), bitumen (*mimiha*), and the whale (*pakaka*). The northern belief as to the marine origin of greenstone probably accounts for its birth in Mythology as the child of Tangaroa, the ocean god, and Te Anu matao. The South Island peoples' legends

are quaint, but they evidently were aware that *pounamu* was not a fish, although when Tinirau, the patron of fish, brought Hina to his home, and she was insulted by the resident wives of her bridegroom, she uttered an incantation which killed them and their burst bodies were seen to be full of greenstone. An ancient chief named Tama-nui-a-Raki met the greenstone, which he found alive. He cooked some of it in an oven, but it burst into splinters and flew all over the country. Another legend relates that the three sons of Tamatea were drowned in the Arahura river by the upsetting of a canoe, and their bodies were transformed into greenstone. It is said that Ngahue, the first discoverer of New Zealand, took back greenstone from the Arahura to Hawaiki, and from this stone were made the axes with which the Arawa and Tainui canoes were made in Rarotonga, for the great voyage to New Zealand. The only reliable stories, however, appear to be those relating how the Ngai-tahu tribe finding that the Arahura natives (Ngati-Kopia) possessed the precious stone assaulted and conquered them. Greenstone was fast becoming a medium of exchange among the natives when the Europeans arrived.

The greenstone boulders found in the river beds were broken up and the pieces roughly bruised into shape. To insure against cracks a deep groove was cut before breaking off, and a stone hammer (*tukituki*) was then used, sometimes fitted with a wooden handle, sometimes held in the hand. Thin pieces of quartzoze slate were worked saw-fashion, with

plenty of water, till a furrow was made, first on one side and then on the other, till the club or adze was roughened into shape; the smaller pieces coming into service as ear-pendants, etc. The piece of greenstone was laid on the ground, or on a slab of wood and then ground down with a stone (*hoanga*, *onetai*, *mataihona*, etc.), generally a kind of gritty limestone or sandstone, till the face and edges were of proper shape. After this, slate was used to put a proper finish and polish to the weapon or ornament; sometimes for months and years the rubbing process would go on. The famous *mere* of Te Heu Heu (mentioned elsewhere) took generations of rubbing.

The most difficult part of the process was to make the hole in the handle of the *mere* (for the thong to pass through) or the spaces between the arms and legs of the *heitiki*, and the hole for the suspending string. These were made by drills (*pirori* or *tuwiri*) composed of pieces (*mata*) of sharp flint (*kiripaka*) set in the end of a split stick *(pou)* about 18 inches long to the upper part of which two strings *(aho)* were fastened so as to enable the stick to be twirled with a horizontal motion. The difficulty was to make the first impression. As the flint became blunted a new one was supplied. Two stones were tied to the upper part of the drill to steady it, or a heavy "whirl" *(porotiti)*, a disc of wood, took the place of the stones. Sometimes only a pointed stick, sand and water were used for drilling holes and working greenstone for *heitiki*. A drill cap of wood or of the hardened cartilage of the whale

was occasionally used in order that downward pressure could be applied to the rotating stick. When a party was out seeking greenstone they would, on reaching the coast, wait while their priests recited incantations and till he had time to dream. The priest, on awaking, would denote the locality in which to search and the party would spread along the river-bed until they found the vision-seen spot where the stone was to be found. The name of the spirit which had directed the priest was bestowed on the stone.

Personal decoration among the Maoris cannot be treated of without reference to two subjects, painting and tatooing.

Painting the head and body was generally effected with red ochre. There were two kinds of this pigment. One (*horu*) was found as a ferruginous deposit in creeks, and obtained by placing bundles of fern in the water; on these the rust-like ochre was thinly precipitated. Collected into balls it was baked in hot ashes and formed the best quality of *kokowai*. The other kind (*takou*) was found as a red volcanic earth and was generally procured from seams or layers in cliffs. Mt. Egmont (Taranaki) was a famous place for rich deposits of *takou*. The *takou* had, if too coarse, to be rubbed down on a large flat stone with a round water-worn pebble. The four kinds of ochre known at Hawke's Bay were *kokowai*, *taupo*, *tareha*, and *karamea*. The ochre was mixed with oil, either shark-oil or that obtained from crushed berries of the *titoki* tree (Alectryon excelsa). The balls of ochre were considered as valuable property

and were kept in precious baskets; such a basket with its contents would be considered an equivalent present for a greenstone *heitiki*, or a dogskin mat. The paint was mixed with a little oil in the hand, and smeared all over the face and body. Sometimes the whole face was reddened, sometimes only one-half the face and head, the rest being blackened with charcoal dust; or bands of red crossed the face diagonally, these were called *tuhi kohuru*. If horizontal red bands were drawn on the forehead these were known as *tuhi korae* or *tuhi marae kura*.

The use of red ochre as a pigment was very general, but it was probably at one time reserved for particular occasions or circumstances, viz, those in which the persons or things so daubed were made "prohibited" (*tapu*), but this application will not fit all cases, and it gradually grew into little more than ornament. Among most ancient and some modern peoples the bones of the dead were coloured red as the symbol of the blood of sacrifice poured out at the funeral feast, and blood is "*tapu*" among almost all barbaric races. The Maoris painted the bones of their dead red, and the storehouses of their *kumara* crops also (probably in memory of the blood of the bringer sprinkled on the doorway—see under "Food"). War-canoes had the same bright hue, especially on the bow-pieces. Fences of graves, the large carved images on palisading of forts, the posts of boundaries, etc., were all painted red. A war-party would daub their faces with red paint before going

into action—perhaps to make them terrible, perhaps a sign of sacredness and devotion to the war-god. Doubtless the custom varied in different parts of the country. Cook says that the clothes as well as the bodies of the natives were so bedaubed with red that one could hardly touch one of them without becoming besmeared. "The faces of both men and women were brightly painted with different colours. Sometimes stripes of red crossed the forehead diagonally, or horizontally, others would have a yellow chin and nose, the rest of the face red, others crimson with broad bands of blue."[18]

It was useful to a chief that he should be painted red, for if he leant against a post the daub would show where "the sacred back" had rested, and the spot would be avoided by an inferior for fear of *tapu*. On the other hand there is evidence that it was (perhaps in certain localities) used for women and children on important occasions. It is related of an ancient chief named Tu-maro that when his wife was false to him he kept removing her from house to house till her child-birth purification and that of her infant were accomplished. Then early one morning he came to her and told her to paint herself and her infant with red ochre, to put on her best mats, and adorn her head with feathers. The woman did as she was bidden, wondering all the time what her husband meant to do. When she had finished adorning herself Tu-maro led her into the courtyard of Te-Ao-hiku-raki (the Lothario of the drama), whom he found sitting under

his verandah. "Here," said he, "is your wife and child," and without another word turned away and went back to his own house.

Again, at one period, it would appear as if anointing the person or clothing with ochre was reserved for the unmarried women. In an old legend of the Ngati-awa tribe we are told of Whati-hua, a married man who had three children, but whose affections wandered from his faithful wife (polygamy was permitted, it should be remembered). The story runs: "Whati-hua became acquainted with a comely looking girl and wondered how he could obtain her for his wife. He considered the matter, and one day he said to his wife "O, mother"; who answered by saying, "What is it, O, father?" He answered: "I am going to spear birds"; to which proposal the wife assented. She was simple and did not suspect her husband of any deceit toward her; but he had said he was going to spear birds to mislead his wife in regard to his real object, as he had determined to go and see the fine-looking girl he had met some time before. He went to the forest he had spoken of to his wife—that was the home of the girl he now had a liking for, and the bird was this girl, so he went to the home of that girl and took her as his wife and lived with her. Now, according to our old custom this girl had her garments all besmeared with red ochre *(horu)*, so that when he went back to his own house he was daubed with the red ochre, which, when he got near to his home, was seen on him by his wife. who was surprised at the sight, and quickly

asked, "Where are the birds you have obtained?" He answered, "I have not been able to procure any birds." She said, "Yes, but I will ever remember your conduct; I did think you were going to obtain birds from the forest, but now I find it was to seek another kind of bird." He thought within himself, I have been discovered," etc., etc. The rest of the legend is of no consequence in this connection, but it fixes the point that it was the unmarried girl and not the chief who was daubed with ochre.[19] These examples have been given to show that there were eccentric or local variations of the custom, but it must not be forgotten that so far as historic times are concerned daubing with red paint seemed almost universal among the natives seen by European explorers.

Other pigments beside red ochre were sometimes used for ornamental purposes. One observer noticed Maoris whose nose and chin were stained bright yellow while the rest of the face was fiery red. Semetimes broad bands of blue (*parakawāhia*) encircled the eyes like spectacles; a band across the nose serving to unite the colouring pigment.

Generally blue paint for besmearing the face or person was procured from deposits of iron phosphate (*pukepoto*) and is supposed to be composed of decayed bones of the dinornis. Another kind of blue paint was obtained with difficulty, being found adhering to the roots of cyperaceous plants; it stained the cheeks a beautiful ultramarine. The bright yellow pollen of the flowers of the native fuchsia

(*kotukutuku*: Fuchsia excorticata) was often smeared on the cheeks of women and young men.

Tattooing.

No decoration has been considered so characteristic of the New Zealander as his tattooing. Not that tattooing is by any means confined to the Maori or Polynesian; there are few natives with which the practice either is not or has not been indulged in. Maori tattooing, however, is distinctive because the decoration or disfigurement of the face by its means is more noticeable in this country than in many others wherein the tattoo has been confined to the body or parts concealed by clothing. Much has been written on this subject, and much more will have to be written before the origin and full significance of Maori tattooing is known, and little will be attempted to be pointed out in this book more than a general sketch of the subject.

The tattooing (*moko*) of a man's face in late times followed a pattern almost invariable. It might be more or less complete; it might be of the slightest, but so far as it went the tattoo followed conventional lines. It was not a tribal mark, nor even a mark of distinction, for some great chiefs or priests had little or no tattooing, but its presence always showed a certain position in the wearer, for if completed and well completed it proved that

property equivalent with us to large fees had passed from the subject to the artist who had decorated him. It might be considered a mark of manhood and of ability to play a warrior's part in the world; for often the process was commenced at puberty and took years to complete. It was thought to give a look of determination, and the wearer of an untattooed *(papatea)* face was not attractive to women. A man's face could not be tattooed fully at one operation; the inflammation induced in the tender flesh was so acute that delay was inevitable lest the victim of vanity should die. The person operated was laid prostrate, and at times had to be held down by several others. When the pattern had been outlined with charcoal on the skin, the operator dipped his chisel (*uhi*) shaped like a little rake or toothed hoe, into the colouring matter and struck the chisel with a piece of wood or a piece of fern stalk about eight inches long. Sometimes the chisel was not dipped into the pigment but a wad of scraped flax (*muka*) with the pigment smeared thereon was drawn over the wound as soon as the incision had been made in the skin. The chisel was made from a piece of a bone of the whale bound to a piece of wood and was held in the left hand between forefinger and thumb; the right hand held the mallet (*ta*) or fern stalk between the third and fourth fingers. Sometimes the pigment was held between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand and the chisel drawn through the pigment so as to be ready for the next incision. A good tattooer was looked upon as an artist, and was a *to-*

hunga; such a man would journey from village to village and be very amply rewarded for his work.

The pigment for face-tattooing was very carefully prepared. It consisted of soot made by burning carefully selected material, the heart *(kapara* or *mapara)* of white pine *(kahikatea)*. Sometimes *kauri*-gum was added, or the greasy soot of burnt Veronica (*koromiko*: Veronica sp.). These substances having been burnt in a small kiln *(rua-ngarehu)* the soot was collected on a frame of flax-sticks *(korari)*, mixed with bird-fat and given to a dog to eat, the fœces of the dog being kneaded up and stored for use. At other places the soot was merely mixed with dog's fat. Soot for use as colouring matter for tattooing the body was sometimes made from the burnt *awheto* or "vegetable caterpillar" (Cordiceps robertsii), but was not black enough for the face-*moko*.

Before describing the different kinds of face-tattooing it may be as well to refer to old legends as to its origin. In two of these it is asserted that men only used to paint their faces, not to tattoo. There is a story extant parallel to a certain extent with the Orpheus and Eurydice legend of the Greeks, for in the Maori tale a man named Mataora who had lost his wife went to the Underworld to search for her. When he arrived at the Door of Darkness and looked in, he saw forms resembling men walking about. He descended and meeting a person asked "Has any human being met you?" "Yes," was the answer, "She has gone with her lip hanging down

and with a sobbing sound." The man went and came to a fire whereat tattooers were sitting. Uetonga, the chief artist, looked at the decorated face of Mataora and putting up his hand wiped off the design saying "Those above there do not know how to tattoo properly." Mataora was thrown prostrate and the operation of tattooing was begun. While this was going on, Mataora to dull the pain called on his wife Niwareka (Great Delight) in song, which thus began—

"Great Delight! Great Delight!
Who has caused me to come to darkness
Speak of the pain of the beloved one," etc., etc.

His wife hearing him call her name came to him and tended him in his pain. Niwareka and Mataora left the shades together in safety but she omitted to leave the present necessary from those who travel to Life from Death, and thenceforth no mortal was allowed to return from the Underworld to the homes of men. Mataora taught men the art of tattooing.[20]

A different version of the legend relates that Tama (Tama-nui-a-Raki) was deserted by his wife because she could not endure to live with such an ugly man, so he went down to the Netherworld to ask his ancestors to make him handsome. He flew down to the Shades (*Reinga*) in the shape of a white heron, and on arrival there and regaining his human shape he found that his ancestors were beautiful with tattooing. He told them that he wished to be made handsome, so they drew graceful curved lines all over his face and body. When Tama bathed it all came off. The process was

repeated, and again the design was washed off. They told him that if he wished permanent tattooing he must go to his other ancestors Toko and Ha who were at the Door of Darkness with the spirits Tuapiko and Tawhaitiri who guard the entrance of the Land of Death. When Tama went to these they asked him what he wanted. "Your ornaments," he replied, "I wish to be tattooed." "Ah," said they, "that is death right out." "But you are alive." "Oh yes; one can live through it, but it is as bad as death." At last they agreed and the instruments and pigments were prepared. Tama was laid down and the operation commenced. It was so painful that he fainted. When consciousness returned he whispered "O Taka! O Ha! I am very ill." The operator replied (with grim sarcasm) "I do not cause the pain, the instrument causes it." After many days of suffering the work was done; Tama was carried to his house and laid by the fire. In two or three days the sores began to heal, and he found he had become a handsome man with permanent tattoo. When he returned to his home and children all the women remarked that his ugliness had disappeared and that he was now a noble looking man. So perhaps the pain was worth the bearing, as after much tribulation he saw his wife with "her face radiant with smiles and heard her voice of joyful greeting."

Having noticed the point in these legends that apparently in ancient days the tattooing was not permanent, it seems doubtful if Mataora (above mentioned) first introduced the

tattooing chisel to men. It is said that the style of face-pattern so fully recognised as the Maori fashion, viz, that of the spirals, etc., is known as "the tattooing of Mataora," but that the ancient mode was known as the "Dog-tattoo" *(moko-kuri)*, probably from the idea that according to legend Maui tattooed the muzzle of the native dog. This fashion of tattooing consisted in rows of short straight lines alternately horizontal and vertical, repeated all over the face, except between the eyes, where a peculiar mark was made. In the original drawing of *moko-kuri* (made by me from the instruction of Mr. John White for his "Ancient History of the Maori") the central forehead-mark took a shape resembling the letter S.[21] There was another kind of tattooing, known as *pukaewae*, consisting of crosses, thus, × × ×, marked on the forehead and cheeks. It was usually confined to women and was said to be the old fashion before the arrival in New Zealand of the Maori. There was still another variety of face-tattooing found among the Maoris at the time of the advent of the Europeans. Its record was fortunately preserved for us in the admirable drawings published with the "Voyages" by the draughtsmen accompanying Captain Cook. This *moko* consisted of a few bold geometrical curves executed by "omission," that is by excepting parts of the cheek from a closely-cut pattern produced by double vertical lines and single horizontal lines crossing at right angles as in a chess-board. (See Robley pp. 5-6.) It is really a transfer of the proper style of

thigh-tattooing to the face[22] and was apparently confined to the South Island, where even the women were sometimes to be seen with the men's face-tattoo, or part of it.[23]

Every part of the face-tattoo had its proper designation, but there is considerable difference between these in different localities. Some, however, received the same name everywhere, such as *titi*, the brow ornament; *tiwhana*, the curved lines over the eyebrows; *ngu*, the marks on the upper part of the nose; *paepae*, the upper spiral on cheek, etc.

The men were often covered with tattooing on the lumbar region, and on the thigh from the fork of the legs to about four inches above the knee. Each buttock or hip received a design in a bold spiral *(rape)*, while the thigh was marked with a close pattern *(puhoro)*, which made the wearer appear as if clothed with dark bathing-drawers. The ground-work of the skin in the latter pattern was made dark blue, with "excepted" brown lines of the untouched skin left vertically, and crossed with "excepted" geometrical figures.[24] Sometimes this part of an enemy's skin, with the thigh-tattooing carefully preserved, was stretched over hoops of supple-jacks *(pirita)* and trundled backwards and forwards in contempt for the tribe of the former owner.

The body seldom received much tattooing of a regular pattern. A large spiral on each shoulder (*rauru*) was the most common. Single lines drawn round the ribs, or marked vertically on the back (these called *tekateka*) and also a bracelet on the wrist were some-

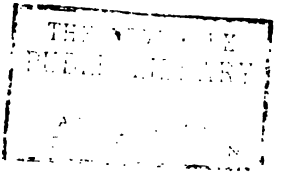
times to be found, but the patterns seem to have varied with the taste of the wearer. The hands of a few persons were marked with signs known as *kurawaka* or *putatara*, and it is said that when the body of the Hawaiki chief Manaia was washed ashore it was recognised by the marking *(whakairo)* on the arm. The *puhoro* thigh-tattoo was sometimes repeated on the arm.*

The principal regular tattoo of women was confined to the lips and chin. Red lips were looked on with disfavour and the horizontal blue lines on the lips tended (in their ideas) to beauty. The pattern *(whakatehe)* varied, but generally consisted of a curl inward and upward on each side of the chin under the lower lip within three or four fine lines drawn vertically downwards from each corner of the mouth. Sometimes the face was marked with crosses or with short strokes all over (as in *moko-kuri*) or with dots. In the South Island there was greater latitude, and part of the man's face-tattooing was at times to be seen on a woman. Different kinds of marks (*takitaki*) were made on a woman's breast or back, but

* All readers interested in New Zealand tattooing should view with the utmost distrust the picture shown in the little book called "The New Zealanders" published in "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge" purporting to be the representation of *moko* executed on a white man, a sailor of the name of Rutherford. The marks on his breast are simply English-sailor tattooing, or else the *perero* tattoo of Rotuma, while the arm-pattern looks like Marquesan work, and not Maori. It is probable that except for a partial face-*moko*, his tattooing is as unreliable as his narrative, and that was full of lies.*

MAORI WOMEN AND GIRLS.
(South Island.)

DE MAUS, PHOTO.



there was no apparent common rule or design, nor were skilled operators considered necessary, as for the face-tattooing. If the space in the centre of the brow between the eyes, and if the back of the legs from heel to calf bore tattooing, then the wearer was a woman of rank. Markings on a woman's brow were called *hotiki*; between breast and navel *taki-taki*; on the thighs *hopehope*. A kind of girdle was marked on the skin round the waist, and known as *tu-tatua*. A woman was always tattooed on the mouth before marriage; no one would have a red-lipped wife. When a young woman of high rank had her lips tattooed, a day was set apart for the ceremony and honoured by the sacrifice of a human victim, a war-party being sent out to procure it by killing a member of another tribe. The carcase was eaten by all the assembled people. They were able in after days to mock at the tribe that had provided the sacrifice, saying "You supplied the victim at the lip-tattooing of our chief's daughter."

When the skilled artificer (*tohunga*) was doing his work of tattooing, he, the person operated on, and all the people of the village were *tapu*, on account of the blood on the operator's hand. At the conclusion of the affair, three ovens (*umu-parapara*) were lighted one for the artificer, one for the gods, one for the person just tattooed and for the rest of the people. To raise the *tapu*, the *tohunga* first washed his hands, and then taking a hot stone from the god's oven would throw it from one hand to the other, then replace it in the oven.

This transferred the *tapu* to that stone, and the food cooked conveyed it back to the gods. The food in the god's oven when cooked was put into a basket and hung up in a sacred place.

Some curious ideas were connected with tattooing. Tangaroa being the god of ocean, to use the bone of a whale (the product of one of his creatures) for the tattooing chisel would annoy him; therefore he had to be warily dealt with. For this reason if a man while being tattooed wished to eat shell-fish, a common food with the coast tribes, some of the shell-fish had to be held up to every part of the face in order to let Tangaroa see the marks. If this was not done the angry deity would arrange that the rest of the tattooing should all be "out of drawing." Another notion of this kind was that if children in sport tattooed a gourd (calabash) with face-tattooing the gourd was *tapu*, because it had become (metaphorically) a human head.

A song was sung by the operator while the process of tattooing a man was going on[36] and it may be rendered thus:—

"We are sitting eating together,
Watching the marks over the eyes
And nose of Tutetawha,
Which twist here and there
Like the coils of a reptile.
Tattoo him with the chisel of Mataora!
Stay! nor send for your mate
Who is gathering heart-leaves of *wharawhara*.*

* The name of a parasitic plant: Astelia banksii. With the silky part of its leaves the women decorated their faces.

I am the man who will mark
The man who will pay well
With beautiful tattooing;
But the man who will not pay
Crooked and wide will be his marking.
Strike up the music!
Tangaroa, arise!
Rise up, Tangaroa!"

The tattooing song for women was longer and of a more comprehensive character. In it the motive apparently made prominent was not that of inducing generous payment by promises of excellent workmanship if well paid for, but an appeal to the love of beauty. It commenced:

"Lie down, young lady,
Tra la la!
That thy lips may be tattooed,
Tra la la!
Lest, in thy going to the Hall of Assembly,
It should be said of thee,
'Whither goeth this unlovely woman
Who cometh hither?'

Lie down, young lady,
Tra la la!
That thy lips may be tattooed,
And thy chin,
To make thee beautiful,
Tra la la!
Lest, in thy going to the Hall of Courtship,
It should be said of thee,
'Whither goeth this woman of the crimson lips
Who cometh hither?'

Tra la la!
Yield thyself to be tattooed,
Tra la la!
Lest in thy going to the Hall of Sports,
It should be said of thee,
'Whither goeth this woman of the naked mouth,
Who cometh hither?'

Tra la la!
It is tattooed! it is tattooed!
Tra la la!
Present thy chin to be tattooed,
Tra la la!
Lest, in thy going to the Hall of Bachelors,
It should be said of thee,
'Whither goeth this woman of the ruddy chin,
Who cometh hither?'

Tra la la!
It is tattooed, in the spirit
Of Hine-rau-wharangi.
Tra la la!
In the spirit of Rukutia,
Tra la la!
In the spirit of Hine-te-iwaiwa."

The rest of the song is of a very mystical character and is almost untranslatable, since nearly every word would require a chapter of explanation. It is, however, in the direction of commending the suffering girl to the care of the deities who, when she is beautiful (by tattooing), will take care of her.

Tattooing was often executed after death on heads preserved by embalming or smoking, as described in another portion of this book. Most admirable engravings of this *post mortem* tattooing (and indeed of most other kinds) are given in Colonel Robley's volume entitled "*Moko* or Maori Tattooing." Those interested in the subject will find in that work a mine of valuable material, superior to any other on the subject at present available, and which will not soon be superseded. There is room in anthropology for a wide dissertation on Polynesian tattooing (handled in the comparative

method), to be undertaken by some devoted scholar having funds for expensive reproduction of drawings and photographs.

[My own opinion upon Maori tattooing is that it is a debased system of letters. I refer, not to the modern curves and scrolls of the face-*moko*, but to *moko-kuri* and the other Polynesian systems in lines and dots. It was lost, as I conjecture, through the decay of learning among the priests. As this is a mere hypothesis, I have not obtruded it in the body of the work. Those interested may find part of the argument in my paper on the subject in Trans. N.Z. Institute, xxvi., 533—E.T.]

CHAPTER XIII.

HOUSES, HABITATIONS, ETC.

THE houses and buildings of the Maori were unique in character, and, though rude, and even grotesque to the European eye, they had their own good points in the way of comfort. Some of the larger and more elaborate buildings deserved warm admiration, not only for the massive carvings with which they were decorated but for the skill and infinite patience required to produce effects with the rough material of which they were composed. They differed in their uses even more than the edifices of a civilised town, for in the many delicate shades of diversity to be observed under the iron rule of "prohibition" (*tapu*), buildings used for one purpose might not be used for another, and our system of having separate rooms in one large building was not to be found in a Maori village. Some houses could be used by chiefs alone, or by a single chief, for the "sacredness of his head" made it impossible for him to stoop under an ordinary doorway or the house would have become *tapu* and either not to be used except by him, or requiring priestly spells to make it common (*noa*) again. Other buildings were great carved houses

(*whare whakairo*), places of amusement, council chambers, guest-houses, store-houses, colleges, etc. Of course all these were not to be found in every settlement, but in the larger fortified places of abode most of them appeared.

The ordinary houses varied greatly in size, from the small kind that would only hold half a dozen people to the more pretentious variety which would contain from fifty to a hundred. They were, however, mostly built on the same general plan and differed more in size and finish than in want of similarity of structure. The house (*whare*) was usually oblong in shape, with low side-walls, gabled-ends, one small doorway, a window-aperture placed in the end near the door, and both the two latter opening out on to a wide verandah (*mahau* or *whaka-mahau*). Inside they were, from the absence of light and ventilation, dark and stuffy, but the closely-woven thatch of roof and walls excluded draughts and made them snug and cosy. In raising the heavy timbers of a large house shears (*tokorangi*) were used, and a platform (*rangitapu*) was erected in order to handle the ponderous masses of wood. The main posts consisted of large wooden pillars (*poutahu*) often carved, supporting a ridge-pole (*tahuhu*), but part of the weight of the ridge was borne by another post (*pou-tokomanawa*) of a lighter character than those at the ends, and set as a central prop. Along each side large carved slabs (*poupou*) were stood in the ground and set leaning very slightly inward. The inner faces of these slabs were each carved to represent some ancestor or historical personage, and

upon the care and workmanship bestowed on these much of the value of the house depended. They were not exactly of the same height because their top line had to be parallel with the ridge pole, which was not level, one of the end posts supporting the roof being slightly higher than that at the other end.

An even number of these slabs stood on each of the side walls *(pakitara)* of the house, and the space between each carved slab was beautifully finished with reed-work. These reeds *(kakaho)* were set vertically and fixed with lashing of different patterns made of flax or *kiekie* (Freycinetia) to laths *(kaho tarai)* about half an inch wide, crossing them at right angles. The panels of this lattice-work (*tukutuku*) had elaborate patterns, and the horizontal laths were gaily painted. In the poorer kind of houses there might sometimes be seen a lattice-work lining (*tukutuku*) of the brown stems of the common fern (*Rarauhe*: Pteris aquilina).

Both ridge-pole and walls were generally continued beyond the body of the building so as to form the verandah. In some cases, however, the verandah was slightly narrower than the body of the building.

On the side-slabs (*poupou*) rested the rafters (*heke*) meeting the ridge-pole above like an inverted V. The rafters were flat on the outer and somewhat curved on the inner and visible side; they were often covered with brilliant scroll-patterns painted in red, white and black.[1] On the rafters were laid battens (*kaho*) running lengthwise with the house and fastened

with lashings. Reeds (*kakaho*: the seed-stems of Arundo conspicua) were laid on laths (*karapi*) and fastened to the rafters; upon this framework layers (*tuahuri*) of bullrush leaves (*raupo*: Typha) were laid and fixed in place by long stitches passed through around the laths and battens. Bundles of bullrush leaves alternated with layers of cutting-grass (*toetoe*: Arundo conspicua; and *toetoe-upoko-tangata*: Cyperus ustulata) formed the bulk of the thatch (*ato*) of the roof (*tuanui*) but the outermost layer (*arawhiuwhiu*) was composed of the grass known as *toetoe-rakau*, the kind of cutting-grass grown in the forest. Tree-vines (*aka*: Metrosideros sp.), ropes of the climbing-fern (*mangemange*: Lygodium scandens) or crossed poles of tea-tree (*manuka*: Leptospermum scoparium) kept the whole thatch in place and prevented the wind ripping any of it off. Sometimes the high portion of the ridge was protected by fronds of tree-fern (*ponga*: Cyathea dealbata) and this shield was called *turihunga*.

In front of the verandah of a house, short perpendicular slabs (*amo*), often carved or painted, supported the barge-boards (*maihi*) of the gable, and formed very striking and highly embellished adornments. A carved face (*koruru*) was placed at the junction of the barge-boards, and above this was an image (*tekoteko*) which, especially on state occasions, was decked with feathers and ornaments.

This *tekoteko* is traditionally connected with the origin of wood-carving. In the old days there lived a chief named Ruapupuke, whose

little son went with other boys to bathe. Tangaroa, the god of ocean, seized the child and set him as a *tekoteko* on the ridge-pole over the doorway of his house beneath the waves. Ruapupuke, on being told his son's fate, dived down to the depths of the sea and saw his boy perched up on the house-top. The child called out, but the father took no notice. Passing on, Rua came to the woman Hine-matiko-tai, who directed the man what to do to recover his son. He was to hide in the house and when it was dark the water-kelpies would come there to sleep. Then when all were asleep he was to close up every crevice, and let no warning beam of light enter. These instructions were followed. When it was nearly dawn, Tangaroa, the chief of the sea-people, awoke and asked if daylight was not near, but the woman replied, "No; sleep on!" So they slept, lulled to security by her assurances, till the sun was high. Then the light was admitted and the sea-creatures all died. Ruapupuke burnt the house—all but the door and window frames, the side-posts and the ridge-pole. These he took back to earth, and they served as patterns for human carvers of wood.

Skirting boards *(papaka)* were placed between the side slabs in the interior of a house. The back-end *(tuarongo)* of the building, that farthest from the entrance, consisted of long slabs *(epa)* set upright and carved like the side-pieces; these *epa* were generally six in number, three on each side the centre-post, with lattice of reeds between them. The *epa* were fastened

to a board *(heke-tipi)* placed on edge and extending from ridge-pole to corner-post *(riko)*. The other, the front end *(roro)* of the house, contained the door-way *(kuwaha)* and the window aperture *(matapihi)*. The window space is now called *pihanga* at times, but anciently this was applied to a square opening in the roof partially closed with a louvre and used for ventilation or rather for letting out the smoke, a kind of immature chimney. In some houses there was a small orifice above the door and through this the hand could be passed to grasp the shafts of spears lying concealed under the eaves *(peru)*, so that in case of alarm a person standing on the verandah could reach his weapons.

The threshold *(paepae poto)* was an important piece of timber and often received a special name, such as Pae-a-Hakumanu (the threshold of the Maori house in Christchurch Museum). The doorsill received particular attention in the ceremonial opening of a building. In the upper surface of the sill was a groove in which a wide board *(papa)* slid horizontally and served as a door *(tatau)*. It was not permitted for anyone to sit on the inner threshold of a house, as it was *tapu* and the proverbial saying respecting it was "Respect the sacred threshold of Hou." The two side-jambs *(whakawai)* of the doorway supported a piece of wood (*tuapoki*) on which rested the elaborately-carved lintel (*korupe*). The doorways themselves were very low, and a grown-up person would have to bend low to enter. The small window-aperture, which was about two feet square, had a sliding

shutter of wood, similar to that of the doorway. Both door and window-shutter were sometimes fastened by knotted cords (*ruru-aho-tuwhere*) and great ingenuity was shown in making peculiar knots to ensure that strangers should not enter.

A kind of boundary step or low fence to the verandah was formed by the outer threshold (*paepaewaho* or *paepae-roa*, or *paepae-kai-awha*) consisting of a thick slab of wood set on edge. This outer sill often received a distinctive name, thus, in the great house "Hotunui" at the Thames, it is called Ruamano; in the Christchurch Museum house "Hau-te-ana-nui-o-Tangaroa" (The Great Sacred Cave of the Sea God). The outer threshold is sometimes named Te Pae o Rarotonga.

The Maori house had no chimney, except the *pihanga* above mentioned, but often a substitute for a fireplace was made by the formation of a small hearth *(takuahi)* defined by four stone slabs placed on edge. Of course the fire burnt thereon was only used to obtain warmth, not for cooking purposes; cooking was attended to in the open air or under shed-roofs. Often the fire was made of *rimu* bark so as to give as little smoke as possible. The small hearth usually occupied a position between the front roof-pillar and that supporting the centre of the ridge-pole. There was (usually) no outlet for the smoke, and to this cause must be ascribed the inflamed eyes from which many old natives suffered.

In the smaller houses and food-stores, the interior of the roof and walls was often to be

seen lined with leaves of the palm-tree *(nikau*: Areca sapida). They were set in regular rows with the fronds neatly plaited, and these had a very handsome appearance.

Some of the dwelling-houses were called "nestling-houses" *(whare-puni)* or "warm houses" *(whare-mahana)* because in them the inmates crowded together for warmth. These could often be seen banked up with earth at the sides (and partly up the roof), the floor being sunk a foot or two below the outside surface-level of the ground. Every chink and crevice being stopped up to exclude draughts, such houses were very unhealthy, not only from the vitiated air, and the presence of smoke, but from the danger to those using them when leaving the heated atmosphere within and meeting the more chill temperature outside.

Inside the larger dwelling-houses pieces of wood *(pae* or *pahuruhanga*) were laid to mark off resting places from the narrow passage between, and also to keep the fern and rushes used as bedding from drifting about the floor. Sleeping- or floor-mats *(whariki)* were laid over the rushes, etc., on occasion. When a man of importance shared a *whare* with others of his family his sleeping place was sometimes screened off.

There are few perfect specimens of Maori architecture left in New Zealand. There are still some beautifully carved specimens of tribal meeting-houses to be seen, but almost all of them have been spoilt by the introduction of European doors and windows, or by some

incongruity of the kind. The Maori houses in Wellington (the name of the house at Wellington is Ti-hauki-Turanga) and Christchurch Museums have been marred by the introduction of glass windows or an entrance in the side walls or fluted boards instead of reed-work, or some other defect. The carved house at Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, is a beautiful and almost unique representation of an ancient Maori building. Hotunui, the assembly house at the Thames, is a fine structure. It measures eighty feet in length by thirty-three in breadth and twenty-four in height. Twenty figures of ancestors embellish each side of the interior. When it was being erected, the ridge-pole, from its immense weight, baffled all attempts to raise it into position until an old priest chanted the invocation known as "the raising of Tainui" (Te huti o Tainui) when the great tree at once slipped easily into its place. Later, a number of the workmen fell ill, on account of some women having made a cooking-fire with the chips from the chisel of the carver, and the sickness *(mate-ruahine)* had to be "lifted" by means of priestly ceremonial. A small fire was made among the other chips and two sweet potatoes *(kumara)* roasted thereon. These, after many incantations, were given to the daughter of the chief to eat, and when she had disposed of the food the plague was stayed.

The house was very *tapu* during its erection; no woman was allowed inside, nor could cooked food be taken therein. When all was finished

and the house ready for occupation the ceremony of its "naming" and opening to the public had to be proceeded with. The people assembled and stood in front of the structure. The officiating priest fastened a piece of some sacred plant to the main centre-post (*pou-tuarongo*) at the back of the house; afterwards, holding a branch of *karamu* or *kawakawa* (sacred shrubs), he recited the *kawa-whare* incantation, striking different parts of the house with the branch the while. Then he ascended the roof and chanted the spell (*karakia whakanoa*) to lift the *tapu* from the house and make it "common" (*noa*), the people joining in the chorus. If the priest made a slip or mistake in his incantation it was a sign that the building would soon be destroyed or that the death of the builders was near. The priest having entered the house through the window and opened the door the building had to be left, until, as the Morning Star, Kopu, arose in the sky, three women of rank (generally old) went through the doorway to "trample the threshold" (*takahi te paepae*). Had this not been done before the public entered, the ridge-pole (the sacred back-bone) of the house would have sagged down in the centre and the appearance of the house would have been destroyed. This "treading of the threshold" safely accomplished the house was open to those entitled to enter.

A more terrible ceremony accompanied the opening of very grand houses, such as a temple or council-hall. A member of the tribe was killed and his heart was cut out, cooked, and

eaten by the officiating priest, with many incantations uttered therewhile. Among the East Coast tribes the body of the victim was buried inside the house at the base of the end-slab (*poupou-tuarongo*) next the back of the building, on the left side looking from the entrance. Among the Arawa, Urewera, and many other tribes the body was buried at the foot of the central pillar, the *pou-tokomanawa*. The body of the victim was called a "stone" *(whatu)** for he was the foundation-stone of the new edifice. In some cases, after a lapse of time, exhumation took place and the bones would be taken to a shrine or altar (*tuāhu*) to be deposited as a spiritual influence (*manea*) for the owner of the house.

Not only was a near relative needed as a sacrifice of this kind, but even a favourite child of the ruling chief might be selected. Taraia, to make sacred his new house at Herepu, near Karamu, Hawke's Bay, slew his youngest boy and offered him as a *whatu*. Thus goes the lullaby-song (*oriori*) :

> "Then Taraia built his house,
> Placing his youngest child
> As a *whatu* for the rearmost pillar
> Of his house Te Raro-akiaki."

Instances have been known of the sacrifice of slaves as *whatu*, but ordinary men were not of sufficient consequence for such a purpose. If, however, a distinguished captive was available the victim might suffice, as Te Whakaroro,

**Whatu* is "stone" everywhere in Polynesia, but in modern Maori it is *Kowhatu*; the word *whatu* being reserved for "fruit-stone" or "hail-stone."

when captured by the Ati-Hapai tribe, was used as a *whatu* for their great temple, Te Uru o Manono. His bones exhumed and hung up within the building, guided, by their rattling, his son Whakatau to the place to wreak vengeance for the insult.

An important house was always erected so as to lie with its greatest length north and south, in order that the spirits of the dead flying northwards to Te Reinga (Hades) might not cross the ridge-pole and so destroy the inmates. A certain sort of resemblance to humanity seemed to the Maori to pervade a great house. Where the chiefs sat, inside, near the window, *i.e.*, the *roro* or front end, was the head, the rafters were ribs, the ridge-pole the back-bone, etc. A lofty name, often that of an ancestor, was given to such a house, and it was supposed to have a prestige and spiritual identity (*mana*) of its own.

Next to the large public buildings the most highly decorated structures were the store-houses (*pataka* or *whata*). Those used for *kumara* were painted red as containing sacred food, and some of these had balconies all round them. Generally the food-stores were like the ordinary house, in the shape of an inverted V placed on side walls, but the stores were raised on high strong posts or piles cut in such a manner as to make them impossible for rats to climb. Each had a verandah approached by a notched pole or slab (*arawhata*) used as a ladder. In one example to be seen near Napier the piles were carved into images of human beings supporting the *pataka*. The

interiors often showed side-slabs of tree-fern stems roughly worked, but the outside was profusely ornamented with fine carving, inlaid haliotis *(paua)* shell and feathers. Some food stores were very large, but tiny ones, the property of individual chiefs, dotted the enclosure of a fortified village. Other storehouses, also on piles, served as armouries to contain the spears and weapons of the warriors or as receptacles for the valuable fishing nets of the maritime tribes. Rough *whata* for holding firewood were also to be seen in a *pa*.

There are no verified instances of the natives erecting stone buildings, although legend refers to a large house of stone on Waiheke Island, near Auckland. Houses have been known to be erected on platforms in trees as aerial forts, and food stores have been seen constructed above the surface of deep water, as in Horowhenua Lake, but both these methods of gaining additional security may be considered as abnormal and extra to Maori usage. Canoe-sheds (*wharau*) were used by natives dwelling on the coast or near large rivers; these sheds were little more than roofs of thatch intended to protect valuable vessels from sun-cracks.

Artificial caves or pits (*rua*) were excavated for the purpose of storing tubers as food. These were sometimes lined with timber, and so formed little houses underground. They were seldom decorated; a little carving on the lintel of the doorway being the only ornament. Cooking was done in small sheds *(kauta)*, generally mere roofs on poles,

although the uninflammable stems of tree-ferns were used at times to make rough side walls. Each chief and family had their own cooking-shed, but it was possible that several cooking-places might be under one roof, so long as each had a separate entrance, and was partitioned off from the others, if only by stacks of firewood.

The sacred portion (*wahi-tapu*) of a village was a place set apart from common uses, generally just outside the *pa* and usually fenced off. It might contain the body of a chief which there awaited the final burial or exhumation (*hahunga*), but it might be only a place in which "prohibited" (*tapu*) things were placed. For example, the remnants of a chief's food had to be thrown into such a place, lest any inferior might partake of them. In more modern times the *wahitapu* has become a cemetery.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARRIAGE, ETC.

AMONG the Maoris early marriages were not the rule, the men especially often reached mature age before they took wives. This perhaps had much to do with the hardiness of the ancient Maori stock, the marriage of immature and half-grown young people being discouraged. Very considerable freedom was allowed to a young girl before marriage, taken full advantage of probably so far as flirtation and love-making were concerned, for girls had reputation as belles and as having crowds of admirers just as amongst ourselves. There was, however, a social public opinion in a native village which could check any approach to licentiousness in the old pre-European days, and, though no doubt there were plenty of offences against what we should consider propriety, personal modesty and individual pride made degrees of strictness here as elsewhere. It was chiefly among the lower-class girls that questionable conduct was permitted, the daughters of a chief were surrounded by many restrictions, doubtless as irksome or more so

than rules of social etiquette are found to be by some among ourselves. Such a young lady would be constantly surrounded with girl-attendants and duennas, she would be probably betrothed at an early age to some powerful chief and therefore bound to show great circumspection in her daily life. This rule extended to boys also, who under similar circumstances had boy-attendants surrounding them; it was a branch of the *tapu* system and had to be carefully observed. Children were often thus betrothed at birth, if indeed a private understanding had not been arrived at before the child was born. The birth of a girl would almost certainly bring forth a proposal of future marriage from the father or uncle of a baby boy. The breaking of a betrothal made in infancy was always regard as an insult and had to be avenged.[1] Even when there was no betrothal the daughter of a great chief had to exhibit much discretion and put up with constant surveillance and attendance.

It is a proof of the high esteem and respect in which the Maoris held their women that the right of showing preference in love affairs was reserved for the girl. In almost every case the first advances were made by the woman, either directly or through one of her friends; a custom that of course had as its result unpleasant consequences of shame and irritation if such advances were rejected or neglected. Very quaintly is this custom noted in some of the old legends. One of these relates that on the arrival of a certain young noble at a village he was first seen by the younger daughter of the

resident chief and the girl said at once, "I will have that man for my husband." Her elder sister objected and claimed their guest by the right of senior birth, but on the two quarrelling over the matter their father interfered and decided by saying, "O my elder daughter! let your younger sister have the stranger-chief as husband; she saw him first." The elder girl obeyed, but was so angry that she left her home and tribe, and remained among strangers. Another legend relates that two girls were wandering through the forest and saw a handsome young man up in a tree spearing birds. The younger said, "There is my husband!" The elder said, "My husband," and the two disputed. He accompanied them to their village, and the younger girl was successful on this occasion also, not because she claimed that she had seen the young man first, but because she was very pretty, and winning the stranger's heart married him privately before the elder sister could reach her father to urge her claim.[2] If the proposal sent by a high-born girl to a man she greatly desired was rejected tragical consequences often followed, even the suicide of a forlorn damsel being recorded in such case.[3]

There were three kinds of courtship, the annual or parliamentary form, arrangement between relatives, and free choice. In the annual affair the proceedings were as follows. There would be a solemn gathering in the House of Amusement (*Whare-matoro*) with all the guests specially dressed and ornamented for the occasion. The old ladies each wore a

half-calabash to fit the head, and fastened inside this all round was the hair of the native dog, so that it hung down like a wig. The youngsters were in their best mats and with feathers in their hair; the girls had their faces spotted with red ochre and blue colour applied with the glutinous bud of the veronica (*koromiko*). At these assemblies (*atahu*) the elderly people were not supposed to speak except on extraordinary occasions. An old chief would get up and say, "My children, this a time for you, not for the seniors—speak, children." Then a young man would rise and say, "I am going to have so and so." Silence on the girl's part implied consent. If the girl named disliked the speaker she would stand up and object by saying, "You have long finger-nails" (*i.e.*, not worn down by hard work in the cultivation, lazy) or some such speech. This would shame the young man, but he had to submit in proud silence. Then a girl would get up and say, "I shall have the son of So and So." If the young man agreed he was silent; if he dissented he would not reply sharply or roughly but say gently, "I have no power; my singing-bird is So and So." Another man would get up and say, "I intend to have the daughter of So and So." To which perhaps an old chieftainess or woman of influence might rise and say, "So and So still sleeps, he still sleeps." This meant that formerly, a long time ago, the named warrior had fallen unavenged, and was a strong hint that the man making the proposal was unworthy. If nothing was said, a slight cough, a sign of applause, would run round the

sitting circle and ratify the engagement. If there was no reason against the arrangement the marriage would take place next day or in a few days, and with, perhaps, the recital of the wedding incantation (*karakia atahu*) the matter was at an end. This is of course to be understood only as relating to those of no important position in the tribe; freedom of choice could hardly be allowed in cases where tribal alliances might be cemented, or powerful families conciliated.

Where freedom of choice was exerted among young men and girls of high birth the result was generally a romance, such as the well-known love episode of Hine-moa and Tutanekai or that of Ponga and Puhi-huia. The names of the latter mentioned lovers are themselves romantic, for the man's, Ponga, means the graceful "Tree-fern," while that of his sweetheart is, metaphorically, "Head-dress of jewels." The story is the more interesting because the wooing and declaration were performed by the man. The lovers were members of tribes often at war, but on the occasion of some peace festivities met at Mount Eden (*Maunga Whau*) Auckland. The young people took a great fancy to each other, but her station in life was superior to his, and they did not dare to openly express their feelings, as many of the man's seniors were present and were Puhi-huia's suitors, for she was a famous beauty. At last the youth hit on the stratagem of calling loudly to his slave for water in the night, the slave being instructed to pretend absence or deafness. The girl's

father heard Ponga calling without effect, so said to his daughter, "Arise and get water for our guest." The maid arose, and, though dreadfully frightened of the darkness and the spirits that move in darkness, took the calabash and went to the spring. Ponga also rose, feigning anger and saying, "Let me find that deaf slave and his soul shall travel on the path to the realms of the dead." He followed the track the girl had taken, for he heard her singing to keep her heart brave and prevent the evil ones touching her. As she stooped to dip the water her lover stood at her side. She said, "Why did you come? I was going to bring water for you." He answered, "You are the water I am thirsty for." They then talked as lovers will till it was time to return to the *pa*, which they did singly, lest people should suspect their meeting. Puhi-huia's mother said, "How long you have been! Ponga must be dead with thirst. Take our guest the water." The girl did so, and Ponga drank, not from the cup, lest he should make it *tapu*, for he was a chief of rank, but he placed his hand cup-fashion below his lips and the maiden poured the water for him. After this the lovers eloped, pursued by angry kinsmen, but our "Young Lochinvar" bore off his bride in safety. The story of their flight and its result is one of the purest and sweetest tales ever told, though far too long to be repeated here.[4]

Another story relates how a *pa* at Taranaki was surrounded by enemies who were blockading it in the attempt to make their

enemies yield through thirst, for there was no water in the fort and many of the besieged were nearly dying. The old chief of the *pa* had a beautiful daughter named Raumahora ("Drooping Leaf") and her fame had reached the ears of Takarangi, a young noble in the attacking army, whose thoughts were continually on the maiden and what she must be suffering. The old warrior who commanded in the fort stood on the top of the defences and said, "Pray, send me some water," doubtless hoping that he had some distant relatives among the besiegers who would by the courtesies of war be allowed to carry some water to him. One filled a calabash for the old man, but it was knocked out of the kind hands by those of a harder-hearted comrade. Then Takarangi, arrayed in all his war-finery, went forward, thinking sorrowfully, "That dying old man is lovely Rau-mahora's father; alas, that she should die too!" The elder man cried out, "Is there no warrior among you with influence enough to dare to do what others forbid?" and Takarangi answered, "What dog dares to bite this arm of mine?" The tumult of anger grew calm as the young man glared around on his friends and followers, so, taking a calabash of water, Takarangi fearlessly mounted the hill and entered the fort, saying to its chief, "Lo, here is water for you and the young girl." Then he and the girl looked at each other tenderly and long. and he went over and seated himself by her side. The warriors said, "The lord Takarangi is a lover of war, but he loves Rau-mahora as

well." The father saw the glances interchanged and said to his daughter, "Would you be pleased to have this chief for your husband?" and the maiden answered, "That thought is mine also." So they became betrothed and the clouds of war melted away. The army of Takarangi came back no more, for the "greenstone door" of perpetual peace was set up between those tribes.

If a young man was so bold as to become an active suitor, he would by stolen and expressive glances try to tell Love's tale. If he thought he had encouragement, he would perhaps after some months of waiting manage to get close enough to his inamorata to give her a loving pinch. If she took the nip quietly all was well, but if she called out, "Oh, so and so has pinched me"—then there was trouble indeed and a chorus of angry voices of relatives.

"Love-letters" or the substitute for them were sent or dropped to each other by enamoured persons. The messages took the form of a knotted cord, consent being shown by untying the small knots. Another way was to drop or throw a loose slip-knot of flax, and if the person receiving it viewed the summons favourably the noose was pulled into a tight knot and returned, if the reverse the noose was unfastened and the straight cord dropped to the ground. A girl would seldom accept an untattooed man; to have a smooth unmarked face *(mokau)* was to have enormous odds against one in love-making. Sometimes a girl would test her lover's pluck by running

into all sorts of dangerous and forbidden places, even into a priest's house, to see if her suitor dared to follow. This was the solitary instance (a very graceful concession) in which the awful laws of *tapu* might be broken. Even if Corydon pursued his Phyllis into a temple or into the burial-ground or place (*wahitapu*) where remains of chiefs' food were thrown, the punishment of infringing *tapu* never fell on the bold lover. Of course among a people so saturated with fear of that dread institution the *tapu* and of the avenging power of easily-insulted gods, it needed a great deal of moral courage to do what would be to a European equivalent to getting up and dancing on the altar of a church. In fact there is no conception of sacrilege quite so overwhelming to one of us as the idea of wilfully breaking *tapu* would be to a Maori of olden times.

A characteristic story of the native way of regarding insult and at the same time of authority in regard to marriage is contained in the following anecdote. A chief named Papakura had a fair daughter, Komene, who was wooed by a young man of exalted birth and fine appearance but who had been made a prisoner of war and therefore a slave. The young man thought that his services to the tribe had wiped out his misfortune, and, having fallen helplessly in love, sent message after message by tokens to the girl. These tokens, however, missed their proper destination and fell into the father's hands. He, with grim humour, ordered a small stage to be erected on which cooked food was placed, and then as

the love-messages arrived they were one by one placed on the top of the cooked food. This action, conveying an insult the depth of which only a native could really appreciate, meant that the sender of the tokens was a slave, "a remnant left from the feast."

There was no marriage ceremony among the inferior classes; marriage was merely alluded to as a "dwelling-together," or "a sleeping-together." It was customary, if the marriage had not been arranged at the annual meeting, for a girl intending matrimony to call an assembly of her friends the night before her marriage, and, standing up, proclaim to them, "I am going to take a husband. So and So is his name." This was sufficient for the purpose.

Although in the middle ranks of life and in cases of regular betrothal parents arranged the matter when the parties concerned were young, yet when engagements were entered into at a more adult age the parents' consent was not so important as that of the bride's brothers and uncles. This was on account of land-transfer complications. An ancient and favourite way of marriage was to get up a war-party (or mimic war-party) and carry off the bride by force. There were so many relatives to be consulted, some of whom would be sure to feel aggrieved if their consent was not obtained, that abduction was easiest. There was often feigned abduction and feigned defence, but it was at times very hard on the girl. After a girl's relatives had consented and the match was arranged a suitor might appear, and, angry

with the now-completed disposition of affairs, endeavour to carry off the bride. Arms were often resorted to, and the unfortunate maiden would be severely mauled by the efforts of her abductors to take her away and of her friends to retain her. Not infrequently the death of the unfortunate girl has ensued from this pulling-match.

Elopement sometimes took place when a young couple, who despaired of getting the multitudinous consents of relatives, or overcoming the other obstacles to a formal marriage, would slip off together to some lonely spot in the forest or mountains, to set up a little home together for a few months till rancour died away, and they could find friendly messengers who would arrange for their safe return as married people. Perhaps some similar idea originated the custom of the "honeymoon" among our own people.

Whether the man had eloped with his wife or carried her off by force with the help of his comrades, he was sure to have a "plundering visit" (*muru*) from his friends before he was allowed to settle down. But this surprise-party was generally arranged for and a feast got ready for the entertainment of the visitors, who would depart laden with presents. It was the reverse of the European custom where the bride receives the presents. At ceremonial marriages presents of food, mats, etc., changed hands, but they were made by the parents of the bride to the parents of the bridegroom and *vice versa;* the bridegroom and bride received no presents.

An aristocratic marriage was accompanied by a great feast. As a general rule the house for the new couple was erected by the father of the bridegroom if the bride was to leave her own people to go to those of her intended husband. If, however, a chief had only high fighting-rank (not territory) and came to live with his wife, the bride's relatives built the new house for them. The relatives generally determined when the bridal feast was to take place, and in the meantime mats were woven, food collected, etc. At the wedding feast *(umu-kotore)* the bride appeared clothed in new mats and accompanied by her brothers and uncles. The priests uttered charms and incantations, particularly the spells called "nestling" *(ohaoha)* and "cleaving together" *(whaka-piri)* over the married couple, followed by long recitals of genealogies of both bride and bridegroom, and when the couple had been led to their new house the proceedings terminated. A curious little superstition was current which prevented the bride's sisters from attending the marriage-feast, as it was believed that if they did so they would either be childless after marriage or die old maids, fates they considered undesirable. Some women, however, were "old maids of honour" for they lived alone with retainers and servants because there was no one of birth sufficiently lofty to mate with them in marriage.

In regard to marriage there was sometimes modesty and self distrust even among the fierce and overbearing warriors of the Maori. It is said that one chief when suing for peace

The "table of affinities" in marriage was respected by Maoris, with whom incest was almost unknown and reckoned sinful. There is one mention of polyandry in a very ancient legend, viz, when Hina, the sister of Maui, became the wife of the two brothers Ihu-atamai and Ihu-wareware. Instances of a brother and sister living together as man and wife were extremely rare, and generally arose from the desire to keep lands belonging to the woman in the same line as that of the man. It only happened when the man's wife failed to give him issue and his sister would come as an extra wife. It was generally not a sister by both sides, not a daughter of the same father and mother, but a half-sister, or first cousin. A more frequent circumstance was for a man to marry two sisters.

It was a point of hospitality that when a strange chief of high rank paid a visit his entertainer should send a temporary wife or wives to his guests; generally his own daughter as a special honour. It was accounted a great insult for the guest to refuse their attentions and any young lady declining to render the courtesy was considered ill-bred and boorish. There is an amusing custom *(to-pae-pae)* spoken of in connection with this usage. If when a girl was sent to the guest's house she refused to speak to him or entertain him in any way the vexed visitor would fasten a log of wood to a rope and draw it along to the corners of the square *(marae)* in the centre of the village. At each corner he would call the log by the name of the annoying girl and flog the

log with a branch or lash prepared for the purpose. This answered to our "burning in effigy" and was intended to bring shame on the lady who had been guilty of such a breach of hospitality.

Chapter XV.

FORTS.—WEAPONS.—TOOLS.—MANA.

Forts.

A MAORI village of old days was, if of importance, always a *pa* or fortress, although small temporary abodes might be made among the cultivations on lower lands. The positions were generally chosen for strategic purposes, and combined, if possible, the command of surrounding country with impregnability of site. Of course the more commodious they were, with access to water and means of communication, the more they were favoured as homes, but security was the primal necessity. For the purposes of observation and of the power obtained in hand-to-hand combat by the defence being conducted from the higher ground they generally occupied the summit of hills, and they thus had the advantage of fine views, a fact not without æsthetic value to the Maori mind. Pure air and good drainage resulting from dwelling on the hills had no little effect in preserving the health and stimulating the energy of this freedom-loving people.

The Maoris were born military engineers and in their wars with the English showed by their rifle-pits and masterly system of entrenchments how quickly they could adapt their ideas to the necessities of modern fortifications, but in the ancient days such elaborate works of protection were unnecessary. They relied on natural defences, such as were afforded by steep cliffs, rapid rivers, deep swamps, etc., but supported these by artificial means for the erection or completion of which no labour was considered too great and much cleverness expended. The hill on which the *pa* stood was terraced, ditched, and palisaded. The outer ditch (*awamate*) was dug outside the principal palisade the posts of which, set closely together, were often of immense size and strength. The outer fence was composed of large trees firmly set; about every sixth post (*tukumaru*) was larger than the others and was carved into a grotesque human figure of a warrior (*kahia*), or the top was rudely shaped to resemble a man's head. A beautifully carved main entrance (*waha-roa*) occupied a position in the outer palisade. This outside fence was called *pekerangi* and was the fourth in a very large *pa*, but generally the third, the second being the *hukahuka*, and the inner the *kiritangata*. There was a ditch (*awakari* or *waikari*) between each row of palisading, the earth from ditches being used for embankments (*maiore*). The posts of the palisades were not only sunk deeply and firmly into the ground but were bound together by strong forest vines. Egress was made in war-time through small loop-holes in the outer

palisade and through sliding doors in the inner; such door being formed of a solid piece of wood, and was fastened with strong bars. Earthworks were sometimes thrown up within the *pa* itself, these serving not only to render the fort more difficult to take, even should the outer defences be passed, but also were of use to separate one sub-tribe from another and thus to prevent quarrels. Under the principal posts of the outer palisade the bodies of sacrificed slaves were buried at the time of the dedication or first occupation of the fort. Some of these forts *(pa)* were of immense extent. One of these known as Whaka-witi-ra in the Waiapu Valley, was a mile along its river-side fence. Te Uruhi, at Waikanae, was one mile in circumference, and another fort in the Pelorus Sound enclosed 12 or 15 acres.

There are very few examples to be found in New Zealand of fortifications other than this ditch and fence protection. A few walled *pa* existed in the South Island; one of immense extent, having three miles of defensive works. It is supposed to be the work of the Waitaha tribe, of which the proverb says, "Waitaha, swarming like ants." In the North Island, at Koru, about nine miles south of New Plymouth, there is a fort whose walls are built of rubble-work run up in places to the height of 15 feet; all the smaller outworks are faced with stone taken from the Oakura River. On the Great Barrier Island, near Auckland, are to be seen the remains of stone forts; the stones are set without mortar, and in the rockiest places are of large loose stones. In this locality, too, the

hill-slopes are terraced, and stone facings prevent the terraces from slipping, while all around are traces of old cultivation and settlement. The walls of enclosures are still standing straight and true, as if built by Europeans, but trees a foot in diameter are growing within the enclosures. Tree defences were seldom used, but one instance of such a fortress is in evidence. It was situated at Whaka-horo, near the present site of the town of Levin, about 30 miles north of Wellington. It was constructed in the tops of three fine trees of white pine (*kahikatea*: Podocarpus dacrydioides.) A platform, 50 feet from the ground, was laid upon beams resting in the forks of the trees, and on this platform houses were built within an encircling palisade. Upon the platform were kept piles of stones to be used as missiles, and stores of food and water were kept in the fort. The only approach was by ladders, which were hauled up on the approach of any enemy. Another unusual means of defence was to be found in the construction of artificial islands in lakes. An excellent example may be found in Lake Waiwiri (near Horowhenua, Wellington). This lake contains two islands, one natural, known as Papaitonga, and the other artificial. The former was fortified and held by about 800 people. The latter was made by driving piles into the bed of the lake. "Negroheads" were brought in immense quantities and cast between the piles till a mound level with the water was formed. Then from the kitchen-middens heaps of old mussel-shells, the refuse of past

generations, were put upon the tufts of negro-heads, and then many canoe loads of negro-heads and rubbish till the island took shape.

The villages were kept clean by sanitary laws of exceeding strictness, for they were of a religious (*tapu*) character. The common latrine *(paepae)* was in as secluded a spot as possible, and was hidden from view by devices of creeping plants, etc. Often the edge of a steep cliff was used for this purpose, with a horizontal spar solidly set, on which the person using it had to creep out, an arrangement of danger in a gale.

Mention should be made that among the defences of a *pa* were towers (*taumaihi*) used not only for purposes of observation but for active hostilities against a besieging force. On these towers large stones were kept, in order that they might be hurled on the attacking warriors.[1] In a sketch made many years ago the features of this kind of defence have been preserved, the drawing showing two wooden towers, one six and the other four stages high.[2] Some forts had stages (*puwhara*) like balconies overhanging the main palisade; from these missiles could be hurled down on an attacking party.

The number of forts to be found in New Zealand argues the occupation of the country by a very numerous population. From the top of Mount Eden, for instance, hills that have been terraced as *pa* are to be seen on every hand. Mr. S. Percy Smith gives the names of 25 forts near Auckland, each with at least 500 people, and Mount Eden with 3,000.

If we allow 15,500 population for these, it is, if anything, too few, for (counting out women, aged persons, young people and infants) not more than one-fifth would be fighting men; and 3,000 warriors were few to defend so many palisades and earthworks. No better idea of the number of *pa* could be obtained than by quoting the words of Mr. J. Cowan relative to different fighting stations on the small island of Mokoia in Lake Rotorua. He says: — "The several hilltops on the little island are crowned by the remains of old fortifications, relics of the days when might was right and the weakest tribe went to the wall and into the stomachs of the other fellows. At a spot called Paepaerau, a pretty little slope, overshadowed by groves of glossy green *karaka* and *wharangi* and *mahoe* trees, above the landing-place at the Maori village, there is to be seen a *tawa* tree, in whose trunk there is embedded, in a singular manner, the bones of a man, which were placed there some 70 years ago, since when the tree has quite encircled the bones. That Mokoia was thickly populated in past years is shown by a number of ancient *pa* and the cultivation-grounds at the foot of the hills. On the south-side of the tree-clad island stood Te Koutu village in olden times, and further eastward, toward the landing place, there stood, on a little hill now covered with *karaka* and *karamu* (coprosma trees), the *pa* known as Kaiweka, which overlooks the hot bath called Wai-kimihia, of romantic memory. Here it was that Tutanekai tootled on his little bone

flute to Hine-moa across the lake. Then on the steep eastern face of the island stood in former days a large *pa* known as Pukurahi, which extended over a considerable area, and the old terraces, ramparts and ditches of which are still visible. This *pa*, like the other forts on the island, was easily taken by Hongi, for there was, it is said, only one musket on the island at that time, whereas Hongi and his Ngapuhi marauders had over 300 guns. On the top of a wooded hill looking over to the eastern side of the lake there once stood another strong palisaded *pa* called Rangiahua, and close by on the hill tops were the ancient strongholds of Tokanui and Puke-maire. On the north-east side stand the ruins of an old *pa* known as Tarawera-manu, which was established by Uenuku, the great founder of the Ngati-Uenuku-kopako tribe. On the north side, on the top of a steep fern-clad hill, my veteran guide pointed out the site of the celebrated Arorangi *pa*, the earthworks of which are overgrown by fern and *tupakihi*. It is worth noting that this name, Arorangi, is one of the numerous place-names which the Maoris brought with them from their old homes in the South Sea Islands, for it is a name of a village on the Island of Rarotonga. The chief of this *pa* was also named Arorangi, and he was head of the Kawa-arero *hapu*, who were attacked and killed several centuries ago by Uenuku's warriors, when they were all *ngenge* (weary) with much watching and fighting. These fights arose over the killing of Uenuku's dog, and it will be thus seen that on this little islet

the people were sometimes at war with each other. The summit of the island is known as Te tihi-o-Tama-Whakaikai, and a steep rock face, called Taupiri, is a conspicuous object near the highest point. All the above-named strongholds were captured in 1823, when Hongi took the island, killed and ate about 700 of the defenders, and captured hundreds of slaves."

One of the few remains in New Zealand having archæological interest is that of the great earth-mound in the shape of a lizard formed on the banks of the river Waitio. It was many yards in length and represented the lizard in a wriggling attitude. The Maoris carefully kept its outline scoured clean of weeds and bushes, as the English keep their celebrated "White Horse." It was formed about 500 years ago, according to legend and genealogy, and was originally one of three, but two of these have disappeared.

In the South Island there are rude drawings in red and black on many of the overhanging rock shelters or shallow caves. They are said to have been executed by the Ngati-Mamoe tribe when taking refuge in these shelters from the hot pursuit of their enemies.

Weapons, Etc.

The native weapons *(rakau maori)* were primitive both in design and construction, but they were not only thoroughly adapted to the fighting genius of the race but were admirable in themselves whether we consider the simplicity of the materials used or the art often

lavished upon their ornamentation and finish. They were sometimes valued by a standard that civilised men, used to seeing arms turned out by the thousand through the agency of machinery, would consider absurdly over-rated, but when it is remembered that the very greatest care and industry were lavished on the construction of a single weapon, and that also a particular character of an almost spiritual nature was associated with it if it had often been used in victorious combat, it will be acknowledged that value may be an entirely individual consideration in respect to such articles.

The principal weapon of a Maori warrior was the spear *(tao)*. A short spear of from four to six feet in length was the almost invariable appurtenance of a chief when he "took his walks abroad" and consummate mastery of the weapon for guard and attack was one of the most important accomplishments. Although only made of a single piece of hard polished wood *(manuka* or *akeake)*, and little better than a pointed rod, it was a formidable weapon in accustomed hands. A celebrated chief named Te Wahanui is said to have combined such skill with the spear with an almost herculean strength that he would drive his weapon through man after man, tossing each of the victims back over his head to be finished off by his followers. These light spears were used with deadly effect if the opposing force broke and fled, for then a swift runner would overtake one after another of the flying enemy and with a stab so disable the fugitive as to render him an easy prey for those

coming after.[3] A short spear *(turuhi)* or assegai about six feet long having a flattened head of two and a half feet in length resembling a metal spear-head was used by the Urewera but was almost wholly confined to that tribe. Sometimes the short spear was used as a dart and thrown by the hand, but the Maoris never showed the proficiency in this exercise exhibited by the Australian blacks or other savages with whom the spear is a true missile weapon. A very long spear *(huata*: but this name was given to other kinds of spear) was sometimes used. It was from 12 to 14 feet long but even 40 feet in length has been reached by this weapon, which must not be confounded with the bird-spear although of almost similar construction. It was made by hewing down the bulk of a straight *manuka* tree to the requisite slender proportion and was cut beautifully true. Sometimes it was handled by two or three men together, who would thrust it through the palisades of a beleagured fort *(pa)* from inside and drive it through the bodies of some of the attacking party, transfixing two or three. This spear had a round knob *(purori)* and a plume of dog's hair on the butt end. Some spears of this *(huata)* kind had the heads barbed with the terrible lacerating spines *(hoto)* of the sting-ray, a weapon well known in the Pacific both as spear-head and dagger.[4] Another kind of spear *(kaniwha)* was barbed only on one side. The spear called *puraka* had three or four points like an eel-spear and was about eight feet in length. The *koikoi* was a spear about

seven feet long with a double point; this was also called *timata*. A short spear *(tete)*, the head of which would break off in a wound, was sometimes used in battle. This spear-head, like the tines of the *puraka* spear, was made of *mapara*, the resinous heart-wood of white pine *(kahikatea)*. A variety of this spear *(tete paraoa)* had a head formed from the bone of the sperm-whale. It was deeply barbed and the head was fixed as usual in the *tete*, so as to break off in the body of a wounded person. The digging stick *(ko)* and the chief's staff *(tokotoko)* were also used as arms.[5] A dagger (also *tete*) was a weapon of some tribes. This dagger was of bone, from about 10 inches to a foot long. The beautifully carved handle and rounded blade (like a stiletto) was in one piece. The blade was also carved and was deeply barbed backward towards the hilt. It was carried in a sheath *(pukoro)* made of closely woven flax. Sometimes one man carried several of these daggers in his waist-mat or girdle (*maro*).

The most beautiful of all Maori arms was the battledoor shaped weapon (*mere*), somewhat resembling a flat club, but which was not handled in the usual manner of a club. It varied from about 12 to 20 inches long, and was often of greenstone (jade or nephrite). A light thong (*tau*) was passed through a hole in the handle of the *mere* and looped round the holder's thumb. The blow generally given with the *mere* was a horizontal thrust straight from the shoulder at the temples of an enemy's forehead. If the body of the foeman was grasped

by the other hand the *mere* was driven up under the ribs or jaw; if the hair, the temple-blow was tried. Had the *mere* been used with the downward stroke a parrying blow might have splintered the edge and the labour of years be lost. The *mere* was usually carried in the belt and only used at very close quarters. It was highly valued, only as a rule used by chiefs, and some of these weapons had a long and romantic history. *Mere* of more common stone or of the bone of the whale were often to be seen. On occasions of solemn formality *mere* were exchanged by chiefs of opposite parties as a pledge of peace or amity.[6] One famous *mere*, the Pahikaure of the chief Te Heuheu, was supposed to have the power of becoming invisible to anyone but its rightful owner. This *mere* had been taken from an enemy ages ago, and had five times been buried with ancestors. A greenstone adze (*hohoupu* or *toki*) with a beautifully carved handle and decked with feathers was also borne by chiefs as a badge of authority.[7] The same name (*hohoupu*) is given to a sacred instrument only used in cutting out the heart from a human sacrifice. A bone or wooden weapon (*kotiate*), shaped somewhat like the *mere* but with lobed sides and broader, was sometimes used.[8] The shape of the *kokoti* or *patu* was somewhat like that of the *mere*, but it had only one side convex, the outline of the other resembling a billhook; if it had the convex side lobed or notched like a *kotiate* it was called *waha-ika*. A short stick (*karo*) was occasionally carried for parrying spear thrusts.[9]

The quarter-staff or sword (*taiaha* or *hani*) was made of heavy hard wood. It served also the purpose of a spear, had properly named points and guards,[10] and was essentially a chief's weapon of authority as well as of attack and defence. The most common length was about five and a half feet, but the *taiaha* always took the same pattern, the upper end being carved into the shape of a pointed tongue. Below the tongue and about four inches from the end was a circlet of the bright feathers of the parrot, and also little tufts of dog's hair.[11] If the *taiaha* had no carved tongue it received the name of *pou-whenua*. Another weapon of authority or direction was the battle-axe (*tewha-tewha* or *paiaka*) made of bone or hard wood. It was about four feet long, pointed at one end like a spear, and having at the other a head shaped somewhat like an axe. The blow was not directed to fall with what with us would be the edge of the axe, but contact was made with the part of the head that was straight with the handle, the head merely giving weight to the blow. A large bunch of feathers was fastened to the lower curve of the axe-head, and the weapon (if not used for thrusting with the point) was generally more a baton of office than anything else, the waving of the feathered sceptre being a point of direction or centre of inspiration for the chief's followers. It was sometimes used by the director (*hautu*) of the time kept in canoe paddling. Wooden swords (*ripi* or *patu-tuna*) have been excavated in New Zealand. They were without guards, and with blade and

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handle in one piece; shorter than the ordinary sword of an infantry officer. They probably belonged to the tribes dispossessed by the Maoris. Of clubs there are several varieties. One of wood, of a four-sided pattern was called *patuki*.[12] The club of greenstone was named *onewa*, and another of black stone *okewa* or *kurutai*. After the arrival of the Europeans long-handled tomahawks (*kakauroa*) and a short hatchet (*patiti*) became fashionable, but these are not true Maori weapons, the use of iron being formerly unknown.[13]

The chief cutting tool was a knife (*mira-tuatini* or *mata-tuatini*). It was made of wood and had inserted in the sides or edges the teeth of the Blue-shark (*Tuatini*: Carcharias brachyurus). The *mira-tuatini* was generally elaborately carved and its handle perforated to receive a thong.[14] Sometimes sharp flakes of obsidian (*matā*) were inserted instead of shark's teeth, but the weapon was then more generally known as *kautete* or *mata-kautete*, and resembled a sword more than a club.

It is difficult to find out if the bow was ever used as a war weapon by the Maori. It was well known as a plaything for children, and the word widely spread as the name for the bow in the South Seas (*fana* or *whana*) is also a Maori word. There are very few traditional references to it. The Urewera tribe state that fiery arrows (*pere*) were thrown among the houses of their enemies by means of the bow (*whana*). There is a legend to the effect that in a battle between the Ngati-whatua and the Ngati-maru in the Thames Valley,

bows and arrows were used. But it may be inferred from the absence of mention of such weapon in the oldest traditions that the bow was not in general use (if used at all) among the Maoris as a weapon of war.

For throwing spears to a distance the "throw-stick" (*kotaha* or *kopere*) was in favour in some districts. The "throw-stick" was a piece of wood from two to three feet in length, carved along its length and generally terminating in the shape of a clenched hand grasping a piece of cord. The arrow or spear (*pere*) was generally a rough piece of wood (*manuka*) deeply cut in behind the head so that it might break into a wound. A false head made of the wood of the tree-fern (*ponga*) sometimes was lashed to the shaft, this wood being poisonous inflicted a festering wound. The arrow was laid on the ground in the proper direction, with its head slightly raised on a piece of wood or stone. The cord of the throw-stick was then placed round the arrow in a half-turn, in such a way that when the throw-stick was jerked forward the line would run clear. A spear could be thrown quite 200 yards by means of this device, and sometimes a sheaf of such spears was thrown into an attacking party or an enemy's fort by two men, who, standing one on each side of the bundle would launch them forward by a synchronous effort.[15] It is doubtful if the sling proper was used generally by the Maoris, although it is described as having served the purpose of throwing red hot stones among the inflammable houses of an enemy's village. The Urewera

tribe used the ordinary sling, but they called it by the name (*kotaha*) usually bestowed on the throw-stick. Among other missile weapons may be mentioned a curious dagger of stone (*kotaha-kurutai*) which was cast by hand, and which had a cord attached, with which it might be recovered by the thrower.[16] The attached cord (*taura*) for recovering was also sometimes fixed to a curved weapon (*hoeroa*) shaped somewhat like the sword (*taiaha*) but chisel-pointed and having the natural bend of the whale-rib of which it was made.[17] Among the northern tribes the *hoeroa* was the cruel weapon used in the impalement of female prisoners. The Urewera hurled a staff (*reti*) double-pointed and barbed or notched at the sides. It was about three and a half feet long, and also recovered with a cord.[18]

Large wooden hooks (*matau-tangata*) each having a bone or stone barb were used as weapons. They were employed when it was desired to break up the solid form of an enemy's war-party. Three or four of the hooks were fastened to a rope and weighted with a stone at the end, then launched as one whirls and casts a fishing-line. Being suddenly jerked back a man or two was probably hooked and drawn out, this serving to break up the opponent's phalanx. A sharp stone (often flint) was tied to a cord and swung round before striking therewith. This was called *korepa*.

Sometimes, but rarely the old weapon of the Roman *Retiarius* was had recourse to by the Maori. The hand-net would be diverted from its use as a fishing apparatus and cast

over the head of a foeman, who, enmeshed in its folds, would fall an easy victim to the blows of the short club. On one occasion at least in traditional history the large seine fishing-net was brought into play for a similar purpose by the chief Maru-tuahu.[19] The war trumpet (*pu*, *putara*, *putatara*, *tatara*, *tetere*, *putetere*, *puhaureroa*, *pukaea*, etc.) was either made of wood or of the conch-shell (Triton variegatum). One form was a wooden trumpet with a conch-shell fixed at the end.[20] The long war-trumpet made of *totara* wood was used for sounding alarms in case of war. The South Island Maoris had a trumpet that was worked like a trombone. It was usually made of *tutu* or *mako* wood, but sometimes of bone. It was "packed" with scraped flax delicately whipped round the tubing in a tiny flat plait of six strands. The large war-drum or war-gong (*pahu*) was a log of *matai* wood struck with a wooden beater, and giving a deep resonant note that sounded to a great distance. It was suspended from posts set high within the *pa*, and the drummer mounted on a stage to strike it.[21]

The shield proper was unknown, but a substitute was often used consisting of a pad (*whakapuru-tao*) worn on the arm as a guard against spear thrusts. Sometimes a garment was wrapped round the arm (this was called *puapua*), or a mat (*pukupuku* or *puoru*) made for the special purpose, this being first wetted. A "tortoise" was sometimes formed when attacking an enemy's *pa* by making a sapping shield (*kahu-papa*) to cover the advances of the war-party.

Speaking of weapons generally, it may be said that they were viewed almost with reverence, and prayers were said over them before a fight. They had, so to speak, a personality, and could be insulted or reverenced as if a part of the owner. No cooked food might be brought near such an arm, unless as a means of destroying its efficacy, for to smear the point or edge of an enemy's weapon with cooked food was to render it innocuous, nay, to make it dangerous to its owner. The reason for this is more fully set out in the chapters on "Tapu," but there remains a particular quality of a weapon that was called its *mana*. The word *mana* itself has no English equivalent, but it may be best rendered in this connection as "prestige," that is, "influence derived from former achievements and from a confident expectation of future success." If to this be added a spiritual influence, a kind of awe tinctured with fear of the supernatural power that had endowed the weapon, some idea of the *mana* it possessed may be acquired. If it had been the favourite weapon of a renowned warrior it had probably gained *mana* through the number of lives it had taken. It could, however, acquire *mana* by long descent through the hands of celebrated men (even if not itself famous in battle) and from being considered an ancestral relic; this sort of *mana* being also shared by antique ornaments and other decorations of famous chiefs. Of such valued descent is the famous axe Te Awhiorangi. This, says the legend, was, when the gods lifted the heavens from the earth, the axe

with which The Props of Heaven were hewn and trimmed. Then through long generations of semi-celestial beings and dim ancestors it passed down to Turi, the chief of the Aotea canoe, who brought it to New Zealand from the Maori cradle-land, Hawaiki. Here again it passed through the hands of many generations, till it was lost, but was recovered again on the 10th December, 1887, its discovery being attended with thunder and lightning and other portents. Neither, however, the respect shown for a weapon because it has been the instrument of much bloodshed and victory nor that conferred by historical or legendary association can be compared with the depth of feeling exhibited towards certain weapons in which *mana* of a spiritual or divine character resided, such character being a species of "mediumship," or power of communication with the unseen world. Thus, the *taiaha* of Te Hinatoka was regarded as having magical or prophetic powers, and the tribe of Ngatiporou was accustomed to consult it before going into battle. After the necessary incantations had been recited the "fore-seeing" sign would be waited for. If the *taiaha* turned slowly over, then the omen was favourable, and success would follow; if it remained still the expedition was abandoned. This weapon had a fighting *mana* also; if used in single combat its wielder was invariably the victor. Matuakiore, a *taiaha* belonging to the Ngati-Maniopoto tribe, also gave omens, the principal of these being a flash from the feather circlet when the enwrapping mats were withdrawn, a

sign of life and success to the invokers; but if the feathers looked dull and sombre it was an omen of defeat.[22] The *mana* possessed by the *mere* of Te Heuheu has been above mentioned, and consisted in the weapon being invisible to any but the rightful owner.

Tools, Etc.

The most valuable of Maori tools was the stone axe (*toki*) in some shape or dimension, for with its aid trees were felled, or partially felled, and thus was commenced the clearing of forest for agriculture, the preparation of timber for canoes or habitations, and the carving or other adornment of the many utensils and adjuncts of social life. It seems difficult to define where the line should be drawn between a stone and the ruder form of axe, for the tool has low forms differing little from rough flakes of stone. Thence it rises through all degrees of excellence of workmanship and in every variety of lithic material, from the palœolithic to the neolithic stage, till it takes shape in the well-ground axe, truly proportioned and admirably adapted to its work.

The largest-sized axe (*toki titaha* or *toki whakapae*) was very heavy, even up to 14 lbs. or 15 lbs. weight, and was fastened to the end of a long pole, the axe-head being set with its longest axis straight with the pole, and the whole used as a battering ram. A ring was punched in this manner all round the tree, then another a few inches above it, and the

intermediate chips knocked out. The smaller axes *(panekeneke, toki-hangai,* and *patiti)* were generally set as adzes (*kapu*), the wooden handles being shaped so as to hold the stone-blade securely. The axe-head was firmly lashed to the handle round the *amai* or back part. It is said that Rupe, the brother of Maui, first taught the use of the stone axe (*ure* or *toki*), and his directions were to make the handle (*kakau*) in the shape of a man's leg and foot, the axe-head being fastened to the sole (*kapukapu*) of the wooden foot.

Long narrow axes were used as chisels (*whao*) or gouges, and, being lashed long-wise to a handle, were struck with a piece of wood as a mallet. Very small axes, especially those used for delicate carving, were sometimes held in the hand and were without a handle. Sometimes these were of jade, but are to be found in almost any kind of stone that would take a cutting-edge. The war-axe (*toki-hohoupu*) was borne by chiefs more as an emblem of authority than as a weapon.[28]

When a sharp cut had to be made, such as in trimming the hair, or in slashing the body (in sign of mourning), a flake of quartzite or obsidian (*tuhua*) was employed, as a stone tool could not be ground to an edge keen enough for the purpose. A mussel (*kuku*) shell or other bivalve shell was also used for a similar purpose on occasion. Both the obsidian and the shell were used as planes (*waru)* to scrape and polish a wooden surface.

A kind of stone file or saw (*kani*) for cutting stone and a whetstone or hone (*hoanga*)

were among the lesser Maori tools. Wooden wedges (*kahi*, *matakahi*, *ora*) were in use for splitting timber. The fern-pounder (*paoi*) was a small wooden club; the maul (*ta*) was useful for driving stakes.

The principal agricultural tool was the digging-stick (*ko*), this being a pole or shaft of hard wood from seven to ten feet in length, with a step or foot-rest (*hamaruru*) lashed on about a foot from the end that entered the ground, this end being pointed or with an edge at foot and sides. The *ko* was sometimes used as a weapon. It was held in both hands when used for digging with and forced into the ground with the left foot. The loosened earth was removed with spades (called by many different names, *rapa*, *kaheru*, *tihou*, *puka*, *tikoko*, *hapara*, *hoto*, etc.) or broken up smaller with a pick-axe (*keri-whenua* or *tima*), a hoe (*kara-one*), a weeding stick (*koko*), or a rake or a scratcher (*rakuraku*). A small thin tool used in prodding for fern-root was called *tokitoki*. The shell (*angatupa*) of a large bivalve (Vola lalicostata) was used for cutting across the runners of convolvulus roots used for food.

Mana.

I have mentioned the word *mana* in describing the powers, etc., supposed to reside in famous weapons, but the peculiar properties supposed to reside in *mana* have a far wider range than association with visible objects. In human beings it had really a religious basis, it was born with great chiefs as part of their god-inheritance, but—it could be lost. It

could also be greatly strengthened: it was not exactly success in battle, or acquisition of power and lands, or repute for wisdom, but the possession of these was a sign of the indwelling of *mana*. Its outward form might be what we vaguely call good luck, genius, reputation, etc., but it might also be recognisable in high courage, lofty social position, personal influence, etc., in fact the man possessing great *mana* was "the darling of the gods."

The owners of lofty *mana* were never very numerous, for in the nature of things it could not be common or its value would have weakened. Its highest powers lay in the region of the supernatural. For instance, it was related that when a certain chief, living a few years ago near Mount Ruapehu, led his men from their villages, whether for war or for a peaceful visit, thunder would peal out even from a cloudless sky. This was hereditary *mana*, for this chief's ancestors had likewise always been favoured with this proof of celestial relationship. So strongly was the belief accepted not only by the tribe but by the chief himself that on the occasion of a great meeting of the clans over a piece of disputed land, he dared the opposing party to move out with him and his followers to the place, and offered to relinquish his claim if the portent did not follow his action. Incidentally, I may remark that his challenge was accepted, and a heavy thunderstorm was the result! "Now," said the triumphant chief to his drenched and downcast opponents, "who dares to deny my *mana* over this land?"[24]

Mana was shown when a man undertook to do an unusual and almost impossible thing and yet succeeded. If, after a course of happy issues, defeat should follow, it was because some religious observance had been disregarded. It was not always necessary to be of noble birth to possess *mana*; the child of a slave could by great daring, influence and good fortune rise to be a dreaded chief or noted councillor. Some of the records of the courage, strength and ferocity of these *mana*-possessing (*whai-mana*) warriors almost exceed belief.

Chiefs possessing *mana* were very jealous of their dignity and would often brood over some tiny slight (perhaps unintentional slight) till they could repay the fancied injury with bloodshed. This was the reason that war was so frequent, and, when one considers the innumerable points of etiquette to be observed and the often fiery nature of the persons concerned, wonder no longer arises that fighting was almost a second nature to the Maori.

If a chief went to visit some friends and they desired to do him honour, probably they would set out to try and catch fish, snare birds, etc., to feast him. If their efforts were unsuccessful, the fish not to be caught, the birds not to be snared or speared, then it must be that the chief's *mana* had preceded him and his fame had banished the weaker creatures.

Lands and localities were supposed to possess *mana* of their own, as well as men, weapons, etc. This influence when it pertained to land was on account of the spirits

of famous men remaining on guard over them. If a man descended from, or related to one of these ancestors was in danger, he would feel much more security if he could reach such enchanted or sacred ground, feeling that in some miraculous way he would obtain succour. Efforts would be made when a fight was impending to force the battle over into such a locality so as to obtain the "tribal luck" (*mana*) of the place. Curious superstitions were also connected with these haunted or hallowed localities. Thus, any party of armed men having to pass across the Rangipo Desert, would carefully keep their eyes turned away from Mount Tongariro, lest the sight of that charmed volcano might bring up a snow-storm and blind their path.

When a chief took up unexplored or unappropriated land, the *mana* of the land became his. When he had divided such portions as he thought right among his people the *mana* of each piece went to its owner, and to the chief was left only the *mana (mana rahi)* of the unappropriated portion. That is to say the whole tribe possessed the *mana* of their tribal lands, but their highest chief had most as an individual.

Chapter XVI.

WAR (including War Omens and Murder, Preserved Human Heads).

War, War Omens and Murder.

AR was the only pastime that in his heart of hearts the Maori truly loved. Over and over in his boyhood he had heard the descriptions of battles in which every detail had been discussed, he was taught by precept and example every valuable means and variety of fortification, every rule of leadership, every disposal of force, every stimulant to success in battle. The usual provocations to war were curses (sometimes uttered almost without serious intention), quarrels as to boundaries, squabbles about women, and revenge taken for murders. Sometimes even the elopement of a girl to her lover has provoked bloodshed through the girl's tribe trying to recover her by force. One chief induced his tribe to go to war and take revenge on the relations of his wife because he suspected her of having in secret better food than she supplied to him. As a reverse cause of

quarrel to this it is recorded that Rauparaha noticing at a feast that his principal wife had no savoury portion allotted as her share, remarked, "A war-party shall go and kill some of the Waikato people as a savoury morsel to eat with that portion of food." Men have been killed in payment for a dog destroyed by another tribe. A terrible and bloody war took place on the East Coast through a musical insult, or what was regarded as one, for the chief Pakanui considered that the notes of a trumpet that was nightly sounded in a *pa* at Waikawa conveyed a curse against him. Calling together his men he attacked the *pa* and was twice repulsed, then he sent out for his warlike relatives and allied tribes, whose combined forces overpowered the defenders and almost exterminated them. Now and then war arose from the curious idea called "putting your own people in the wrong." A chief would perhaps feel himself insulted or vexed at some speech or act of a kinsman senior to himself in rank or birth. Unable to attack directly his too powerful adversary he would go out and kill some member of a strong tribe dwelling near, knowing that his kinsmen would have to support him in his quarrel and would probably, if not defeated, lose heavily.

An example of this is related of Huka, a sub-chief of the Ngati-Whaka-ue, a branch of the Arawa tribe. He became angry with his own people because he thought he had been badly treated by them not only about a woman but in a division of property. Huka said, "I cannot kill all my relatives, but I can bring

war on them." He did so by killing Hunga, the cousin of Te Waharoa, a very powerful lord. The Arawa, of course, covered their own man and were rewarded by having one of their best forts at Maketu attacked and taken by Te Waharoa and one of their sub-tribes almost exterminated. This mode of revenge was known as *whakamomore*, literally "making bare" or "stripping-off-branches." Another form of it was when one member of a tribe had killed another of consequence, say a younger brother had murdered an elder brother. A man of a neighbouring tribe would be killed as "satisfaction" *(utu)*, even though the destruction of the offending tribe by powerful neighbours would result. To avenge death by bloodshed was called *huki toto*, because some of the blood (*toto*) of the slain man was scraped up (*huki*) and carried on a stick to a priest for purposes of witchcraft.

Sometimes war arose just from the sheer lust of fighting, sometimes from what looked almost like a wantonness, but there is scarcely an incident that could be availed of, or an excuse to be conceived that has not been made at some time a pretext for warlike quarrel.

There appears at first no universal rule as to the virulence or ferocity with which war was waged or the defeated party punished, but as a general guide the idea will not lead us far astray that directs us to expect in accounts of campaigns mild measures when war was carried on against relatives or family connections, and "war to the knife" against strangers or descendants of another people. There were

tribes in New Zealand which almost certainly were in possession of the land (whether as aborigines or descendants of a prior migration) at the time the Maoris from Hawaiki arrived about five centuries ago. When at later periods quarrels arose, the savage fighting and the annihilation of the losing tribe showed how a racial animus existed petween the immigrant families and "the men of the land" (*tangata whenua*). On the contrary if two branches of an immigrant tribe quarrelled, a little bloodshed, a few deaths, a balancing of accounts as to injuries received, and all was well again. This statement is, of course, only a general one, and so, liable to exceptions, but it may be taken as a key to much of the warlike history of the natives.

If war was decided on, messages were generally sent to all relatives and friendly tribes to put them on the alert and to give them the opportunity of joining forces. There were different methods of sending out "the fiery cross"—sometimes by a direct messenger, sometimes (in doubtful cases) by an ambiguous symbol that would give the parties sent to a chance of expressing opinion without too direct a refusal. Now and then a terrible message was sent out by the despatch of baskets of human flesh. After a battle bodies of the slain were cut up, "boned" and packed into baskets carried by swift messengers to tribes of allies to invite them to join forces.[1] The body of Hunga was cut up and the pieces sent throughout the Arawa tribes (in 1836). The heart of Tama-i-hara-nui was cut into pieces and sent

out to the allies of Rauparaha so late as A.D. 1830. If murder was the cause of war and the name of the assassin was unknown to the tribe to which he belonged that tribe sent out a small war party to find a victim. The party *(taua)* slew the first person they met, young or old, woman or man, belonging to the tribe under suspicion. If no one was met the first day the party would return to their own village. First, however, they would exercise a species of divination to find out those who were to fall in the approaching war. Some little swamp-birds *(matata)* were caught and torn to pieces. The blood was carefully saved as an offering to the gods. Each warrior in the party would secure a fern-stalk and tie a limb of the swamp-bird to it. The priest of the war-party would run along the line uttering an incantation, all the fern-sticks being lifted and lowered in time to certain rhythmical exclamations occurring in the incantations. If any fern-stalk failed to fall in exact time its holder would be informed that his fate in the ensuing war was certain death, if he went. Probably he withdrew from that expedition. The party, returning, on arrival at their village was obliged to fast until midnight. They remained sometimes two or three months before taking further action.

Sometimes the resolve for war was hidden in the heart of the principal chief till he considered the time for action ripe. Then he would make a carved wooden image, and, having assembled his people round it, he would call the image by the name of the chief of the enemy and strike the head of the effigy

with his weapon. Whatever the motive of the war, when once decided on the resolution was conveyed to the people generally by blowing the large war trumpet *(pukaea)* or beating the war gong *(pahu)*. The dance of defiance *(whaka-toamoa)* would be gone through, to express derision and contempt for the enemy. Then commenced the ceremonials. One of these was the rite (*tira*) whereby the wickedness of the warriors was to be wiped away and all their sins and evil thoughts cleanly purged. The priest took off his clothes, and, putting on his sacred girdle, went to the holy spring of water. By the side of the spring he made two mounds, and in each mound placed a wooden rod made from a twig of *karamu* shrub. One of these rods was called "the Wand of Life," and the mound was called "Altar of Heaven." The other rod was "the Wand of Death," and was set on the mound named "the great Hill of the Earth." By the incantations of the priest the sins of the warriors were absorbed into "the Wand of Death," after which proceeding the priest put on his war-girdle and performed spells to weaken the courage and powers of the enemy. At this time the "control" or god (*atua*) of the priest would reveal to him the men who would fall in the coming war if they were to go. He would see their spirits hovering over the Wand of Death (*tira mate*). Another ceremony was the presentation of sacred offerings to the god Kahukura in the Mua in the presence of all the people. The image of the god was decked with mats, and prayers repeated, after which

the mats were taken off and the people dispersed. Those who were to form the war-party assembled at night round the god, and the priest elevated the image with the mats and offerings in the midst of the party. Raw heart-fronds *(pitau)* of tree-fern were offered to the god, and then the same substance cooked. The ceremonies lasted till daybreak, when a fire was lighted and on it fern-root was cooked as a thank-offering (*taumaha*). This offering was held to the nose of each warrior to smell, and then it was given to one of the elders to eat. Again on the following morning a sacred fire, kindled by friction, was lighted, and the food cooked in the oven was first offered to Mua, as representing the gods, and then eaten by the oldest priest. All the people assembled, and the *tapu* on them was raised by means of incantations. Other ceremonies, tedious to detail, also took place, such as casting the *niu* rods and the solemn cutting of hair of the warriors with obsidian knives, while the priests chanted the pedigrees of the tribal chiefs.

Each tribe had a particular prayer (*kawa*) used before setting out to war. Nga-Puhi tribe, which inhabits the country about Bay of Islands, had a peculiar ceremony for this occasion. They propitiated the spirits inhabiting the sacred places of their land in the following manner. The war-party assembled, all standing naked except for the waist-girdle (*maro*). The chief of each sub-tribe rose in turn and cut off a lock of hair from the crown of his head; taking the hair in his right hand

he turned his glance towards "the mountains of prayer" (*maunga-hirihiri*) of his tribe, repeating one by one the names of those holy places and casting a part of the hair to each as he named it. The reason for this was that the incantation thus uttered brought to the assistance of the suppliant the spirits of the dead persons buried in those localities, and they strengthened him in the fight. Sometimes before starting to a fight the warriors would jump through a fiercely burning fire (*ahi mahitihiti* or *ahi rerere*), as it was held that those warriors most daring in leaping through the flames would be foremost in battle.

When the fighting men actually setting out had assembled, they proceeded to the nearest running stream, and the senior priest, dipping a branch of *karamu* shrub into the water, sprinkled the warriors, dedicating them to Tu the god of war.[2] This was the "baptism of war" *(tohi taua)* at which no woman or boy was allowed to be present. Should the branch break when the priest was sprinkling a man with it this would presage to that man certain death if he went, so he remained behind. After this every member of the war-party (*taua*) would be highly sacred and would continue so until set free by the cleansing ceremony used on the return home. There was one exception to this strict *tapu*, viz, in a relaxation of the rule as to a chief cooking food or carrying cooked food, because women (except in our own times) were not allowed to accompany a *taua* or cook for them. The cooked food, however, might not be passed across the front of a

warrior; it might not be carried by the right hand (the weapon hand) nor on the right side, nor on the back. Above all it had to be kept from touching or being very near the weapon made sacred for war. A priest on a war-party had to carry his food in a basket in his left hand, and when eating he had to loosen his belt and lay his weapon aside lest in raising the food to his mouth it should pass over the weapon and work an evil omen *(aitua)* or misfortune. Nor could another person eat of the food a priest had carried.

The veteran warriors before starting would each repeat an incantation over his weapon to render it and its owner invincible. The prayers *(ki-tao* or *reo-tao)* said over weapons were family secrets not communicated to outsiders.

Probably, by this time, the hills of the enemy were blazing with beacon fires or waving torches that awakened the watchfulness of their own people and put their allies on the alert. If a large war-party entered the enemy's country the warriors composing it would build houses, fortify a camp, place sentries *(putaanga)*, bring in supplies, and try to coax the men of the land out from their defences. They often adopted the *kaikape* style of advance, i.e., with scouts (*tutei*) and an advanced guard, or placed bodies of men in ambush, and pretended to retreat (*takiri*) so as to draw the enemy on, using their picked men in the rearguard, and acted thus until the chief gave the word "turn back," then they would turn and rush on the enemy. A small *taua* would act differently:

they would leave their homes stealthily, lest some relative of the enemy, living among them should send a warning. They would plant ambushes (*haupapa* or *pehipehi*), cutting off stragglers in the dusk of the evening or morning. An attack would often be made on a settlement just before dawn. The usual number of men preferred by the Maoris for a *taua* was 140 men (*hokowhitu*; "ten sevens twice told") this being handy to move while too large a number became unwieldy. Sometimes it was "one hundred and seventy twice told," for three hundred and forty would about represent the relatives and immediate followers of a chief whose opinions and feelings they probably shared. When there were large war parties they were of course composed of several sub-tribes (*hapu*), and some slight or umbrage was sure to be experienced by the leader of one of these sub-tribes. As an instance of this may be related the story of Paeko whose allies had plenty of food on the morning of the battle, but they did not offer to share it with hungry friends—a rare circumstance. When the enemy charged Paeko raised his spear on high as a signal to his followers and stepped aside from the fight, his men of course doing the same. When his niggardly allies called to him to come to his assistance, he replied with a speech that has since become a proverb, "When there is fighting you call Paeko, when there was eating you did not call him." He allowed his greedy friends to be soundly thrashed before he went to their assistance.

It was a rule almost without exception that a man who crossed the path of a war-party must be slain at once. The technical phrase was "A flying-fish crossing the bows of the canoe." It meant not only death to that person, but it was a good omen for the success of the *taua*, and if he was spared misfortune was sure to follow. If the man who had crossed the path of the party had a relative in the *taua* that man would claim the privilege of bestowing the coup-de-grace. If there was no relative present any of the warriors might slay him. If the relative should be such a base representative of Maori feeling as to spare the life of the victim, then the war-party had to return home at once and be mocked by the women and those who had remained at home. In one of the rare instances when this custom was not complied with lurks an amusing example of Maori pride. A war-party invading the Wairarapa district met a young man who was the son of a powerful chief of their own tribe. He had been on a visit to a distant relative when he was so unfortunate as to be thus seized and devoted as an offering to the war-god. The priest-leader of the expedition was a friend of the young man's father, and, greatly to the annoyance of the warriors, allowed a smart blow on the head of the victim to be (metaphorically) considered a death-blow, so the priest proclaimed him dead. When, however, the young man returned to his father, the indignant parent exclaimed, "What! Is my son a man of no consequence that he was not considered worthy

of being killed!" Then the angry old man himself raised a war-party and attacked the other body of troops that had dared to insult him by granting life to his son; sad to say, he was himself slain and his fiery sense of honour satisfied.

The priest that on every occasion accompanied a war-party (generally there was more than one) was always on the look-out for omens, and ready to augur good or bad fortune from multitudinous appearances or circumstances. He cast the *niu* rods, or interpreted the "jerkings" (*takiri*) of the limbs or body of a sleeping man, or saw a blowfly cross the road (a sign of defeat), or perceived a bird sitting on the right or left hand. If a shooting star travelled towards the enemy's country the omen was favourable, and the reverse an appalling portent. An eclipse of the moon foretold the fall of the enemy's fortress. In the next section will be found a list of the good and bad war-omens. If a priest thought his party likely to be affected by weakness or nervousness he would grasp a high branch with both hands and hanging by them stretch out his legs. Between his extended legs the war-party would pass. Or a priestess (*tapairu*, in this case called *ruahine*) of high rank would step over any person so afflicted. The priest had by incantations to cleanse this man, as he would be *tapu* on account of a woman having stepped over him.

Before a strong *pa* was actually attacked by assault a curious ceremony was performed on the part of the besiegers. The priest made

a long narrow mound of heaped-up soil with a stick set into the ground at one end and another laid along the top of the mound. A similar mound was made and named for each sub-tribe or division of the war party. The priest, turning his back to the mounds repeated an incantation and on again looking towards the small hillocks affected to divine by the appearance of the sticks (supposed to have been moved by the gods) which of these sub-tribes should bear off the palm of honour. This ceremony had nothing to do with the divination known as "the oracle of the dead." Often a very terrible rite was performed, viz, the offering up of a victim precious to the sacrificers. It is the old classical story of Agamemnon offering his daughter Iphigenia, transplanted to another clime. The Maori chief Kaharau, in order to determine the issue of the siege of his fort, killed his son, and, cutting him open, offered up his heart to the gods. The omens appeared favourable, so the besieged made a sally and defeated the enemy with great slaughter. In one instance recorded, a chief attacking an enemy's fort offered up his son as sacrifice and burnt the heart of the victim in a fire kindled outside the *pa*. The smoke drifted across the *pa*, and it was interpreted as a sign that the *pa* would be taken. Sometimes a chief was selected as a sacrifice or even offered himself to propitiate the gods, as the chief Tangarengare was slain to bring victory at Punakauia. In other cases an apteryx *(kiwi)* took the place of the human victim, half being offered to the great Earth-

mother *(Papanui)* and half to the other gods. When Kaiapoi *pa* was besieged the omens all showed that the fortress must fall. The warriors within, girded with their war-belts and weapon in hand, sung their war songs, but some of them used the wrong words, an evil omen. Then they had a sham-fight and some of the warriors held their weapons wrongly, another bad sign. Then the elders recited genealogies of ancestors and made mistakes in doing so, a terribly disastrous omen. The spirits of the defenders were overwhelmed with these signs of coming defeat and they mourned aloud, the priest saying, "This is the day of death." It is needless to say that the *pa* was taken. Sometimes the priest of a besieging party would mark out a small space on the ground to represent the enemy's *pa*. Then he named a stick for each of his sub-tribes and threw the sticks at the supposed *pa*; the way they fell determined the augury. Much attention was paid by the expedition to the dreams of the fighting chief or the principal priest, especially on the night before an engagement. As an instance of this we may note the dream of a Taranaki chief who beheld himself in his sleep standing as a watcher for his party and looking towards the edge of the forest saw a flock of paroquets *(kakariki*: Platycercus N.Z.) fly from the shelter of the forest towards him, in a threatening and menacing manner. Turning away from them towards the sea he saw an immense shoal of fish swimming towards him. On awaking he considered the dream as a warning, and it was interpreted to mean that

he would be attacked in front from the forest by a party of the enemy, and from the rear by another, so he made his tactical dispositions accordingly. The event justified the prediction; he was attacked as expected, but his preparations had ensured victory for his men. At the fall of Kaiapoi *pa* (north of Christchurch) the assailants had piled brushwood and fern against the defences of strong posts and palisading, intending to set them on fire, so their priests prayed incessantly for a south wind which would be favourable to them. Within the fort the priests of the besieged were praying as fervently to the same gods of war that the south winds might be prevented from blowing. We have seen similar performances among people who consider themselves far more civilised than the Maoris.

It is an omen of war if a star is seen near to the concave side of the crescent moon, and if on the convex side it is a sign that a *pa* about to be attacked will be taken. Hence the proverb "A star to bite the moon is an omen of battle." If the planet Venus is near the moon and above it when a foe is being besieged, the foe will take the *pa*, if below the defenders will triumph. Many of the war-omens not already mentioned were as follows:

GOOD.—(1.) If summer lightning was playing around the peaks of the hills and flashed horizontally towards the lands of other tribes.

(2.) If the priest saw in a dream his god (*Atua*) flying through space covered with blood.

(3.) If, when there came news of an enemy's war-party about to attack, the tidings were received with calmness and deliberation.

(4.) If, when the war-party was sitting down, it was called to by the chief and all the warriors sprang up as one man.

(5.) If the war god *(Maru)* appeared in the sky behind the war-party. Maru appeared in a red glow.

(6.) If a young warrior on killing his first man at once took the garment of the slain person to the priest it was a lucky presage for the youngster's future battles.

(7.) If the day of attack was misty. The mist was the brains of slaughtered enemies. A shower of rain falling on a war-party on the march was a good omen.

(8.) If the priest had a dream that he saw a lot of dead bodies on the ground.

Of course when an omen is called evil it means good for the opposite side, so the evil was not unmixed.

BAD.—(1.) A false turn of the challenging spear when thrown, or if the challenger after throwing turned to the left instead of to the right, or looked back at the enemy.

(2.) If a war-party did not rise as one man at the word of command.

(3.) If a war-party, or a chief of it, was suddenly afflicted with hot parched throats.

(4.) If a war-party hearing that the enemy were about to attack them should get flurried and run about.

(5.) If a warrior yawned—a sign of cowardice.

(6.) If before setting out the chiefs wrangled and argued.

(7.) If a glow of red light *(papakura)* like that of sunset but darker was seen in rainy or damp weather in valleys; if it extended towards a fort or village it was an evil omen for the people of that place.

(8.) If a war-party disregarded the sight of a cloak spread out across their path. This had been done by a wizard-priest of the enemy to defeat them.

(9.) If an inferior chief usurped the position of the leader.

(10.) If the war-god Maru was seen in front of a *taua*; the war-party had to turn back.

(11.) If the war-party ate standing.

(12.) If a warrior sneezed when eating it was a sign that he would fall in battle and would be cooked and eaten by the evening.

(13.) If when cooking had taken place in a native oven the woven band (*koronae*) of leaves used to line the ovens had not been torn to pieces before the party started afresh.

(14.) If on opening an oven of cooked food a lizard should be found with the food around him raw and the rest cooked.

(15.) If the ceremony of "offering the scalps" (*whangai-hau*) of slain enemies had been neglected.

(16.) If feathers were tied in a bunch and waved, then, if any feathers fell, a man of the party would fall for each feather.

(17.) If a sound was heard like running or bubbling water with notes of the human voice in it.

(18.) If a sound was heard at night like a procession of women and children passing in the air, singing and talking.

(19.) If a warrior passed in front of a priest, or neglected his directions, or took any of his property.

(20.) If summer lightning was seen playing among the mountain peaks, the flashes being vertical.

(21.) If after a fight the warriors camped on or even lingered long on the battle field.

(22.) If a man did not keep time in the war-dance, or if his leaps in that dance were not so high as those of the other dancers.

(23.) If in a battle the victor spared the life of the first of the enemy vanquished by him. His courage and sight would be destroyed as he

would be attacked by the god Tu-the-dim-sighted. (The remedy was to get a female *ariki* to step over the stricken one's body.)

(24.) A twitching *(io)* anywhere between a sleeper's chest and elbow on the left side foretold defeat of the *taua* or that some should fall in an ambuscade.

(25.) The *io* on the shoulder betokened that the enemy would pass at some distance.

(26.) The *io* on the thigh showed that the enemy would leave without attacking.

(27.) The *io* on the chest near the heart presaged death, murder, or war.

(28.) If a *taua* was attacking a *pa* and the priest made a kite to divine with, if the kite flew in a lop-sided manner.

(29.) If the string of the said kite should chance to be held in the left hand. A "messenger" was sent up the kite-string and then the string was let go.

(30.) If the said released kite caught in the palisading of the enemy's *pa*, dread and weakness would fall on the men of the *pa*. At this kite-flying no food was allowed to be eaten or cooked previously; so it was commenced before dawn.

The people who were left behind in the tribal villages were supposed to be *tapu* and to eat no food while the war-party was away, but this rule could not be carried out in cases of the protracted absence of the fighting men and so food was partaken of but in a restricted and ceremonial manner. The women had an anxious time while the men were away on a war-expedition. Watching for omens and signs which should tell them the fate of their husbands and lovers, the fearful hours passed. If an owl hooted in the day-time it presaged disaster; anxiously its cry was listened to, because, if its calls sounded seven times in

succession it meant certain defeat. So also when a tame *tui* bird talked at night it was a sound to cause trembling to the hearer.

Every tribe, and even some sub-tribes, had a peculiar "slogan" or war cry. The war-belt was worn by the principal fighting-men in battle, and they also used the dog-skin war-cloak and the mat-shield (*pukupuku* or *pauku*); the inferiors fought naked, but all wore garments when not actually in conflict. The war-belts were only put on just before conflict commenced. The senior priest accompanying a war-party selected the camping ground at the end of each day's march by driving his staff (*turupou*) into the ground. Sometimes this staff was made a rallying standard round which the tribe would conquer or die.

If a very strong position had to be taken it was encircled by a stockade and a regular siege instituted. On some occasions the sapping shield (*kahupapa*) was advanced, being pushed by 20 men. It was not used to cover a sapping trench but to screen the attacking party so as to enable them to get close up and destroy the palisades. The encircling army would also erect a high tower outside the walls of a fort as a post of observation, and corresponding to the towers or balconies (*taumaihi* or *puwhara*) inside the fort, but the latter were also used as defences from which stones could be hurled.

Fierce warriors as the Maoris were, they often exhibited courtly generosity that was almost chivalrous. When a fort was attacked it was not unusual for a message to be sent

through some neutral person warning the defenders to get ready. It was only in cases of bitter blood-feud that surprises were undertaken, or if the attacking force was much inferior in number to the other side. The rules of war which allowed a certain kind of truce in the fighting to take place now and then seem very curious to European ideas. If a fort was surrounded and besieged, or rather blockaded so as to make the defenders yield at last to hunger or thirst, it was no uncommon thing for members of the attacking party to pay visits to the beleaguered camp, where their lives were quite safe, as a rule. This probably arose from the inextricably mixed relationships which keeping one's pedigree along several lines of descent necessarily produces, and which caused a warrior who was perhaps a first cousin of the chief of his own side to count himself a second or tenth removed cousin of the chief of the enemy. Such a person was called a *taharua*, a "both sides." This phase of Maori warfare was amusingly exemplified in a siege where the Ngati-ira people were being reduced to extremity by thirst. Their relatives in the attacking force thereupon paid calls upon the besieged, and this they did after first soaking their heavy flax garments in water. Of course they were not allowed to carry water in calabashes, but on arrival in the *pa* they wrung the water out of their clothes for the thirst-stricken people, while others chewed the loose fringes of the wetted clothes. At last, however, the besiegers stopped these proceedings and put a guard

ATARAITI, ROTORUA.

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over the water and soon after the besieged were defeated half-dead with thirst. The battle is always alluded to in tradition as "The death in the days of the wetted garments."

Sometimes this generosity, which yielded so much to the claims, however remote, of family affection, was shown also in magnanimity of personal conduct to an enemy. A robber chieftain named Moko fixed his abode in a cave near the Waipara (Canterbury Province), and from this as a centre he levied a tribute upon all travelling parties. At that time there was considerable inter-tribal trade in that locality in dried fish, preserved birds, mats, etc. Moko was not particular in adding murder to robbery, but most of his victims were slaves and their deaths not of much importance. At last the brigand, unfortunately for himself, killed a near relation of the chief Tu-te-waimate living near Rakaia river. Tu had been gradually getting more and more angry at the loss of property he had sustained through Moko, but this last annoyance aggravated him beyond bearing. He summoned a host of warriors to his side "so that the dust they raised was like the smoke of a great fire on the plains," and marched for Moko's stronghold. When he arrived near the cave he pushed on to the place with only a few chosen warriors. He found that the vagabonds who formed Moko's retinue were away, but the chief bandit was asleep in the cave. Tu quietly entered the cave and found his foe sleeping, unconscious of the probable fate near

at hand. Scorning to strike a sleeping enemy, Tu called out loudly to Moko to awake, reciting his own name and titles. Moko, however, having his short spear hidden by his side gave a swift upward stab, and pierced the heart of his generous antagonist.

A similar instance of forbearance is related of another South Island chief, Te Rangi-tamau of Ngai-tahu. His wife and children had been taken prisoners by a war-party. With deep silent vows of vengeance the bereaved chief stole into the camp of the foeman at night. Creeping up to the house occupied by the captor-chief, the avenger saw within the doorway his wife sitting with her back towards him. He stepped inside and touching her gently on the shoulder motioned her to silence and to follow him. Arrived outside he learnt from the woman that she and the children had been well treated. He then returned into the house and, placing his dog-skin mat across the knees of his sleeping enemy, withdrew. When the woman thought that enough time had elapsed to allow her husband to be in safety, she woke the sleeper and said, "Your life was in the hands of my lord, and he has given it to you." The anger of the awakened warrior was chiefly directed against his men who had watched so carelessly over his safety, and soon afterwards peace was made between him and his large-hearted antagonist.

At the time (circum 1820) when the Nga-puhi made their raid on Tauranga they attacked the *pa* at Otumoetai. During the heat of an unusually warm summer day when both parties

were resting and taking siesta, Te Waru, the chief of the besieged *pa*, went and sat down under some trees near the beach and near the enemy. One of the attacking party, unaware of the presence of a foe, came and lay down in the shade and was immediately pounced upon by Te Waru, disarmed, bound, and driven up towards the *pa*. When they had nearly arrived at the fort, the victor unloosed the bonds of his captive, gave him back his weapons and said, "Serve me in the same way." The offer was at once accepted and the positions reversed. There was great excitement in the Ngaphui camp when one of their number was seen bringing in the chief of the enemy, and a crowd surrounded the two men. Everyone wanted to be first to strike the renowned prisoner and to secure the honour of the death-blow, but he was shielded by his captor who striking right and left among his friends cried, "Hear how I got him, and then kill him if you like." He related in a frank and manly way the story which showed in what a generous manner he himself had been treated, and the rage of the Ngapuhi melted into a feeling of intense admiration of Te Waru. The captive was unbound and his arms restored with words of praise and sympathy for courage so great and magnanimity so lofty. He was invited to make peace, a thing he anxiously desired, and a treaty was concluded, the Ngapuhi returning to the Bay of Islands.

These examples, however, stand out in marked contrast to the ferocity and bloodshed that marked not only the ordinary battle-field,

but the subsequent massacre and sacrifice of life. No better mode of acquiring an idea of conflict between native forces can surpass that of relating a few episodes of Maori warfare.

A battle that is deservedly celebrated took place at the Okauia *pa* in the Tauranga district. It was attacked by the Ngati-Haua tribe in overwhelming numbers. Two young chiefs holding minor commands volunteered to keep the outworks of the fort and to die at their posts if necessary on condition that in no case was he who held the outer line of defence to receive help, while those who held the second line were to be succoured only at the last extremity. When the attacking Ngati-Haua charged to the assault they were met with the desperate defence of men who had devoted themselves to death and who sought only to slay as many as possible before being slain themselves. The storming party at last passed over the bodies of the brave first line, their numbers having prevailed, but they found a resistance almost equally desperate at the second line. It was not until the chief of this second formation was killed and most of his force slain also that the besiegers broke into the inner *pa* exhausted by their efforts, only to meet the terrible down-hill rush of the picked men of the fort who to the number of 70 (the favourite Maori war-number) had been kept in reserve "straining at the leash." The 70 in a close-linked phalanx broke through the ranks of the storming party, and the chief of the *pa* drove straight through his foemen till he reached the leader of the "forlorn hope"

whom he struck dead with a blow. Disorganised and exhausted the Ngati-Haua fled in utter panic and in the rout that ensued an immense number of their men were slain; so many indeed that years passed away before the tribe was once more fit for war.

A characteristic conflict took place at Waipiro in the East Coast District, between the chief Pakanui and the tribe of Ngati-Ruanuku. He obeyed the orders he had received from his elders by taking his war-party in canoes to the fighting *pa* of his enemies, but so inadequate were his forces that he (against all war-custom) took the women and children with him, pretending they were only a party of peaceful travellers. They were hospitably received and remained some time, but Pakanui could find no means of making an open attack without courting inevitable defeat. After racking his brains for a long time he at last decided on a course of action. He ordered each of his men to make a small hand-net such as was used for catching small fish along the shore, and when his command had been carried out he distributed his followers along the shore, fishing diligently in the little channels among the rocks. Many of these little channels had been made artificially, and each, whether of natural formation or not, belonged to some individual in the neighboring *pa*. The owners of the fishing-rights by no means relished this invasion of their properties by strangers and soon a party arrived, each man with a hand net, and their chief at their head. Pakanui had appropriated the peculiar channel

of the chief of the enemy who walked up to him and said, "Where am I to fish?" Pakanui drew his net out of the water and answered, "Fish here," and he stood beside his foeman as he fished. The same thing occurred all along the line, until each man of Ngati-Ruanuku had a man of the visitors party next to him while the waves washed over his feet. Suddenly a signal was given and at the same moment every man of the invaders threw his net over the head of a foeman and drawing a *mere* (attached to his foot under water) killed him instantly. In this manner 100 fighting men of the *pa* were disposed of and such terror instilled into the others that further success was comparatively easy to Pakanui and his followers. The battle was called "Two fish in one net."

Maori battles often received curious and distinctive names. A fight was named "Brains in the sea-foam," because the brains of men were there mingled with the froth of the sea. Others were "The Flashing Lightning," "The Day of Two Sunsets," "Food of the Sea Gulls," etc. Almost all were either poetical or forcefully descriptive.

Good generalship, as well as fighting courage was often shown. A striking example was the capture of Maunganui *pa*, at the mouth of Tauranga Harbour, by Kotorerua. It was an immense and almost impregnable mountain-fort covering about 100 acres of ground, with strong fortifications, and rising to the height of hundreds of feet above the sea. It was defended by a large body of men under the

chief Kinonui, but it had one tiny point of weakness, a narrow pass that if occupied by a handful of men would baffle an army, but which if undefended was the key to the position. Kotorerua determined to send a number of very valuable presents to the men of the *pa*, and he chose a dark and stormy evening for their delivery, knowing that the receivers would spend the greater part of that night in examining the presents and discussing the motives of the senders. In the meantime the invader had despatched the bulk of his forces in their canoes to reach the important pass by midnight, but it had to encounter great risk in the passage of the breaking sea on a rocky coast during storm and darkness. Moreover their lives and that of their friends depended upon their reaching their position and occupying it at the critical moment; but they set out in obedience to orders. Kotorerua, with 100 of his men, having concealed weapons, presented himself at dusk with 100 baskets of the most precious kind of red ochre (*houru*), an exceedingly valuable present. He explained that they had been delayed by their efforts to prevent the ochre from getting wet, an excuse that was well received, and, as it was getting too dark for the ceremonies (necessary on presentation) to be performed, the baskets were stacked for the night. This was fortunate, as they only contained soil with a little red ochre on the top. The distinguished men of the *pa* took the visitors to the large meeting house where speeches were made for several hours, while Kotorerua was in a fever of

suspense and anxiety. His own men one by one withdrew on the pretence of being tired and desirous of sleep, but they slipped down to the beach and cut the lashings of the topsides of all the canoes, that none of their foes might escape by water. They then returned to the outside of the meeting-house and waited for their chief, who at last saw his chance, and slipping outside the door closed and fastened it. One of his men handed him a torch which was lighted and applied to the adjacent roofs. As the columns of flame rose in the air a torrent of warriors came rushing down the hill-side at sight of the signal-flame and over-powered the scared and flying inhabitants of the *pa*. The attack was entirely successful, but it was only owing to the foresight of the leader and that mastery of his subordinate officers which marks the born general in every race of men.

I can give no better illustration of the personal ferocity and disregard of death that animated the Maori warriors of olden time, than by relating the story of the slaying of Ngatokowaru who was a chief of Ngati-Huia, a branch of the Ngati-Raukawa. He became a noted fighter, and his fame went through the whole land. He waged war for a long time against Putuanga-anga the father of the great chief Te Wherowhero and was always victorious. At last, however, his good fortune deserted him. Near Te Waotu (Waikato) his war-party was almost entirely destroyed and he himself after a desperate fight was taken prisoner. His captors took him from Te Rape-o-huia, the name of

the scene of conflict, to their own *pa*, intending to kill and eat the renowned chief. They prepared a *hangi* (oven) and were coming forward to kill him as he lay bound, hand and foot, on the ground when the prisoner uttered a request to see their chief Putuangaanga. The message was taken to Putu, who said that he would like to look upon his redoubtable adversary before the execution. Under his mat the prisoner had managed, by almost superhuman exertions, to get one hand free, but he lay quietly awaiting his victor's approach. Putu came forward, and the other made a sign with his head that he would like to salute him by the pressure of noses *(hongi)*. Almost all the great chiefs and well-born men of New Zealand, thanks to their long and well-remembered pedigrees, claimed some relationship with each other. Putu came forward and stooped down saying, "This much for a kinsman's sake," bending over the face of the other. Ngatokowaru drew his hand from under his mat and with a lightning-like stroke drove a *tete* (a long bone dagger) that had been concealed in his waist-belt, into the throat of Putu, twisting and driving it home again and again. As he did so he cried out,

"There is the dagger of Ngatokowaru,
It will be heard of, it will be remembered by posterity,
Its fame will live for ever!"
("*Tena te tete o Ngatokowaru,*
Tena e rangona! Tae atu ki nga whakatupuranga,
Tuku iho ki nga uri.")

Te Putu fell back, with his assailant on top of him. Fifty or a hundred men had been

standing around, but the incident had occurred like a flash. They stabbed the killer through and through with spears, they broke his limbs with clubs, but he kept his hold till he was torn apart from his victim. With a last effort of strength the dying man took a handful of his enemy's blood and smeared it on his own body. Thus his corpse became *tapu* (for was not the sacred blood of their own chief on it ?) and his enemies dared not eat of a thing so made holy. Therefore they treated the body with great respect and buried it in their own place of rest at Maungatautari. The Ngatiraukawa, to which tribe Ngatokowaru belonged were always famous as users of the dagger.[3]

The first man killed in a fight was called "The fish of Tiki" (*te ika a Tiki*) but more generally "The first fish" (*mataika*). It was always an honour to slay the first person in a battle, but if the slayer did so, and then got back to his own party unwounded, he was looked on as the hero of the occasion. Glory was gained also by killing the second person (*tapiri* or *mata-tohunga*) and the third (*tatao*) but not so much praise was won as for the "first fish." The last persons killed in a battle were called "the froth" (*huka*) and it was considered lucky to have assisted at their death. The heart of the "first fish" was cut out and set upon a post, but afterwards kept for the priest-chief of the tribe to eat ceremonially *(tautane)*; the hair and ears were reserved for the "cleansing of blood" rite when the warriors returned to their homes. The body of the second person killed could only be eaten

by the priest of the war party. The eyes of the slain were now and then carried off to be given as food to the relatives of fallen warriors on the victorious side.

If a chief was wounded and unable to fly or could fight no longer, it consisted with his honour to take his death bravely, even smilingly, and (as an extremely well-bred man) to offer his own weapon for the occasion. Of course this need not be done except at the last extremity and in the spirit with which a French noble met death jauntily at the guillotine in the days of the Terror. There are hundreds of instances in Maori history where, when further fighting was useless, the Last Enemy was faced in an absolutely unconquerable spirit and when the warrior, girt with foes, fought to the last gasp, remembering the proverb of his people, "Die fighting, like a shark!" *(Kia mate a Ururoa!)* When a chief had killed an important person he would take the slain man's scalp or a tuft of his hair as a prize, so as to identify the body afterwards and claim the honour due to him, but also to use the scalp in religious ceremony *(whangai-hau)*. If the claim to the honour of killing the person was disputed, the case was referred to the principal priest, who laid the matter before the gods in the following manner:—The claimants were taken to a running stream and "sprinkled" or baptised with many incantations. Then, being led back to the war party, they were stood at about three yards' distance from a forked stick planted in the ground by the priest. The claimants stood side by side

and each held two fern-stalks to which hair of the deceased was attached. The priest took the fern-stalks and cast them at the forked stick, he repeating a charm the while. If one of the fern-stalks stuck in the fork the verdict was given in favour of its owner.

After the battle, began that terrible and revolting episode the cannibal feast. It is unfortunately impossible to pass it over without notice, for Maori history is too full of allusion and incident connected with the practice for me to quite avoid mention and description of some of its horrors. There is (except one childish story)[4] no account of its origin, but as the custom is said to have been in vogue in heaven among the gods, it is probable that it arose in inconceivably ancient times and was brought to New Zealand by immigrant tribes. Inferentially we know that almost all nations once indulged in this horrible practice, the forefathers of the European peoples as well as others, although the survivals of the habit have changed their character and are innocent enough. Nevertheless it is only fair to the Maoris to say that an ancient legend asserts that when in old days their ancestors lived in the island of Waerota, where there were large animals, there was no man-eating.

The prisoners taken in the fight were slain in cold blood, except those reserved for slavery, a mark of still greater contempt than being killed for food. Sometimes after the battle a few of the defeated were thrust alive into large food-baskets and thus degraded for ever. As a general rule, however, they were slain for the

oven. In days near our own it is recorded that the chief Te Wherowhero ordered 250 prisoners of the Taranaki people to be brought to him for slaughter. He sat on the ground and the prisoners were brought one by one to receive the blow of the chief's *mere*, a weapon till lately in possession of his son Matu-taera, the late Maori "king." After he had killed the 250 he said, "I am tired. Let the rest live," and the remainder passed into slavery. How numerous sometimes these war-captives were may be judged by the fact that when Hongi returned from his raid on the southern tribes in 1821 he brought back 2,000 prisoners to the Bay of Islands. One of the latest cannibal feasts of consequence was held at Ohariu near Wellington at the close of Te Rauparaha's exploits, when 150 of the Muaupoko tribe went to the ovens. In the year 1836, when the Maoris overcame the gentle Morioris of the Chatham Islands, not only did they keep the captives penned up like live-stock waiting to be killed and eaten, but it is said that one of the leading chiefs of the invaders would order a meal of six children at once to be cooked to regale his friends. I was shown a part of the beach at Waitangi Harbour (Rekohu, Chatham Islands) on which the bodies of eighty Moriori women were laid side by side, each with an impaling stake driven into the abdomen. It is difficult for one not accustomed to savage warfare to note how shockingly callous and heartless this desecration of the human body made the actors in those terrible scenes. A Maori relating an account of an expedition

said incidentally, "On the way I was speaking to a red-haired girl who had just been caught out in the open. We were then just at the eastern side of Maunga Whau (Mount Eden, Auckland). My companions remained with the girl whilst I went on to see the man of Waikato who had been killed. . . . . As we came back I saw the head of the red-haired girl lying in the fern by the side of the track, and, further on, we overtook one of the Waihou men carrying a back-load of the flesh, which he was taking to our camp to cook for food; the arms of the girl were round his neck, whilst the body was on his back." If one can mentally picture this scene with the man striding along carrying the headless disembowled trunk of the naked girl, enough of this kind of horror will have been evoked.

The flesh of warriors killed in battle, "the fishes of Tu," that is victims of the war-god, was "food extremely prohibited" *(kai tapu whakaharahara)* to all women with the exception of the priestess in the *ruahine* ceremony. Some men refused to partake of it, or of human flesh however procured, and certain families declined altogether to eat or touch it. Of such families was that of Papahurihia of the Ngapuhi tribe, a race of sacred wizards who considered that such food would destroy their magical powers.

When the bodies could not all be eaten some of the flesh was stripped from the bones and dried in the sun, being hung on stages for that purpose. The flesh was then gathered into baskets and oil was poured over it, the oil

being rendered down from the bodies; this was done to prevent it spoiling from damp. Sometimes the flesh was potted into calabashes as birds were potted. The bones were broken up and burnt in the fire. The body of a chief might be flayed and the skin dried for covering hoops or boxes. The heads of the inferior chiefs were smashed about and burnt, but those of the great men were preserved by smoking. Sometimes the bones were broken and knocked like nails into the posts of the storehouses—a great indignity. Bones were also taken away to be made into fish-hooks or as barbs for bird spears or eel spears. Or "the hands were dried with the fingers bent in towards the palm, and the wrists were tied to a pole which was stuck into the ground and baskets containing the remains of a meal were hung upon these fingers." Some of the Ngapuhi tribe were treated in this way by the Waikatos early in this century. "The hands were fastened to the walls of a house with the wrists upward and fingers turned up as hooks. The hands had been roasted until the outer skin had come off. The palms were quite white inside." If the deceased had been a great chief care was taken to degrade every part of the skeleton. The thigh bones were made into flutes or cut into sections that would be worked into rings *(poria)* for the legs of captive parrots. From other bones would be made pins *(aurei)* for holding the dress-mats together, or needles for sewing dog-skin mats. The skull might even be used as a water vessel for carrying water in for wetting the ovens. But chiefs

heads were carried back to be erected on posts so that they might be taunted, or fixed on the corner sticks of a loom to be mocked by a woman as she sat weaving. In fact no method of showing contempt, especially of defiling the remains of the defeated by associating them with "food," was spared.

Sometimes the heart of the vanquished was roasted for ceremonial purposes. When Kaiapoi *pa* was attacked by the forces of Rauparaha, the heart of Uru a chief of the defending party was cut out and roasted in a fire, while all the attacking warriors stood round in a ring. The priests chanted and the warriors stretched out their arms towards the heart while it was cooking. When the priests ended their chant the warriors took up the song, while the senior priest tore off a portion of the heart and threw it into the enemy's *pa* to weaken the defenders. The heart of the victim of sacrifice was not always eaten for war-purposes; sometimes it was devoured for other reasons. Thus Uenuku ate the heart of his wife Takarita who had committed adultery. The heart of the human sacrifice was eaten in the house-building ceremony, also at the tattooing of the lips of a chief's daughter, and at the felling of a tree used for a great chief's canoe; at the conclusion of the mourning of a chief's widow; and the heart was cut out and pretended to be eaten when the University (*Wharekura*) students were "passed."

Ordinary revenge or payment (*utu*) for a wrong was less intense than *uto*. If a vendetta

had been going on for generations, then when a victim was secured his eyes were eaten by the *ariki* as *uto*.

The rite of the thanksgiving sacrifice was often gone through directly after a battle, but a form of it sometimes after the return home. Each warrior of the victorious party would pull a lock of hair from a corpse or take the whole scalp, and these locks or scalps were put into the girdle. They then assembled in ranks three deep to celebrate the ceremony of "feeding (with the) Hau" (*Whangai-hau*). A description of the Hau is to be found elsewhere. Each warrior gave the priests a portion of hair, and this was bound on two small twigs of a sacred shrub (*koromiko*). The priests raised these twigs, one in each hand, and the warriors raised their hands, also bearing similar twigs, but without the hair. With raised hands they remained while the priest uttered the proper incantation calling down blessings from the gods upon the tribe. Then all cast away their twigs and joined in a war-song. Then they clapped their hands together and slapped their thighs, and the ceremony ended.* This

*The following account is related as fact by the natives, but must be taken for what it is worth. When the above-mentioned thanksgiving ceremony (*Whangai-hau*) was performed after return home, a piece of the scalp or a lock of hair of the slain was brought in as an offering, and fed to the god who was supposed to dwell in a canoe-shaped box (*waka*), the top of which was fastened with a lid. This box was made of *totara* or *manuka* bark and looked like a box for feathers (*waka-huia*), but was bound round with vines. The binding of the box was unfastened and the lock of hair placed at the end of it.

rite was supposed to cleanse them from the blood they had shed, temporarily that is, they had to be finally "cleansed" when they reached their homes. Mention has been made above of scalps being taken; sometimes these scalps were preserved to be shaken in the dance *(pioi)* when scalps or heads had to be waved as a peculiar accompaniment, and sometimes to brandish in the dance *(pihe)* celebrated over the bodies of the slain. The grand mats on which great lords sat were made of the scalps of slain enemies, and on these mats their elder children were begotten, or spread beneath the mother in the hour of parturition.

When the war-party, bearing, if victorious, the dried heads of their enemies, returned to their homes, there were many and important ceremonies to be observed. The first, the "Turning round" ceremony (*Whaka-tahuri-huri*), took place on the tribal boundary line.

The god then emerged, in appearance like an earthworm, and, after twisting the hair, took it inside. It was probably only the spirit or immaterial part (*hau*) of the hair which was devoured. Another mode of "feeding the Hau" was by the priest sitting down with legs extended in front of him and with his body covered over with a thick mat made of *toi* (Cordyline indivisa). The god or spirit, called the *weu* or *hau*, residing in the hair was held by the priest under the mat. A human arm or leg being placed between the priest's leg the *weu* drew the limbs beneath the mat and was heard crunching the bones. When the mat was removed all trace of the limb had disappeared. Properly such a description does not belong to war matters and should be considered under the head of priestly deception and sleight of hand tricks by wizards, but as the *whangai-hau* was a war-ceremony it has been inserted here.

A small hole was dug for the reception of each head and the head was placed in the hole. The warriors then turned towards the country of the foe and executed a dance of defiance. The priests would each take one of the heads from its hole and then all started singing a song in which the heads of the slain were taunted and told to look back for the last time at their own country. With each leap of the fighting men into the air in the song-dance the priests would raise the heads and shake them towards the enemy's lands. This was a challenge to the defeated party, and the holes where the heads had been placed were suffered to remain as a memento of the occasion.

When the war-party arrived at some spot just outside their home the warriors were met by the priestesses, posturing in a "dance of derision" (*whaka-tama*) and singing "Whence have ye come, great travellers of the War-god?" And were answered by the *taua*, that they were followers of Tu the war-god and had come from taking vengeance.[5] Then the chorus of priestesses replied chanting that they might come and rest in peace since they had made tranquility for themselves. All the people who had remained at home appeared, shouting welcomes and waving garments, but the warriors could not yet mingle with them as they were not properly cleansed from the blood *tapu*, so had to go through the rite of "making common" (*whaka-noa*). They went to the stream and sat down naked in ranks looking towards the water. A naked priest took a round pebble from the stream and offered it together

with some fern-root and a piece of human flesh to the god Tiki. The warriors then gave portions of the locks of hair of the slain to their own priests, who gave the hair to the principal priest who offered it to the war god Tu with many prayers. The High Priestess (*Wahine Ariki*) was given the ear of the first man killed (*mataika*) in the war to eat; this was the only occasion when a woman might touch human flesh. An oven was made in which hearts of the slain were roasted, and after a portion had been offered to Tu the flesh was eaten by the priest-chief (*Ariki*). Then the fighting men formed up for the war-dance, bearing fern-stalks in their hands to which was tied hair of their victims, and started off to the village leaping into the air while the priests shouted spells (*karakia*) that finally removed the blood-curse and left them "common" (*noa*). This war-dance changed to the death-song and wail (*tangi*) for those who had fallen, the women joining in the lamentations and gashing themselves with flints or shells.

A simpler form of "making common" (*whaka noa*) was at times indulged in by certain tribes, perhaps less orthodox, or perhaps of different descent to the Maoris claiming to be sprung from the Hawaiki migration. It was carried out as follows:—A sacred fire was kindled by a priest of consequence when only he and some old women of rank were present; no one else was allowed to approach. It was considered dangerous for any woman but one past child-bearing to play this part, as the incantation to be recited would be dangerous

to an unborn infant. On the sacred fire the priest roasted a sweet-potato (*kumara*) and then gave it to the woman who ate it. This removed the *tapu* from the war-party and transferred it to the woman for a time. If this rite was neglected the eyes of the warriors would grow dim and their hearts become the hearts of cowards the next time they faced an enemy.

Even when the war-party had been made "common" it would have been considered an insult to Tu if any questions were asked as to the success of the war or the fate of individuals until cooking had proceeded and a meal been eaten. Then, the most eloquent man of the war-party arose unasked, and made an oration in which he unfolded the proceedings of the war, detailed the deaths of the fallen and the acts of valour of his friends. Feasting followed with wailing for dead warriors. The returned chiefs each gave his first-born son a small piece of human flesh of the enemy to make the boy successful in future fights, the rest was thrown away as it was *tapu* food and could not be eaten without defilement by anyone who was *noa*. A terrible slaughter of prisoners by the wives of chiefs who had fallen in the late war now and then took place, often with circumstances of great cruelty. If the bodies of slain friends were brought in the scalp-dance *(pihe)* was performed over them. (See Burial.)

When a lasting peace was made it was called "The Door of Jade" (*Tatau-Pounamu*), and this greenstone door was supposed to be closed between the combatants for ever. The

term was particularly used as the reverse of the "false peace" (*maunga-rongo whakapatipati*) sometimes made the vehicle of treachery.

It has been mentioned that one of the causes of war was murder, but murder as understood by a European was not thus defined in the mind of the Maori. With the latter mere killing in cold blood was not looked upon as murder. Sometimes such killing was the mode of carrying out revenge for an insult offered to the forefathers of the slayer; the memory of an insult or defeat to be avenged was handed down through several generations as a vendetta. A woman whose husband had been killed might dedicate a son, even before his birth, to the great purpose of his future life, viz, that of obtaining revenge for his father. If one man was insulted by another so that blood was to be shed, the aggrieved person would go out and kill someone; he was not particular about killing the offender, so long as he slew some relative or connection of his, even one of the tribe might serve on occasion. Killing was sometimes done without any such incentive. A chief, if out for a stroll, using his spear as a walking staff, might for good reason or without any good revealed reason, run the spear through the body of some person (especially some strange person) that he chanced to meet. It was not a serious matter; the fellow was a fool to get killed. Neither in this case, nor in any of the above cases, would such killing be looked on as "murder" (*kohuru*). If, however, he should, instead of spearing the wanderer on sight, invite him to his house,

give him food and tell him to sleep in peace, and then slay him, that would be murder, and murder to be terribly atoned for. The treacherous stealthy murder of a member of another tribe would be a thing that had to be dealt with sternly and vigorously by that tribe, without fear of consequences or consideration of persons. Sometimes there was wholesale murder attended with circumstances that made it not a "killing" but a *kohuru*. Of such was the massacre of 200 men, women, and children of the Ngati-Paoa by the Ngati-Haua at Maungakawa when the massacred people were living quietly under the protection and with the friendship of the great chief Te Waharoa. There was a distinct "murder" always noted as such in the "false peace" made by Hongi when by its treacherous aid he took the Totara *pa* at the Thames. If during a friendly or ceremonial visit there was a sudden outburst of fray, followed by bloodshed from guests towards their hosts this was looked on as murder, but was excused if prompted by some instant recollection of an ancient wrong. Again, in circumstances where food had been accepted, killing a guest was sometimes not counted murder. Thus, a South Island chief named Te Whare Rakau gave shelter to a fugitive who with his wife and family were in sore straits. The strangers received food and sleeping accommodation, but, apparently demoralised by fear and afraid to trust anyone, they slipped away and disappeared in the night. The chief was terribly angry with them and with himself. He said, "Have I trusted this

man and given him an opportunity of killing me in my sleep, only to be treated thus?" So he followed the fugitive and speared him, although the man was a distant relative of his own. He would be held justified by native feeling; the deed was not a *kohuru*.

A curious custom for the purpose of repairing defeat in war was that of "causing men to grow." This would be observed when a tribe had some great object in view requiring a large body of men to carry it out, or when it had lost a great number of fighting men. Solemnly would both sexes devote themselves to the work of increasing their numbers. The girls would be informed that their usual liberty of love-making would be suspended and that they would have to become the wives of warriors, even if they had to share their husband's affections with other wives. This patient nursing of the tribe by breeding warriors sometimes continued through several generations that an overwhelming force might be ready when the psychologic moment arrived. An example may be found in the "nursing" of the Ngatai tribe in the fervid hope of being able to occupy Tunapahore, and defy their old opponents, the Whanau-Apanui; and another in the retreat of the Ngati-kuri to the Panguru Mountains.[6]

As a sub-branch of war, duelling deserves a word of comment. Single combats often took place between chiefs of opposing forces, when one leader or celebrated warrior would step forward and challenge another; but besides this kind of fighting there would be, within

the tribe itself, individual "affairs of honour." In almost every case the cause was the Eternal Feminine, generally the light conduct of a wife. The injured husband would, with a party of his friends, armed with light spears (*timata*), visit the offender, who probably had his party of friends ready also. A discussion would arise as to whether compensation was to be offered or the matter pass to the stage of single combat. Land was grudged to be yielded as compensation, but canoes, mats, etc., would be willingly parted with. If arrangements could not be made a duel was arranged. The rules differed with different tribes, but generally matters proceeded as follows:—The wrongdoer crouched down with one knee on the ground and with his spear held vertically. The aggrieved man thrust at the other's breast, and if the lunge was parried made a second and third, but if the three thrusts were warded off the kneeling warrior would spring to his feet and fight on equal terms. As soon as one was wounded the duel was over, but if either of the combatants received fatal injury one of his relatives would claim "satisfaction," and a general *mêlee* ensue. The best illustration of such duelling is to be found in the account of one which actually took place at Ohinemutu, Lake Rotorua. Utu, a middle-aged chief, had eloped with the wife of Tua, one of his neighbours, and when tired of his new toy resolved to go home again, but was not allowed to rest without a challenge from the deserted husband. Utu came to the ground with a friend named Ana as his second,

while Tua with four other friends soon followed. Ana was not supposed to fight, but Tua's four friends were all relatives of his or of his wife's, and therefore they, too, considered themselves injured and claimed the right to satisfaction. They, the friends of Tua, had the choice of weapons, and selected spears. Utu sat down on the sand, armed with a short warding-stick *(karo)*, with which to turn aside a spear-thrust, but this stick had been charmed by the priest with very potent spells. Each of the four advanced in turn and hurled his spear at Utu, who managed to ward them all off. This exhausted their right to attack. They might have gone close enough to thrust, but took care not to do so, as, if they thrust and failed, Utu would have a right of retaliation. Tua was terribly exasperated by the clumsiness of his friends and went off into a mad dance of frenzied defiance, brandishing his weapon, then rushed upon the unsuspecting and innocent Ana and struck him a fatal blow. Thus, as somebody had been hurt, honour was satisfied, and the survivors became good friends. Tua had a brother who refrained from his right of throwing a spear at Utu, and in recognition of this forbearance Utu satisfied him by the gift of a small piece of land overlooking the lake.

Preserved Human Heads.

It has been incidentally mentioned that the heads of men fallen in battle were preserved and dried. Generally these heads were

those of enemies, but under certain circumstances the custom was extended to the mortal remains of friends.

The process of preservation was as follows: The head being separated from the body, the inner portions such as the tongue, brain, eyes, etc., were extracted; the interior was then stuffed with dressed flax, and the skin of the neck drawn together like the mouth of a purse. A couple of long hairs were passed through the upper eyelids and the lids drawn down thereby, the hairs being tied together under the chin. This was done lest anyone should be bewitched by looking into the empty eye-sockets. The lips were generally fastened together with stitches, but not always. The heads were then steamed, sometimes in the ordinary earth-oven, but at times another process was followed. The skull was well wrapped in green leaves and spiked on to a stick set in a shallow hole. Into this hole hot stones were placed and constantly renewed from others heating in a fire burning close by. A man, whose duty it was to move the stones and attend to the fire, basted the heads with oil to keep them from charring with the heat. When the heads had thus been prepared, either by steaming or roasting, they were exposed alternately to the rays of the sun and to the smoke of a wood fire; this not only tending to preserve them as we preserve smoked fish, but also delivering them from the attacks of insects. When the head was considered ready it received its toilet, the hair being oiled and fastened up into a knot, sometimes with

feathers, albatross feathers for preference. If the process was properly performed, the features suffered so little that recognition of the personality of the deceased was easy.[7]

The preserved heads of enemies were commonly exposed on the palisading of forts, the tops of houses, or on poles by the wayside, where they could be taunted by the passing visitors. In this way, the head of Raumati, the destroyer of the "Arawa" canoe, was set upon a post at Tauranga. Sometimes a woman would place the head of a dead enemy on the loom-post of her weaving frame that she might mock it in the intervals of work.

It must be remembered that an insult offered to the chief of a tribe was an insult to all his followers, and therefore the contempt expended on such a trophy as a chief's head was extended to the tribe itself. It sometimes happened that if a famous man fell within the lines of his own party, so that the persons who had killed him could not obtain his head, they would demand it from the dead man's followers. If the idea was entertained it was a confession of defeat, if not the head would be preserved and taken home to be sent round to relatives and allies to show that the deceased had preserved his prestige. If many heads had been taken by one side, and that party thought that they had enough fighting and were tired of the contest, being perhaps a long way from home, or having themselves lost many warriors, they would exhibit their trophies to the feebler or defeated people. If the losers cried out loudly and wailed on seeing these forlorn relics of

their relatives thus held up, this was a sign that they confessed themselves worsted and were prepared to accept terms. If they remained silent when the heads were exhibited it was a sign that they would renew the conflict and fight to the bitter end.

The preserved heads of friends were only brought out on great occasions, such as when a chief's bones were exhumed or the departure of a very important war-party. At other times they were kept in some very *tapu* place, and in strict seclusion.

Sometimes a head that had been taken and preserved by a victorious enemy would afterwards be borrowed for a little while by the relatives of the deceased to cry over through family affection, or to divine with by means of witchcraft.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHARE-KURA.—GENEALOGIES.—BURIAL.—HEAVENLY BODIES.

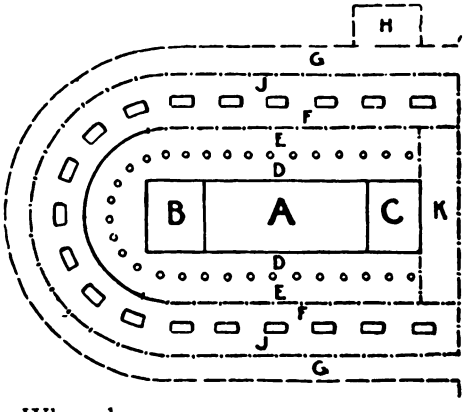
WHARE-KURA.

WE have mentioned the "Holy House" of the Maori as being the place in which the sons of chiefs were taught. One of the most interesting studies in the history or custom-lore of any people, savage or civilised, is that which seeks to investigate the circumstances surrounding education. Ancient legends seem to establish the fact that in some far off country there was a great temple called Whare-kura, the "Holy House." The locality is said to have been known as Uawa. It probably united the functions of Temple, Herald College, Council Chamber, and Hall of Justice. Here worship of the gods was carried on, the pedigrees of the chiefs recited, peace and war arbitrated. Tradition pretends to give the names of chiefs and tribes that assembled there, but the legends are so antique that most of the names are those of gods or deified men, and the matters touched upon are too confused to be of any historic value. In Samoa, the Fale-ula, as they call it, is the Ninth Heaven.

The account of the ancient proceedings in Whare-kura are fragmentary and shadowy, but they appear to show that parliaments or councils sat engaged in discussion on historical or

political subjects. The wise men were arranged by leaders into parties according to the branch of knowledge in which each elder was proficient; this proceeding was called "putting into order" (*ranga*). As time went on dissensions arose, and the troubles became so serious that further meetings were impossible, and then the tribes were governed each by its Ariki, every tribe erecting its temple of learning on the model of the ancient structure.

The shape of the building has, however, been remembered and described and is represented by the following sketch.



A Whare-kura.
B The house of the chief priest, Paroro.
C Verandah.
D *Tuahu* or shrines, here called *paiahua*.
E *Whitipana*.
F Houses of the 70 priests called Pahiko.
G Place where chiefs and people stood.
H Place where food was cooked for priests.
J Place of *tauira* or scholars.
K *Mua*.
—|—|—|— Palisading.

The name Whare-kura (or Whare-maire, or Whare-takiura as it is called by the Tuhoe tribes) was transferred on the arrival of the Maori in New Zealand to tribal buildings with something of the old attributes. That at Whanganui was sacred to the god Maru. The edifice erected by Toa-rangatira was named Maranga-puawai, ("Blossom raised up"). A college of this kind was used for the education of the sons of great chiefs in all the learning which helped to give power and privilege to the nobles of the Maori tribes. The building was carefully oriented, its front being eastward. On its erection a human sacrifice was slain and the blood used as an offering while a sacred fire was being kindled (by friction) and then the body of the victim was buried in the sacred place *(mua)*. The Mua was the holy enclosure surrounding the Whare-kura and its most sacred centre was the place where stood an image of Kahukura, the rainbow god. The image was of totara wood, a cubit in height, representing a human figure without feet. The people of the tribe collected the material for the building, but only priests built the house; every part of it, even to the lining reeds, being set in place to charm and incantation.

The colleges or schools were divided into two classes. To the first, that dealing with mythology, astronomy, history, and the mysteries of life and death, only the *ariki* were admitted, unless under certain conditions when second sons might be permitted to enter as "understudies." To the other class, the schools where agriculture was the principal

A RELIC OF OLD WARS.

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subject and where practical astronomy (as to planting-seasons, etc.), the making of weapons, hunting, fishing, etc., were taught, to these all classes were allowed entrance under certain conditions, but they were no part of the real Whare-kura course. The only ceremonial used in these was the setting up of a short staff as a symbol of the god presiding over each subject of study. In the actual Whare-kura classes everything was done with intense regard to ceremonial, for it must be remembered that when dealing with subjects so intermingled with the supernatural the lives of teachers and taught were hanging by a hair. One is almost tempted to say "were in their belief hanging by a hair." But not so, from the peculiar temperament of the Maori and a reverence for holy things too deep for us to understand, death stood very near to him if by accident or carelessness he provoked the anger of the gods. The priests performed a special baptismal service over the 20 or 30 youths who presented themselves to be taught and then after incantations and offerings to Kahukura a solemn *tapu* was laid on all concerned. A fire was lighted by friction and fern-root roasted thereon, this was then given to an aged priestess who passed it under her thigh, and it was handed to the youths to eat, they standing in a line down the middle of the house. No woman but this priestess was ever allowed to enter the building and she only for the opening ceremony which was supposed to ensure recollection of the lessons by the pupils. Boys were generally about twelve years old when beginning the course.

The priest commenced his work by repeating the history of the tribe and then followed the religious teachings, etc. Only one priest spoke at a time, others taking it in turn. The mythology pertaining to the elder gods took the first month to learn, after that came lessons in incantations, witchcraft, etc. Study ended at midnight and the pupils slept during the day. The tuition lasted about four or five months, from autumn to spring. During the recess every effort was made by boy friends or girl sweethearts to coax from the neophyte some part of the knowledge gained in Wharekura. If he was so weak as to reveal the most minute particular he was expelled and entered Wharekura no more. Pupils attended from three to five years before they were considered as perfect. Each pupil brought a stalk of the cutting grass (*toetoe*) and chewed it in order to assist the memory. The priests and pupils ate food in the building, but no one else was allowed to do so, and no person was permitted to sleep in the sacred house itself. No pupil might go home nor near a place where food was being cooked, food was always brought to the school. Pupils were allowed to bathe and take exercise but not (during term time) to associate with people who were un-sacred. Great care was taken by the priests that no bad omens should be encountered by the pupil studying at Wharekura. If bad omens were encountered the knowledge gained by the young man would not remain in his memory.

Some of the most potent incantations could not be recited in Wharekura; these were so

sacred that they might not be uttered under any roof, even that of the most holy temple, but had to be imparted only in the woods and mountains. When the time came near that the senior pupils were considered to have imbibed all the priests could impart to them of learning and magic the hour of the test approached, the time answering to our examination for a degree. The final incantation, the *whaka-pou*, was uttered, this was to fix firmly in the mind of the pupil the whole of the knowledge previously imparted. When this was fixed *(poua)* he was taken to an altar (a stone placed upright, or an ordinary *tuahu*, a shrine) and told to hurl a stone—small, flat, about an inch in diameter—at the stone or the *tuahu* poles. If the stone broke the pupil was supposed not to have learnt his lessons properly and he was rejected for a term. If the stone remained unbroken a further test was applied. A hard, smooth, round stone was placed in his hand and then by using a certain invocation (*hoa*) the stone had to shiver in his hand. This had to be done by a pure operation of the will, aided by the incantation which was here regarded as the medium or instrument through which the will-power was applied. If the stone tests succeeded then a flying bird or dog was made the next victim of experiment, and should this be also destroyed by an uttered spell, only one final and crowning trial of skill remained.

On the last night of the term priests and disciples had to sleep in the open air. On the following morning at dawn of day they went to a sacred spring of water and endured

another baptismal immersion, with the rite of hair-cutting (*wai-kotikoti*) and the peculiar ceremony called "turning the mat" (*huri-taka-pau*), spoken of elsewhere. Then followed what for the chosen few who had passed their preliminary tests was the "honours pass." They were taken to the *mua* of the temple and each had to kill a man by the utterance of a spell, and the proof of the proper *mana* or spiritual force having been acquired by the pupil was that the person against whom the deadly charm was pronounced dropped instantly dead. Generally the persons experimented upon were slaves, and this slave was led out and placed in front of his (psychical) assailant, but it was always some person named by the teacher. In case, however, of very distinguished people a relative might be named. The witchcraft incantation (*karakia makutu*) had to kill the particular person pointed out; to destroy anybody else would be a miss, and, moreover, would nullify all knowledge previously gained. If a relative was "named" it might be an uncle, aunt, or cousin, but might not be the pupil's own child nor his father or mother. The mental struggle and pain caused to the aspirant (*tauira*) were the reward of the teacher; he received no other payment; to do so would negative the power of the spells taught. Cases have been known where the teacher named himself as the victim. If the slain person was a relative the body was not eaten; the pupil would take out the heart and touch it with his lips, then he repeated an invocation (*makaka karakia*) that made the body *tapu* so that no one could eat it.

After the "test" proceedings were over, the priests and pupils again performed the *huri-takapau* ceremony, and the pupils went their way rejoicing. They were, however, not even then quite free from *tapu*, but had to reassemble on the third day after dispersal to go through a final ceremony. The head-priest prepared a mound of earth in the shape of a lizard, and standing astride it, he repeated a charm. He then trampled down the mound, and by doing so made the pupils entirely "common" *(noa)* so that they could perform all the usual and ordinary functions of daily life.

We have hitherto spoken of the true Wharekura or university for high chiefs. Apart from this there was a branch college in every village for the study of agriculture, etc. The sons of nobles attending the real Wharekura were not allowed to enter this place while under tuition. It was common to all other persons, but was only open during the winter season. The school was generally conducted in a large building able to accommodate a hundred persons, and when the people assembled therein, they had to remain within certain precincts, there to eat, sleep, etc. No other food than roasted fern-root was allowed. Lessons only went on at night. Everything connected with the art of procuring food was taught at this school; not only instruction in regard to growing crops of *kumara*, *taro*, *hue*, etc., but also concerning snaring birds, catching fish, etc. It was a sacred place on account of the incantations recited there, but women were allowed to enter to enquire and learn as to

matters of their daily labour. In the summer time the school building was used as a guest-house, and sometimes as a place of amusement.

One or more schools of astronomy were to be found outside every important village. Such a school was open every night from twilight to dawn, but no one was allowed to enter it between sunrise and sunset, or to sleep therein. The priests and chiefs used it as a meeting place in which to speak of planting crops, hunting, fishing, and other matters connected with food-getting, but more especially as to the manner in which the stars governed these occupations and guided operations. Here also were arranged visits, feats, the reception of guests, etc. As in Wharekura, common persons were forbidden to come near this place. When food had been prepared it was brought to a certain distance from the house and a call given, then the youngest person present among the men of consequence would leave the building and go for the food. A female of high rank might be allowed to go up to the door, knock, and hand the food in, but if so the person receiving the food would have to recite a charm on receiving it. The only exception made in regard to women was that sometimes a few (never more than three) of them, after being specially prepared and sanctified, were admitted to learn incantations.

In villages where there was no proper school of astronomy, a house called Whare-mata was often to be found. In this was taught the art of snaring birds, with instruction in making the apparatus, traps, snares, etc.

GENEALOGIES.

Remark has been already made several times in this volume as to the absolute faithfulness with which legends, incantations, etc., had to be recited. This applies also to genealogies, for several reasons. The recital of a pedigree was a part of many different ceremonials, such as the naming or baptism of a child, or in a difficult case of parturition, etc. It had, however, also its intensely practical side. Not only in regard to succession to family honours and possessions, but in matters of precedence and social custom it was very necessary that the superiority or inferiority of certain persons should have public acknowledgment. Among a people so punctilious and so jealous of personal honour as the Maori gentleman or lady it was imperative that no mistake should be made in the recital of lines of descent. From the remotest ancestors all the offshoots and scions of the family tree had to be carefully memorized, even to the far-away growths of the most distant branches. Uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins to the twentieth remove, all had to be retained on the family register, with their battles, deeds, possessions, etc., noted, lest some unwary remark, some wrongly placed position in the order of calling out names at the distribution of food or allotment of seats, might imply a slight and provoke retaliation. The knowledge of these delicate historical or legendary archives (if the term may be permitted) was not confined entirely to any one class, although priests were often

specially trained as genealogists. Each chief and free man was supposed to know his own lines of descent at least, and such an accomplishment was as necessary to his safety as it was a finish to his education. On victorious combats and on approved occupations of lands by his ancestors and his relatives his title to his own possessions rested. The enumeration of successful expeditions and the recital of boundaries in a land where every hill and beach and river-bend was named required thorough genealogical study before personal connection with such events or delimitations could be publicly proven. Such a task might generally be left for the council-chamber of the tribe, but now and then imminent peril might demand that a chief should know every individual of his clan. This was in case of a sudden call to war, and then the most distant relative to whom kinship could be traced might have to be summoned in haste to swell the numbers of the tribal gathering. Of course, inter-marriage and tracing pedigree down through a hundred different lines, diverging, interlacing, and diverging again, complicated matters sometimes so greatly that it was difficult for a chief to decide hurriedly to which party his allegiance belonged, but the practice (spoken of at length elsewhere) which frowned on all marriage across the tribal boundary, except under rare conditions, simplified much the intricate and involved position.

The recital of genealogies (*whaka papa*) was sometimes assisted by the use of a notched or carved piece of wood (*rakau whakapapa*), each

notch representing a generation, and so helping the memory of the speaker. Some of these genealogical staves were elaborately carved and ornamented.[1]

There are many published genealogies in existence, and they are fully available for the students of the subject.[2] As a single specimen, a pedigree, that of the late Major Kemp—Te Rangi hiwi nui—a distinguished soldier, is subjoined.

Rangi and Papa
(Heaven and Earth)
Tane tuturi
Tane pepeke
Tane ua tika
5. Tane ueha
Tane te waiora
Tane nui a rangi
Mahina i te ata
Tiki nui
10. Tiki roa
Tiki whatai
Tiki whaoa
Tiki mumura
Tiki hahana
15. Tiki ahua
Whakarau matangi
Hawaiki
Kune
Anga
20. Tohua
Ngei nuku
Ngei rangi
Ngei peha
Ngei taha
25. Ngei ariki
Hine kau ataata
Hine haro nuku
Hine haro rangi
Hine kau ataata II.
30. Hina rei
Toi te huatahi
Rauru
Rutanga
Whatuma
35. Apaapa
Tahatiti
Ru ata pu nui
Rakai ora
Tama ki te ra
40. Hikurangi
Rongo maru a whatu
Rere
Tato
Rongokako
45. Kahukura Kotare
Whaene
Ruapani
Ruarauhanga
Hine te raraku
50. Rangi mata koha
Rakai moari
Tu tere moana
Maurea
Tu whare moa
55. Tamakere
Aonui
Rangi mahuki
Rangi araia
Whako rea o te rangi

60. Rangi whaka arahia
Noho kino
Kura tuauru
Ronaki
Ruatapu

65. Ruhina
Tanguru o te rangi
67. Rangi hiwi nui
(*or Major Kemp*).

The Maori would not pronounce certain sacred names, such as those of great gods, except in some hallowed place. Similarly, he considered it offensive if one of his ancestor's names was pronounced when eating was going on.

Burial, etc.

If a Maori was so unfortunate as to die in peace and not to meet his fate "fighting, like a shark" he generally faced the inevitable fearlessly and well. It was more trying than for the ordinary European who may be upborne by the belief in brighter realms beyond, for there were only grey shadows in the land of the future for the native soul, and that he should die at all was a sign that he had displeased the gods. Often a sick man was removed to some shed when death drew near, lest his decease should spoil a comfortable dwelling by making it *tapu*. In the case of a chief, however, his dwelling was *tapu* even while he lived, and when he died his house was shut up and painted with red ochre, so that a village that had been long inhabited sometimes contained more houses of the dead than of the living. In some tribes indeed a chief might be buried in a corner of the verandah of his

own house, and his wife would spread her mat over his grave every night to assure him of her fidelity.

When it was known that a great man was about to die hundreds of relatives and connections gathered to his village and waited in solemn silence for the "last words" *(poroaki* or *ohaki)* he should utter to his tribe. This was equivalent to a man making his will, and was awaited with great attention. Any request made by a dying chief was solemnly recognised. Often it was a reminder of revenge for some unpaid-for wrong, and his children and tribe were requested to pay the debt of vengeance. Sometimes the person who should devote his life to this purpose was named. Just at the moment of death a man's children and near relatives arranged themselves in two lines, the girls on one side, men on the other, each person with a little line of flax fastened to a tag of the dead man's mat. The moribund chief was laid north and south, the head towards Hawaiki (north) and the feet south. At a certain stage in the ceremonial proceedings all would give a tug northwards as a sign that the spirit should start off in that direction. The thin lines of flax were pulled till they broke, as if they remained entire the same sickness or other cause of death would overtake the mourner.

If the spirit did not start off it became unolean *(poke)*, and this would probably arise in case the deceased had no legitimate offspring to offer the funeral sacrifices for him. The spirit would remain unclean until the proper rites had been performed.

A. Position of principal mourner—wife, mother or sister.
B. Men mourners } Holding threads of flax attached
C. Women mourners. } to mat.

When the death was announced there was much wild lamentation indulged in; the by-standers crying aloud and gashing their faces, or more generally their bodies, with flint knives; this was especially the case with the women, as the men did not wish to spoil their tattooing. Sometimes a woman would become a mass of congealed blood from her wounds. The sharp

stone was held with the finger-nails regulating the depth to which the cutting was allowed to pass. The holder would draw the razor-edged fragment of obsidian up her left arm from waist to shoulder, and then from the left shoulder to the ribs on the right side. The flint was shifted across to the other hand and the process repeated till a cross of blood appeared on the breast, the blood spirting after the passage of the knife. It was a hideous spectacle. The wailing (*tangi*) was uttered with a peculiar vibrating sound, far-reaching and mournful; this was kept up sometimes for many days, till exhaustion set in and cases in which even death resulted have been recorded. Parties of friends would arrive from afar, some not till long after the death, but weeping was renewed with each arrival, the new-comers lacerating themselves and crying with their faces turned towards the corpse or the grave and wailing, "Go thou, depart, depart, we also will follow." The badge of mourning was a wreath of green leaves or of lycopodium, or of the kidney fern (Trichomanes reniforme) twisted in the hair. Sometimes one of the women acting as chief mourner wore a circlet of dog's hair, or of a kind of black dried seaweed. Deeds of valour or generosity performed by the dead man were recited and proclaimed to the world.

At a death-scene the wife, as soon as her husband's last breath was drawn, slew the most distinguished of her slaves, generally a prisoner of war. He, of course, though a man of high descent, only ranked at that moment as a slave, and the burial of a chief demanded at least one

human sacrifice, but there were generally more than one. This was done in order that the spirit might as an attendant accompany that of his master to the Under World. Men of rank were never sacrificed at obsequies, thus making it plain that the victims were to be attendants. Female slaves were killed when a chief's favourite wife died. The principal wives of a great lord (*ariki*) strangled themselves. In our own days the two wives of the old chief Patuone strangled themselves at his death, and were laid out by the side of their dead husband. They did this from affection, so as to prepare his food while his spirit was on its journey to *Te Reinga*. Sometimes even before death, when a chief was lying very ill, any of his relatives travelling from a distance to be present would kill some person on the road, not because he was an enemy but as a propitiatory victim. The slayer had to pass between the legs of the person killed, so as to avert the anger of the gods.

The corpse was wrapped in a large plain mat covering the whole body and tucked in at the sides. A small mat of Apteryx *(Kiwi)* feathers was laid on the breast, with a half dog-skin mat slightly underlapping the lower-edge of the *Kiwi* mat. There was folded round the legs a full dog-skin mat with a border of dogs' tails. All the weapons of the deceased laid beside him were placed in "reverse" position, that is, with their heads or points towards the feet of the corpse. Visiting mourners from other tribes brought mats and other offerings which were placed at the feet of the dead chief.

After the body was buried these mats were displayed in the *pa*, and traditions connected with them expounded by the elders.

When relatives had closed the eyes of a corpse, the mourning women advanced, the mourning men followed them, all holding green branches. Then commenced the solo and chorus of the death chant (*keka*) followed by the lament. Over the corpse of a warrior, especially if he had been killed in battle, the war-dirge or scalp-dance (*pihi*) was chanted and executed. The manner thereof was as follows. An old chief rushed from the house of the deceased, clad only in a waist-girdle of leaves, and drove his spear into the ground alongside the corpse, with the shout, "That is one for Tu (the war-god)!" The old men, at the cry, formed a solid square, each man holding in his hand a fern-stalk on which was fastened a lock of hair taken from the (preserved) head of an enemy. Advancing with even and solid tread towards the body, each held up the hair-decorated fern-stalk in the air, repeating the *pihe* chant, commencing,

> "Tu is enraged and Rongomai descends"
> (*Tu ka riri, Rongomai ka heke.*)

The points of the chorus were marked by the simultaneous lowering and uplifting of the fern stalks, and in the middle of the chant the square of men divided into two parties, forming a north and south line on each side of the body. Again, to the accompaniment of the rising and falling hands the *pihe* was sung to its conclusion, after which the old men stepped back and crouched down in their places.

The bent staff (*hara*) which signified a chief's death was set up as a sign by the roadside. The final ceremony consisted in a priest thrusting into the ground the Wand of Death by the side of a running stream, reciting an incantation, thrusting in the Wand of Life, and then repeating another charm. Returning to the corpse the priest placed the end of his staff (he holding the other end) on the breast of the deceased, while the "Tawhaki" incantation was recited. Guests and friends at the burial feast brought valuable presents of mats, ornaments, etc., which were spread out around the corpse; these were called coverings (*kopaki*) for the dead. When the *tapu* had afterwards been removed from these articles they were distributed among the relatives of the deceased. Sometimes the body was beaten on the day after death with fresh flax leaves, in order to drive away any evil spirits that might be lingering about. The legs of the corpse were then bent into a sitting position and drawn up till the knees touched the neck, being fastened in that position with a plaited girdle. This was a war-girdle if the deceased had died in war, and in such case a spear was also placed in the dead hand. This crouching position given to the corpse was almost universally adopted if of a man, but women were often "laid out" at full length, as if asleep. In some cases immediately the breathing ceased the body was bound in a sitting posture to a stake, so as to keep it firm, the face turned eastward. After the wives had strangled themselves their bodies were placed alongside the

corpse of the husband. Often the dead body was rolled up in a mass of the climbing-fern (*mange-mange*) after being lashed to a pole. Men carried a dead man, feet first, and women bore a dead woman, head first, to a place prepared among the branches of a tree (thus made sacred), and there the corpse was left to its aerial sepulture. Generally the corpse, after lying in state, was placed with its weapons upon a stage or small canoe set up in the forest, or in the sacred place (*wahitapu*) and was there left to decompose, or was set in a highly ornamented tomb prepared for it.[3] Incantations were being continually repeated; one when the corpse was bound up, one when it was being carried to the burial stage, another when it was deposited on the stage. When the bearers had bathed they came and stood naked in a row, bearing green branches, while the charms (*Karakia auriuri*) to free them from *tapu* were being said. A chest of carved wood ornamented with feathers was made to hold the garments of deceased, these were preserved by his family. The canoe-coffin or tomb was painted red, and the corpse seated on a grating to allow the putridity to escape.

Slaves or common people were put into a hole and buried quietly. A new spade was made for digging the grave, and this was consecrated with much ceremony and a special long incantation. If there was any other rite it consisted in the cooking of *taro*, etc., as an offering, to take the place of the human victim offered at a chief's obsequies. Cooked food placed upon the mats or property left by the

deceased inferior person made such property "common" *(noa)* and removed the *tapu*. As a sign of mourning the men usually cut their hair off on one side and let the other locks hang long.

After a man had buried his father or a near relative his hair was cut as part of the purification *(pure)* ceremony, and the hair tied to a stone representing (i.e. named for) an ancestor, and deposited in the sacred place *(wahitapu)*. On the morning following incantations were chanted while a sacred oven was opened and the cooked food brought forth; the sweet-potatoes were held in the hand of the person to be cleansed, while the priest recited the heavenly and earthly pedigree. The food was then offered to stones named for gods, then both priest and laymen ate the food from the sacred oven. This ceremony was again repeated at evening, and then 20 days had to be passed still in a *tapu* state, for every person and thing that had anything to do with the dead were sacred. At the end of this period two ovens were prepared, the priests and their disciples attended. The priests, standing on the right hand, fed each other by hand; the learners ate their food as they pleased. After this all *tapu* was removed.

After a man of rank died his sons and near relations often dwelt in the House of Mourning (*Whare potae* or *Whare taua*). This place could not be emerged from for a while, and food could only be cooked therein at night. For these dwellers the *tapu* was lifted by a human sacrifice. The women and children of deceased

remained in the House of Mourning for a longer time, and when the required period was completed the *tapu* was taken off their "head-dress of sorrow" by a priest beside a running stream. Sometimes when a favourite child died his father would cut off the hair on one side of his head and never allow the long tresses on the other side to be cut or touched. Very often, too, everything that had belonged to the departed would be either buried or destroyed, except some little thing to be kept to be wept over in secret. At times extreme grief would make a man or woman forsake home, and set out wandering like a demented creature.

In the South Island there was an exhumation *(rukutanga tupapaku)* about a month after burial *(nehunga)* and a feast provided. The ceremony consisted in preparing two ovens, one for the priests and one for the guests. The priests extracted two teeth from the skull of the corpse, and tying these to a fern-stalk with them touched the food and repeated a charm. This set free from *tapu* the weapons and ornaments which had been buried with deceased: the teeth were bored and worn as ear-pendants by the nearest relatives of the dead man. The corpse was then re-buried, till, two years afterwards, it was again exhumed for the "bone scraping."

Generally, especially in the North Island, there were only the two occasions of ceremonies at burial, namely the inhumation at death and the exhumation *(hahunga)* for "bone scraping" and complete burial. The ceremony of scraping the bones usually occurred a year or so after

death. A gathering of relatives, even of very distant relatives, took place, and therefore large supplies of food had to be prepared. When the chiefs arrived at the stage where the corpse rested, they touched the stage or canoe with a small rod or wand, and then the remains were carried to an appointed place on the back of a highly-decorated bearer. Placed on a pile of leaves, any remaining putrid flesh was scraped from the bones and buried. The skull was set in the lap of a priestess while the funeral song *(pihe)* was being sung if the deceased had died in war, if not, an incantation (*karakia*) was chanted.[4] All who participated would be so *tapu* that they could only be fed with long fern-stalks or drink with the hand below the mouth, water being poured from above. The *hahunga* of several persons might be held at one time, then each bundle of bones was carefully tied up by itself and hidden in caves or chasms. Charms were repeated at every stage of the exhumation, one whilst walking to the place, another when the bones were placed in a basket. The bearers bathed and other bearers took the bones while more recitations were chanted. The basket was opened (incantation), the bundle of bones untied (incantation), the bones were then anointed with red ochre and oil, the skull was decorated with precious feathers and exposed for some time to public gaze. Food was cooked in sacred ovens and offered to the gods. A portion was also offered to the deceased person. Of course the dead man could not eat the substance of the food but its soul *(aria)* or the spirit of the food was

supposed to be devoured. Then the bones were bound with mats, and by a single bearer taken to some ancient burial place, generally a secret cave, lest the bones might be stolen by an enemy and desecrated by being used as fish-hooks, etc. Wailing and cutting with flints were indulged in by the assembled crowd, all of whom were painted and adorned in their most glaring toilettes. After this, feasting began and lasted several days, the guests finally departing loaded with presents of food.

The above description applies only to one and the most common mode of burial. There were several other methods.

Sometimes the dead remained bound in their sitting positions in the canoe or cave. Instances may be found of a carved coffin being provided for the corpse, and a legend relates how a chieftainess directed her son to put her body in a carved coffin on the stage and to have a little house erected over the stage. In the South a curious upright coffin (*atamiro*), with a door at the back, was erected on a pole or post. This form of coffin was really more like a mummy-case, for the body was first dried or embalmed—sometimes only the head was dried and put in the queer box. Similar embalmed bodies arranged in a sitting posture have been found in caves in the North but generally the resident Maoris disclaim any knowledge of them and state that they are the remains of strangers. Probably this was an ancient mode of sepulture. An enquirer who once visited a mortuary cave described that it

was on the shore of an inland lake, only to be reached by a canal, and the entrance to the cave was so inconspicuous as to escape ordinary notice. Piles of bones were carefully packed together, each parcel with the skull resting on the top of the bones, which were painted red. In the North, the mountains in whose caves the sacred dead were deposited were known as the "Mountains of Prayer" (*Maunga Hirihiri*), and these hills were invoked to send strength and succour from the spirits of the dead to warriors of the tribe going out to battle. Ramaroa is the name of a celebrated burial-cave in the perpendicular cliffs on the south side of Hokianga Heads, and this cave was invoked (*hirihiri*) by name when war-parties set out. It is now "common" (*noa*), because the bones were removed at the time when part of the place was sold as a pilot-station. (See under "War.")

There is one instance on record of men who had fallen in battle (at Kihikihi, in Waikato) being buried in a circle, feet towards the centre. This is very interesting, as it has been lately found that the tribes which in prehistoric times inhabited Egypt buried their dead in this remarkable manner.

Like the Moriori of the Chatham Islands, the Maori sometimes buried their dead in trees, or more probably deposited the bones in the hollow tree if no caves were to be found in the locality. A few years ago a very large *pukatea* tree, named Te Ahoroa, growing near Opotiki, fell to the ground, rotten with age, and bursting, disclosed some 500 skeletons.

An old woman of the tribe living near explained that her people had been in the habit of depositing their dead there for a long time, pushing their bones through a hole in the trunk 50 feet from the ground. Capt. Mair counted 397 skulls some time afterwards, but many were broken up.

A person made *tapu* for the purpose was sometimes to be seen carrying a piece of stick (*rakau*) on a spear, a ceremony known as "The Stick of the Dead" (*Te rakau o te mate*). It was carried for a year or so after the death of any chief of consideration. The bearer would, on occasion, be sent to the village of a hated neighbour, if he met anyone of an alien tribe that person was killed and then war ensued, but if when he arrived the *pa* was empty the stick would be left there and the messenger would return to his own village to fetch a war-party to occupy the *pa*.

The Maoris generally had a great dislike to allow fire to touch the body of one of their own relatives — probably from the idea of "cooking" attached thereto and reserved for the foe. They did not scruple, however, when on a war party and in desperate circumstances, from disposing of the corpses of their friends by fire lest they should fall into the enemy's hands. Some tribes, moreover, were in the regular habit of cremating their dead. This especially in the north part of the South Island (Marlborough province) and to a less extent at Whanganui, Rangitikei, and Waimate Plains, Taranaki. A quantity of fuel was collected in some solitary place and after the body had

been laid on it the pyre was lighted by the nearest relative; if no near relative was present then by the priest. Generally this was done after nightfall. The fire was anointed with fat, if possible with porpoise fat. A calm night was usually selected, for it was regarded as a deadly omen to some one present related to the deceased if instead of the smoke going straight up it was scattered or hung low. If the smoke ascended straight up the relatives would cry, "Gentle Smoke! Placid Smoke!" *(Mahaki paoa! Mahaki Paoa!)* and piled on fuel. It was regarded as important that every portion of the deceased, even the smallest fragment of bone or of the wood of the pyre should be consumed. It is probable that the fish-fat was not put on to increase the heat of the fire but as votive offerings, for it is believed that such oily substances were not applied till the fire was nearly extinguished. The ashes were carefully collected by the priests and buried in a pit which was filled up level with the ground and another fire made thereon, the embers and remains of this fire, however, were left in their natural position, so as to deceive anyone who wished to desecrate the ashes.

It is probable that cremation in natural volcanic fires was an ancient custom of the Maori, especially in regard to the bodies of important leaders. It is said that the natives intended to dispose of the bones of the great chief of Taupo, Te Heuheu, by throwing them down the active crater of Ngauruhoe (Tongariro) but were frightened by subterranean

rumblings, and fled, leaving the body on the mountain. This idea may account for even extinct volcanoes being favourite places of sepulture; Putahi, an old crater between Ohaeawai and Kawakawa near Bay of Islands is a notable example.

Heavenly Bodies.

Many of the constellations and stars were named. Concerning their identification, especially that of single stars, there seems to be much doubt. The trouble arose from no sufficient knowledge of the heavens having lingered among the few old men from whom the information has been sought. Some of the uncertainty may arise from the European investigators themselves not being sure of the astronomical names of the stars pointed out.

The Milky Way was known as the "Long Fish" *(Ika-roa)* or the "Long Shark" *(Mango-roa)*, or "The Fish of Maui" *(Te Ika a Maui)*. The Pleiades were called Matariki or Aokai; Orion's Belt Tautoru or Te Kakau; Magellan's Clouds, Tuputuputa and Ti-oreore. Close to Antares in the Scorpion was "the Canoe of Tamarereti" *(Te waka a Tamarereti)* and near Orion was "the net" *(Te hao o Rua)*.

Canopus is the star generally referred to as Makahea, Autahi or Atutahi, but the name Autahi is sometimes given to α Centauri. Rigel in Orion was Puanga; Venus as Morning

Star was Kopu or Tawera, as Evening Star Meremere. Vega was Whanui; Antares, Rehua; Sirius, Takurua and Te Kokota; Altair, Pou-ta-te-rangi. I repeat that the verification is unsatisfactory.*

The Maoris considered that the brighter stars such as Whanui and Autahi were nobles, and by these were the seasons announced; the little stars were the common people. Rehua was a great chief among the stars, and in speaking of the death of one of their own aristocracy they would use the metaphor "Rehua is dead." Rehua was some times spoken of as "Rehua, eater of men," because at the time of year he was seen the crops had been gathered and the war-parties were out. The stars are often alluded to in Maori songs. "Behold the Pleiades gathered here." "Behold Whanui, the whirler of the sky." Rehua is always spoken of as a bird with a broken wing, and beneath this wing is "the canoe of Tamarereti." Matariki was called "the flock or company of Matariki" (*Te Huihui Matariki*) "because he gathers the stars as he goes" ("The sweet influences of the Pleiades"). Matariki was also called Hoko, because at his rising the seed-*kumara* were planted. The word *matariki* was also used as a name for a gentle wind. When Autahi was born, that monster "the long shark" tried to devour him, but his foster-parent the Sky (*Rangi*) thrust the

* There are many stars not yet identified, of such are Poutini, Naha, Te Puwhakapara, Kauanga, Whaka-ongekai Pipiri, Tariao, Poanaana, Tahumata, Puahou, etc., etc.

creature aside and protected the baby star. Autahi rises in the evening to escape the monster.

The visible likeness of a deified ancestor sometimes announced itself as a star; of such was Tama-i-waho. A beautiful woman was probably flattered by being told she was "like the star Venus flashing along the horizon."

Comets have been known and named; such as Rongomai, Tu-nui-te-ika, and Te Whetu Puhihi. When a comet was seen in ancient days it had to be warded off with a powerful incantation. Tamarau, "the star that gives off sparks as it flies," was probably a meteor.

The Moon.

Many of the legends of the Maori refer to the moon. This may well be expected, as a heavenly object of such beauty and mystery would naturally engage the attention of all observant persons, while the strange influences to be recognised by every student of the material world would centre in the weird and wondrous "Queen of Night."

The moon's waxing and waning is associated in the native mind with illness. After 14 nights she is seized with disease and becomes steadily more and more weakened until she is nearly consumed. Then she goes to bathe in "The Waters of Life" (*Te Wai-Ora-a-Tane*: "The living waters of Tane") and this gives her strength until she resumes all her former brightness.

Perhaps the best known of all Maori legends is that of "the woman in the moon." One bright moonlight night a woman named Rona, having to cook food for her family, had no water wherewith to wet the mats of the oven, so she took a calabash and went down to the stream. As she walked along the narrow path the moon suddenly disappeared behind a cloud and the woman kicked her foot against a root, and hurt herself. She cursed the moon for withdrawing its light, and the moon was much displeased, so it came down to the earth and seizing Rona tried to carry her off. Rona caught hold of a tree to prevent herself being spirited away, but the moon tore up the tree by the roots and carried off the woman, the tree, and the gourd up to the lunar lands. On a clear night one can see Rona, her tree and her calabash up in the moon. There are several variants of the story. The spring to which Rona was going to draw water when she cursed the moon is shown at the base of the Otakanini Pa at Kaipara. This is a good instance of the localisation of an immeasurably old legend.

In a lament composed by Papahia, a great North Island chief, a phrase occurs relating to death in these curious words. "The intelligent one (i.e. the spirit) is being drawn up to Rona" *(Ka hutia te tohunga ki runga ki a Rona).* A curious superstitious belief was known among the Maoris to the effect that the moon is the real husband of all women. This infers that the moon is a god, not a goddess. "The marriage of men and women," said an old

Maori sage, "is temporary and of no moment; the moon is the real husband." Proverbs say, "When the moon dies many women are affected thereby," and, "Because of the death of the moon women are ill"; allusions probably to periodicity, and these are less of mythological than of physiological origin.

A singular story relating to the moon is told of a mighty chief named Rongomai of ancient days. He decided to start for a long excursion through the country; with his brother and a select company of warriors he set out. They were met by a hostile force headed by the demi-god Maea, and the whole of Rongomai's party was killed, with the exception of the leader and his brother who were reserved for the fate of being roasted alive in a food-oven. When Rongomai was about to be thrown in he recited a powerful spell which had the effect of raising him in the air and taking him up to the moon. Rongomai became the Lord of the Moon, and ordered a large oven to be prepared in the lunar regions. In the confusion caused by Rongomai's ascension, his brother escaped, and getting safely back to his tribe roused his people, and with a vast war-party set out to chastise Maea and his men. The avengers discovered their foes in a long narrow valley between two mountains, and utterly defeated the captors of their chief. Maea was taken, and almost all his followers slain. The eyes of Maea were gouged out and an oven was prepared in which it was intended that he should be cooked, but Rongomai was not

satisfied with an earthly revenge, so caught the body up to the heavens and cast it into the vast lunar oven he had prepared.

In the realm of pure mythology it is related that Heaven *(Rangi)* took a wife and begot the moon and then took another wife and begot the sun. These two were thrown up into the skies as "the eyes of Heaven." Before that time all was darkness and with these "Eyes" came the first germ of life. Another legend states that the sun and moon were grandchildren of Heaven and the stars were born to give light to Marama, the moon, on her marriage with the sun. It is also stated that the hero-god Maui had difficulty in making the sun travel at a reasonable pace so he tied a line from the sun to the moon, and the sun has now to drag the moon along after him as a check on his impetuosity.

The full of the moon was the auspicious time to plant seeds if a plenteous crop was to result. When the crescent moon was seen "lying on her back" it was supposed to presage bad weather. If it was standing upright or "leaning" it denoted fine weather.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FUTURE WORLD.—GHOSTS.—NOTION OF SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

THE FUTURE WORLD.

HEN dealing with this subject as it appeared to the minds of an ancient people like the Maori, we must be prepared for some confusion of ideas and contradictions of relation. Even in faiths like those of Christianity and Buddhism, which have survived through many centuries of changing thought, there is, in spite of decisions of councils and mountains of theological literature, much that awakes conflicting judgments, and little that receives universal acceptance. It is not to be wondered at then, where there has been no standard of orthodoxy beyond a general belief in that which was taught by the priesthood of the hour as revealing the will of the gods and as the inherited wisdom of ancestors, that there should be discrepancies as to the evidence, haziness of belief, and that individuals should not in all cases hold exactly the same idea as to the future world and its inhabitants. Still there

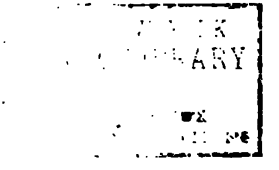
was in the land of the Maori a fairly general consensus of opinion as to the nature and character of the realm into which the souls of the dead departed.

The reason given for the necessity of having an Underworld for the spirits of mortals is said to have been the unfilial conduct of the children of Heaven and Earth (*Rangi* and *Papa*) in rending apart their parents. Father-Heaven said, "Let our children return to me and be supreme as we are, having power over the elements," but Mother-Earth responded, "No. They shall return to me. Evil and ungrateful were they in their rebellion against their parents, so when they have dwelt awhile in daylight they shall enter again the bosom of her from whom they sprang. There will I care for them for ever, for, though wicked, they are still my children, and I their tender mother. Death must they know, O Heaven, and not be immortal as their parents are."

At the most northerly point of New Zealand, near Cape Maria Van Diemen, is "The Spirits' Leap" (*Rerenga Wairua*). Its correct name is Mori a nuku, but is sometimes called Reinga. It is, however, only the entrance to *Reinga*. It is situated where, above a sandy beach, a low point juts out into the sea, and here grew (till a year or so ago) a *Pohutukawa* tree* that sent a long root down to the beach. By this root the spirits slid or leapt downwards and entered the path to Hades (*Reinga*). Hence arose the proverbial

*Metrosideros tomentosa.

TAEPAEA MAWHA, ROTORUA.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saying "He has slid down the *Pohutukawa* tree" — meaning "He is dead." Spirits moving towards this point were clothed in the leaves of certain trees, the *wharangi*, *makuku*, and *horopito*, and their road, "The Path of Souls," was called *Paerau*. The spirits of inland dwellers carried palm leaves *(nikau)* in their hands, while those of coast natives bore bunches of *pingao* grass. On reaching a place called *Te Taumata-i-Haumu*, the spirits left these leaf-garments and diving through the seas breaking at the entrance of Ohiwa River (*Te Tuara o Kaniwa*) reached *Haumu*, the portal of Hades, entering the *Reinga* unclothed and naked. The Rarawa tribe that lived near the North Cape asserted that they knew a great battle had been fought somewhere when they heard the voices of many souls in the air passing towards the Spirits' Leap. They also knew whether the spirits were those of chiefs or of inferior men, because the souls of slaves, etc., had to pass beneath the raised food-stores (*pataka*), while those of the chiefs went on one side. Of course these spirits were only visible to the Seers. In moving towards Spirits' Leap all souls necessarily journeyed from South to North, therefore every food-store in which *kumara*, fish, or fern-root was stored was built with its longest axis North and South, lest the passage of some spirit should taint the contents by passing over it instead of under or aside. These varieties of food were themselves offspring of the gods, and therefore not to be defiled by the touch or presence

of the dead. Sometimes in spite of this precaution the spirits contaminated the food in their passage; if they did so it was shown either by the eatables themselves becoming rotten, or by their being found smeared with red ochre, a thing that would ensure such articles not being devoured.

When the spirit reached the Leaping Place it stayed awhile weeping and lamenting that it had to go down into the darkness and leave this world of daylight where dwelt all friends and things beloved of man. On the cliff was a pile of obsidian flakes and with one of these the soul lacerated itself in a similar way to that in which its relatives were behaving as a sign of mourning at the funeral feast. Then it slid down the tree and stood upon the rock at the entrance to the lower world, while against this rock beat for ever from below the sound of wailing and lamentation. The waters rushed upwards, the beds of floating kelp were swirled aside, and the path stood revealed. Here was *Haumu*, the entrance to the Shades. Onward the spirit passed till it reached a great light and found that the world below was not in darkness but in twilight. Onward still, till there was found a wall across the way; if the soul passed above the wall it could yet return to earth, but if it went underneath the wall it had to abandon hope. In the *Reinga* was a lake surrounded with hills and the shades of the dead lived on the banks of this lake. When a spirit arrived it would alight on one of the hills and wait till the question was asked by some shade, "Do you belong to me?" If

the shade was not that of a parent (ancestor) or relation the spirit would give a negative reply, but if it was one of the same family the head of the newcomer would jerk backward as a sign of the affirmative. Then the spirit hovered down near the ground and assumed its bodily shape. The shadows of friends and ancestors offered welcome and food, but such food if accepted would ensure that the partaker dwelt thenceforth in "The Land of No-Return." After a time spent in this zone or stage of existence, the spirit died a second time and had to pass through a narrow place guarded by the genii Tawhaitiri and Tuapiko. These genii stood one on each side bending towards one another, and the soul must pass between them. If a light spirit it escaped ("as a bird from the snare of the fowler"), but if gross and clogged it would be caught and destroyed by the guardians of the pass. Through stage after stage of the lower world the spirit passed by dying afresh at the entrance to each "circle" and it is thought that some reached Night *(Po)* at last, but *Po* was properly the vast shadowy abode of heroes and demi-gods. The ordinary soul found in *Ameto*, the lowest Hell, a final extinction. Some souls are said to have returned to earth as flies and some as moths *(purehua)* which latter were hence called "souls of men" (*wairua tangata).* The black moth was especially an emblem of the soul, the Psyche, and was left behind as a token of human immortality when Tawhaki, the lightning god, went up to heaven with Parekoritawa.

This may be accepted as a general summary of the ideas held by the Maori as to the future state and the process of entering it, but there are some widely different accounts given by those who have returned from the Under World.

An old lady living near Rotorua died and the corpse was left lying in the house, the door and window being fastened up and the whole place *tapu*. Her nephew, a few days after, was paddling a canoe on the lake with some companions when he saw a figure sitting on the shore and beckoning to him. On drawing near the beach he recognised his aunt who related her experiences. She said that when she died and her spirit had descended into the abyss by means of a trailing vine she found herself near a river that had a beach of sand along which an enormous bird, taller than a man, was striding towards her. She was so frightened that she tried to get up the cliff again, but looking round saw a canoe approach. In this was seated an old man who took her on board and so enabled her to escape from the bird. As she was being ferried across she asked the old man whereabouts her ancestors were to be found. The direction was pointed out to her as she landed, and she passed along a path bordered by trees and objects familiar to her in the upper world till she reached a village where her father and many of her vanished relations greeted her and sang a song of welcome. Her father, however, questioned her closely as to what would become of her child without her, and insisted upon her going

back to take care of his grandchild. He warned her against eating food in that place, but she might have yielded to the pressing insistence of the others if the father had not prevented her tasting it. It appeared like baked sweet-potato but was really a very filthy mess. Her father led her back to the canoe and launched it, but their progress was impeded by a young man who insisted that she should stay among the shadows with him. The two were able at last to free themselves from the importunate spirit, who, discouraged, went away angry and left them to cross. When the canoe reached the side of the river nearest to human abodes the father produced two enormous *kumara* roots and instructed her to plant them on her return, the crop to be kept especially for his grandchild. Then he said farewell, bidding her haste as much as possible. She turned toward the cliff but was pursued by two malignant infant spirits (*kahu-kahu*) who strove to drag her back. She grasped the vine, but before she could get far they would drag her down again. At last she threw one of her embarassing *kumara* at them. One sprite picked it up and began to eat, leaving her alone, so she threw the other at the second imp which also went after its prize. Seizing hold of the vine she clambered up to the world of day and flew back to her body, but found that the doors and windows of the house where it lay were fastened, and that she was too weak to force them open. She had waited till morning, and then, finding a bowl of red ochre and water, drank some. This

refreshed her and enabled her to succeed in opening the door and creeping back to her body which was then restored to life. Straying down the beach she had found her nephew.

There are several points worth noticing in this story. First, that of being able to return if food was not tasted in the Shadow-land; second, that there must be a certain amount of "materialisation" in the spirit of a dead person or it could have passed through such an object as a door or wall. Next, that of "crossing the Death-River" and of Charon with his boat. Lastly, that the souls of the departed take much interest in their family affairs.

If people have returned from Spirit Land it was only when a state of trance or unconciousness had simulated death, but indeed we all go towards it when fainting or in a swoon, and only return if no food is partaken of in those grey dwellings. A man named Te Atarahi spent five days and nights there, and was supposed by his friends to have left the earth for ever. Two women, who were out at work cutting flax (phormium), noticed someone among the leaves sucking the honey from the flax-flowers, and one of them said to her friend, "Surely that is Te Atarahi," but the other responded, "No, Te Atarahi is dead." Then they noticed that the hair of the man's head was gone and the skin of his shoulders hung loose and wrinkled. So the women returned to the village and reported what they had seen, but they were disbelieved. The men went and

examined the grave, and though at first they thought it undisturbed they noticed that a little way off there was an opening in the ground, so they went farther to the place the women pointed out, and found Te Atarahi himself. The priest was sent for, and, having recited an incantation, he had the man removed to a sacred place. In this he remained many days, while the priest uttered prayers and spells and all the people looked on. Gradually the resuscitated chief began to recover his usual appearance, and related that he had been to the *Reinga* and had there been met by several of his dead relatives who warned him not to eat the food of that place —afterwards he was sent back to the world of the living. He described the *Reinga* as an excellent place; he told of the great number of the inhabitants and of their excellent food.

There is a variant of the Orpheus story also, but it ends more happily than the Greek legend does with its loss of Eurydice. A certain chief and his wife lived happily together, till on the birth of a daughter the mother died in childbed. The man left that place and journeyed far away till he reached "The Great Forest of Tane" and there he found friends and took another wife. A son was born and named Miru; this boy was an object of great interest to his father who took endless pains to train him as he grew to manhood. He taught him all the supreme kind of knowledge, incantations relating to the stars and seas and land and food, all the power of

spells and witchcraft. When the son was perfect he went with his father to the side of a mighty river whereby grew a tree whose top touched the sky. By the power of the youth's incantations the tree was felled and reached across the river. This was the bridge. The boy asked his father, "Have I no relatives in this world? Are you and I the only people alive?" His father answered, "You have a sister, but she dwells in another place." Then Miru resolved to set out in search of his sister and journeyed till he came to that place in which she was, but he did not know her. He found young people engaged in sport; they were throwing darts (*teka*). Miru procured a dart for himself and joined in the sport, beating all the other competitors. His sister (unknowing their relationship) fell in love with him, but he did not love her, and rejected her addresses, so she strangled herself. There were funeral ceremonies, and the young man went for his father that the two together might attend. When the father saw the dead girl he said, "That was your sister." Then the young man mourned and said, "Do not bury my sister till I return." He went away, and on, and on, till he came to a place where a canoe was floating, and in this, with his companions, he embarked. They paddled away to the Leaping place of Souls (at Cape Maria) and there they cast anchor. Miru said to his comrades, "When you see the cable of the anchor shaking, pull it up, but wait here for me." Then he dived down to the bottom of the sea and entered the cave of the Spirits'

path. When he arrived at the home of Kewa, the chief of the spirits, he found the form of his sister there. He had with him nets wherewith to catch the spirit of his sister, but she could not be tempted forth from her house. He initiated sports and games to induce his sister to come outside, but she refused all his overtures until he had set up a swing, and then she came forth. Miru taking her in his arms, swung with her. Higher and higher they swung, and on reaching the highest point he let go and flew off like a dart from the throwing-stick (*kotaha*) till he alighted outside the boundary of the Spirit World. Thence they went on together till they arrived at the place where the cable of the canoe hung down and then they were hauled up to the world of life by their friends. When Miru reached the village where the corpse of his sister was lying he laid the spirit upon the dead body, which revived, and the girl lived again.

Another form of this story is told in the better known legend of Pare and Hutu as related in the South Island. There, however, the hero is a lover, not a brother, and Spirit Land is under the earth. The visitor threw his victorious dart, rejected the proffered love of the admiring princess, and the lady killed herself, as in the other story. Her people, being highly incensed at her death and the brutal unsusceptibility that had provoked it, were about to slay the offender when he begged time to try and restore the frail fair one to life. Journeying towards the Under World he arrived at the dwelling of The Great Lady of

Night and asked her to direct him to the place where he might find the spirit of Pare, but was contemptuously answered. The youth showed no resentment at her manner but had the tact to present his precious greenstone club *mere* to the scornful goddess who thereupon pointed out the road on which the spirits of men travel. (Dogs go to Hades too, but by a different path.) She warned him against eating the food of the dead, and told him to bow his head when descending to the dark world. She added. "When you are near the world below a wind from beneath will blow on you and will raise your head up again." [These "Winds that blow between the worlds" are often mentioned in Maori legend, such as that of "the winds of Ururangi" which blew on Tawhaki on his ascent to heaven, and remind one of Dante's "winds of hell" on which the spirits of Paolo and Francesca with those of a million others were seen to float.] When Hutu arrived at the dwelling place of departed souls he tried with diverting games to lure the spirit of his sweetheart forth, but she obstinately refused until he had invented a new game. He induced the people (the spirits) to bend down the top of a tree and when he was seated on it to let it go suddenly, he of course flying up into the air. Enchanted with this original and exciting game Pare ventured to his side saying, "Let me also play." He put his arm round her, and called to his companions, "Pull the head of the tree down, down, even to the earth." They did so and on its being suddenly released Pare and Hutu were thrown by the

jerk so high that they became entangled in the roots of the trees and shrubs that grow through the soil of the upper world. (O Sancta Simplicitas!) Hutu forced a way for both up through these, and restored the spirit of his beloved to her body, married her and "lived happy ever afterwards."

The curiosity attributed to the female sex combined with a daring and initiative not always accompanying it, accounts for a visit paid by two women to Spirit Land. They took with them a supply of dried *kumara* and slid down the *pohutakawa* tree. Having entered the cave at the entrance of *Te Reinga* they groped their way for a long time in the dark, but at last saw a tiny glimmer of light far off and directed their steps towards it. As they proceeded the light grew stronger until at last they saw three old spirits with hoary hair seated at a fire composed of three pieces of burning wood. One of the women took some of the sweet-potatoes and offered them to the spirits in exchange for some of the fire, which, being spiritual fire, was a thing to be desired. The old creatures were so overcome with astonishment to see living beings in the abode of the dead that they could only stare in petrified astonishment, whereupon one of the bold women snatched up a firebrand and dashed off with it, leaving her sweet-potatoes as payment. The daring act roused the old ghosts from their stupor, but they were not able to catch up with their fleet-footed visitors until they were just taking their last step outside the world of shadows. There, however,

the woman who was carrying the fire was caught by the heel, and she, not being willing to have her prize taken from her, whirled it up into the sky. There it stuck, and has been called " the moon " ever since !

Mataora, the inventor of the system of tattooing the face in curves (as we see it at present), was also known as one of those who had been permitted to escape from the world of the dead.

Sometimes the mode of restoration from death, that is, of drawing the soul back again to the dead body, was peculiar. A chief named Pawa was so incensed on the receipt of certain evil tidings that by means of a recited spell he slew the messenger who had brought the bad news. Pawa, however, had been eating a barracouta fish at the time the messenger arrived, and, repenting of his hasty conduct, he laid the fish on the breast of the corpse and the soul returned to the body. While on this subject, it may be remarked that it was well to have as herald or messenger some relative of the chief to whom bad news was to be taken, as there was a probability of the messenger being killed in an outburst of grief or passion if a stranger.

A certain lad took a calabash to a deep pool in the river in order to fetch water, but, on pressing the vessel down to fill it, it slipped from his hands. He reached out for it, missed, and fell into the water; he was drowned and his belly filled with water. His parents found the body and it was carried to the village to be wailed over. The spirit of the boy returned

to earth, bewildering the living, and passed into a man who acted as medium for it. That man was walking on a high steep cliff by the sea and was perplexed by his dœmon who said to him, "All is solid land" when there was but water. The medium sank down into the depths of the sea. There he saw all the great multitudes of fishes which are food for man, swimming here and there and darting in all directions. Again that man appeared on the surface of the sea and he knew that shore, and the place where he formerly lived, so he went to the beach and greeted his relatives who welcomed him back from the worlds where no living man dwells. In the morning they embarked in their canoes and sailed to the place pointed out to them by that inspired one; there they found great shoals of fish and filled the canoes to overflowing.

The cradle-land of the Maori, Hawaiki, is regarded in the Cook Islands (Rarotonga, etc.) as being in the Spirit World, and this Avaiki as they call it has no earthly existence. Something of the same sort appears now and then in Maori legend. Thus an ancient tradition says, "Then that boy went quickly down below to the Unseen World *(Reinga)* to observe and look about at the steep cliffs in Hawaiki." It is this confusion of ideas between the past and future which makes the Spirit World and the Under World seem one place, and puts the land of ghosts close under our feet, so close that (as we saw in the legend of Pare and Hutu) the roots of our trees are growing in the roof of the Nether World. When the hero

Maui wished to visit the Spirit Land he pulled the centre post of the house to one side, and felt the wind from Hades blowing up through the aperture. "Looking down he saw fire, men, trees and the ocean; he also saw men busily employed in the pursuit of their several occupations in this world."[1] There seems to have been no effort in the native mind to conceive of spiritual occupations for spiritual creatures, any more than there is in our own eschatology. When Tawhaki went up to Heaven he found settlements, houses, slaves, canoes, axes, etc., and the inhabitants following the occupations of men. Even Rehua, the god in the highest Heaven, greeted Rupe in the native fashion and ordered a fire to be lighted at which birds were cooked, etc. The spirits acted just as if they were on Upper Earth, and apparently had means of information as to how things were going among men. It is related that a certain young chief acquired celebrity among his tribesmen as a fencer with the spear, and the fame of his dexterity reached the shade of his father who had also in his day been a great spearsman. So the old man returned to earth on purpose to have a duel with his son, and finding that his offspring was unable to ward his thrusts or in any way equal the skill of the older warrior the victor contentedly retired to rest in his grave with his shadowy laurels. Such conduct might be considered as undignified in those whose battles we have hoped were over, but they compare worthily with the European spirits who at "seances" perform on the accordion

and the banjo to the delectation of many of our own generation.

The great difference between the conception of the Maori Spirit World and our own is that the native idea had nothing therein of the future life being a state where reward or punishment was meted out according to the quality of the mortal life. There were ten heavens and ten hells, but precisely how they were gained does not appear. Great chiefs like Tawhaki or Tane went up to the highest heaven, but then these chiefs were themselves mighty gods not human beings. Tawhaki when young was killed and his soul went to the Under World. It is told of him "At the time his spirit was in the other world Hine had called, but called in vain for him, for how could he answer when he was like one dead and his spirit had gone towards Ameto?"[2] Ameto (Extinction) is the lowest hell where the human soul fades into nothingness. It appears, however, that in some unexplained way his spirit returned to earth, and, after his marriage to the Celestial Maiden, he climbed the vine that hangs from heaven to earth and assumed divine powers. So far as can be gathered, it would seem that the heavens were in no way a place of reward for virtuous mortals, but the abodes of the gods and of supernatural beings only.

If the sacred food *(popoa)*, prepared at the funeral of a chief, had not been eaten by the High Priestess *(tapairu)* as a propitiation to the good guardian spirits in order to gain protection against the evil gods of the dead, the

soul of the deceased became unclean *(poke)*. There were several classes of spirits known as *poke* who were essentially unclean, especially the malignant demons *(kahukahu)* which had sprung from unborn children, but the spirits of dead men only became unclean if funeral rites were neglected. For this reason it was a great disgrace and trouble to a man if he had no legitimate child to make the propitiatory sacrifices. Hence the proverbs—"Without offspring, wailing" *(Kahore he uri, he tangi)*, and "You exist having the death-song chanted" *(Ka ora koe, ka pihea)*. The defiled spirit of such a neglected one was never capable, as those of unborn infants were, of malignant and dreadful actions, but it could plant the germs of disease and trouble for other wicked ones to nourish.

Ghosts.

As to ghosts proper as distinguished from evil spirits there were several varieties. There was the *taepo* ("Night Visitor"), which seems to have been any kind of supernatural being that made its presence known by mysterious tappings or rustlings on the thatch of the house at night. There was the second-sight ghost, generally the double of yourself, when you were "fey" and the sight of which portended death. A young Maori chief of unusual intelligence (Te Pou Tawera) related to me the following episode. "When I was a child my mother went out about noon to get water from the river. She crossed a fence,

and when descending to the stream noticed a female sitting on the opposite bank, looking at the water. When my mother reached the edge of the stream the figure slowly raised itself to a standing position and looked across. My mother then saw that the other was also herself. She came back to us moaning and crying. She died a few weeks afterwards."

The true ghost was the *kehua*. It was generally seen as one passed along a path at night or in the dusk. It would be found lying across the path, like a corpse. If you stepped over it, it would kill you. If you tried to avoid stepping over it by turning down a bye-path you would again find it lying in your track. Then you must go back. Probably it may have been the spirit of a friend or relative giving you a warning not to proceed in a certain direction, or to desist from the purpose then in your mind. If you were "fey" you would see the double of yourself lying in the path, and you would surely die within a short time. If the spirit of an absent friend presented itself indistinctly and with face averted that person was still alive, but was threatened with death; if the form and face were clearly seen the spirit had left the body. In one recorded instance a ghost appeared at night (but in the full light of a blazing fire) to a party of natives who were out hunting. Only two of the party, however, could see it. When they returned to their homes they found that the man whose spirit had appeared had died at the hour the ghost presented itself.

The young Maori chief Te Pou Tawera, above mentioned (now, alas! himself in the World of Shadows) told me the following when speaking on this subject:—"I have seen but two ghosts. I never saw a *kehua* on the path. I was a boy at school, in Auckland, and one morning was asleep in bed when I found myself aroused by someone shaking me by the shoulder. I looked up and saw bending over me the well-known form of my uncle, whom I supposed to be at the Bay of Islands. I spoke to him, but the form became dim and vanished. The next mail brought me news of his death. Years passed away and I saw no ghost or spirit, not even when my father and mother died, and I was absent in each case. Then, one day I was sitting reading when a dark shadow fell across my book. I looked up and saw a man standing between me and the window; his back was turned to me. I saw from his figure that he was a Maori, and I called out to him, "O, friend!" He turned round and I saw my other uncle, Ihaka. The form faded away as the other had done. I had not expected to hear of my uncle's death, for I had seen him hale and strong a few days before. However, he had gone into the house of a missionary, and he (with several white people) was poisoned by eating tinned meat, the tin having been opened and the meat left in it all night. This is all I myself have seen of spirits."

If one met a *kehua* (ghost) you had only to offer it some cooked food and it would instantly disappear, for ghosts, like all supernatural beings, disliked cooked food.

Notions of Scientific Facts.

In conversation and in legend, the Maori mind blends knowledge arising from perception with strange superstitions and poetical fancies. This only to say that he shares in our common humanity, for Europeans, even among their cultured classes, cling to many a belief that will not bear the light of reason. The Maoris have, however, now and then made utterance of expressions which would cause a hearer to surmise either that they had insight into some deep truths of science, or that their forefathers had bequeathed them memories of a state of far higher culture than most people think it possible they had ever attained, or than even our own ancestors of a few centuries ago reckoned among their intellectual treasures.

We may instance the expression, "the world floating in space" as describing the earth. The knowledge that the earth does float in the universal ether and was not the solid floor of the whole Cosmos was revealed to us by Copernicus only a comparatively short time ago, although the philosophers of the ancient world certainly seem to have dimly discerned the scheme of the Solar System.* Again, the condition of the earth in early geologic ages appears to be alluded to in legend. Tane, as the creator, was warned

* Other Polynesians also possessed this point of knowledge. In Hawaii the ancient hymn to Lono (Rongo), which was last sung when they offered adoration to Captain Cook as that deity, ends, "and establish the day of light on the floating earth. Amen."

that he would have to exercise his great power before the world could become habitable. The Hosts of Heaven called to Tane and said, "O Tane, fashion the outer part of the world; it is bubbling up." The legend of "Fire and Water" (related in the next chapter) also seems to hint at a knowledge of the forces which strove together in geologic periods almost incalculably distant. It is a suggestion only that I advance and takes the shape, that the same reasoning power which causes our scientific men to consider that the whole earth was once in a molten condition, viz, the evidence of the plutonic or unstratified rocks also caused the invention of the legend that the Creator was warned that the outside of his new world was bubbling up. Similarly, the Deluge traditions themselves (wherever they originated) probably arose from men noticing the stratification of rocks and the evidence of marine remains on the tops of mountains or on elevated plains. The stories about these and other islands being hauled up out of the deep possibly had the like origin, viz, myth born from observation.

The Maoris had belief in the existence of huge monsters *(taniwha)* generally of saurian character and mostly water-dwellers. The geologic remains in New Zealand of the animals called by scientific men Maui-saurus and Taniwha-saurus, would make one believe that the Maori had seen such creatures, but it appears cosmically impossible. The tales are more probably reminiscences of the crocodile in other lands.

There is in tradition one of these pseudo-scientific allusions that can hardly be explained by observation. I allude to the legend that Maui lengthened the days by catching the sun and making him go slower. It is a fact that the days are getting longer and longer. When the moon was thrown off (our teachers tell us) the earth's day was only three hours long, and in some far off future the length of the day and the year will coincide. How the Maoris learnt that at one time, as they say, the sun performed his journey so quickly that after he rose there was no time to get any work done before he set, it is impossible to say ; but evidently they did know it. If the legend had its origin in natural observation on an even appreciably shorter day than ours, it must have travelled down the stream of time through periods from which the historian shrinks aghast.

Mingled with these glimpses of truth (if they are glimpses and not accident) there were the dense ignorances and wild guesses at the laws of nature which always accompany the vision of life as seen by primitive peoples. We find the childlike notion of the vault of the sky being sustained by props; that the moon wasted with sickness every month and had to bathe in the waters of life to renew herself; that earthquakes were caused by the god Ru-ai-moko turning over during his sleep in the Under World. The natives held that some trees were male and others female (perhaps a memory of the palm), that only female trees bore fruit, while others, such as *kahikatea*

and *toromiro* were barren. The *totara*, *matai* and *maire* trees were in some cases male and in others female.

Mountains are spoken of which had shifted position, such as "Stony Mountain" (Maunga Pohatu) moved from Cape Kidnappers to its present locality. Of course there are stories as to the reasons of the exodus of such hills, and it is gravely related that a quarrel between the active volcano Tongariro and the now extinct volcano Mount Egmont caused the latter to move away from Taupo to Taranaki. Hills were sometimes ceremonially united in marriage, and such a ceremony (*tatau pounamu*, "The Greenstone Door," also used at conclusion of a lasting peace) ensured perpetual alliance between the tribes dwelling on, or owning the wedded mountains.

Many of the legends and much of the ancestral teaching had origin in poetry. "The Rainbow" (*Uenuku*) married "The Mist" (*Tairi-a-kohu*), but he was unkind to her and she returned to the sky. "Rainbow" set out to find her, but died far away. In the double "Rainbow" (*Kahukura*) the fainter underneath bow is his wife (*Tu-awhiorangi*) and their child was "Whirlwind." "Light Rain" (*Hine-wai*) was the sister of "Mist." "The Sun" (*Ra*) married "Summer" (*Hine Raumati*) for six months and then married "Winter" (*Hine Takurua*) for six months. Such teachings are scientific on one side, and poetic on the other.

A great monster named *Parata*, lying in mid-ocean, was to the Maori the cause of the

tides. Inhaling and exhaling the waters of the mighty deep, he dwelt in a far-off home beyond our line of sea and sky. If a vessel went near it was liable to be drawn into the swirling vortex of the down-rushing currents, and hence arose the adage, applied to one in trouble, that he had fallen into "The throat of Te Parata." One of the spells used in witchcraft to bring evil upon a person ran thus, "Dreadful by beetling precipices, deep down in Ocean's depths, listen! obey! be quick, and be scattered off to the one side and the other side, that the mighty Parata may go to work. Parata! hear! blow thy irresistible, overwhelming tides strongly to the shore!"[3] Parata is often alluded to in ancient legends. When Hina, the sister of Maui, had lost her husband through her brother's cruelty she appealed to the Parata and the Monsters of the ocean.[4] The "Arawa" canoe on its famous voyage to New Zealand was nearly lost through the wickedness of one of the passengers provoking another to utter an invocation that carried the vessel into "The mouth of Parata." Sometimes, however, the expression was used concerning any broken and stormy sea. The idea would seem to be pure myth were it not that in the Samoan and other voyages made by the great navigator Tangiia there is mention of a monstrous whirlpool in the sea, the *Fa-fa* (Maori, *waha?*) in which the voyagers were nearly engulphed. The notion may have had its origin in observation of the vast submarine volcanic disturbances which now and then heave up islands near the coast of the Tongan isles.

CHAPTER XIX.

MYTHS AND TRADITIONS.

IT is impossible in a single chapter to deal with so huge a subject as the Myths and Traditions of the Maori race with any possibility of treating them at length. Volumes could be written, and indeed many volumes have been written, filled with these quaint old stories. Nothing more can be done than to give a general idea as to their scope and direction, and supply a few references so that those interested in the subject can turn to their perusal in full detail.

The legends may be divided into three classes: (1) The purely mythical, wherein either elemental deities take part or demigods perform actions beyond the reach of mortals. (2) The semi-historical, in which it is doubtful whether the story relates to real events or to the fancy of poetic minds, or to both. (3) Stories of events in times near our own where there is little or none of the supernatural element and which there is good reason to consider as reliable.

Of the first class, such as those relating to elemental forces, etc., we may cite (as probably prior in sequence of time) the legend of "The contest between Fire and Water." As the tradition is very short we give it at length.

"The descendents of Tarangata were the parents of Fire. He conceived the idea that he was destined to become the conqueror of the world. He protruded his tongue to lick up Water, thinking he could consume it all. Then came forth the great wave to do battle with him. The one shot forth his tongue, the other did the same on his part. Aha! The name of the battle was Kaukau-a-Wai. Then Water invoked all the winds, every one of them; they came forth; then, indeed, was the power of Water exhibited. Aha! This was the defeat of Fire; it flew; it retreated; it was conquered by Water. Before all was over, however, everything on earth had been melted by the heat. After the conquest by Water, the few remains of Fire flew into the rocks, and also into the trees, especially into the Kaikomako tree. Behold the mountains—such as Ruapehu and others— which ever burn, ever rage."

Once on the islands of New Zealand (or more probably on "the ancestral land") there fell a Deluge of Darkness. In ancient days there was a chief who although himself born without parents was father of a son. When this son was grown up the old man told him to order the tribe to collect great stores of firewood. This was done, and then the father died, and was buried inside the house, near the wall, face downward. Darkness descended. Sea and land lay drenched in darkness. No path could be seen and people had to stay in their houses. This lasted a long time, till all the firewood was consumed. Then the chief heard his father speaking from his grave, saying,

"Here I am buried, where the earth heaves up." The son went and lighted an oven (earth-oven) with sacred fire, and Tamatea, the Lord of Morning, shook the house. There went a shiver through the world, and the first sign of dawn appeared; the birds sang "Light of Day." Then the people shouted "Daylight."

There are several traditions or allusions to a deluge or deluges. The most perfect is the legend of "the Deluge of Para-whenua-mea." It relates that two men, Parawhenuamea and Tupu-nui-a-uta were commissioned by the god Tane to visit mortals, who had forgotten the true doctrine as to the creation, etc. The evangelists were mocked and derided, so they took their stone axes and made a great raft of trunks of trees bound together with wild vines. On this a house was built and well stored with food. Para and Tupu then repeated charms and prayers for rain which fell in floods until the mountains were covered and all people were drowned except some men and women who were saved on the raft. They floated about for seven months, and then were informed by the signs of the staff and the altar (which had been erected by the priests on the deck) that the flood was about to subside. The survivors landed at Hawaiki (the Maori ancestral land) and found that the earth had cracked and "turned upside down." They carefully, on landing, performed their religious ceremonies, making sacrifices and thank offerings to the gods; these offerings, however, consisted only of seaweed, for there were no

victims left in the world. While celebrating their rites they, looking up, saw the Rainbow (the god Kahukura) standing in the sky.

There is a legend that there was a deluge when the god Tane had finished adorning the breast of Heaven (his father, Rangi) with stars. The hero Tawhaki who was afterwards a god, being ill-treated by his brothers, called upon the dwellers in heaven to avenge him. Then the waters were allowed to fall from the skies and they overwhelmed the earth, so that all human beings perished. This flood is known as "the overturning of the Mataaho." A variant of this last story states that a preacher was sent by the god Tane to the evil dwellers on earth, and that Mataaho who was the foremost of the unbelievers, mocked at the preacher, who then struck the earth with his knife upon which the world "turned upside down" and all except the preacher and his disciples died. Some say in regard to this deluge that Tawhaki stamped on the floor of Heaven and let the water through. Another version says that the tears of Tawhaki's mother, on account of her son having trampled on his ancestors, caused the flood and overwhelmed men. Still another deluge is known as "the tide of Ruatapu." From this only those people escaped who could fly to the sacred mountain Hikurangi. It came as a great tidal wave. The Maoris say that this Hikurangi is the mountain of that name on the east coast of the North Island—the hill on which the last *moa* stands (or stood) guarded by dragons. It may, however, be Ikurangi mountain in

Rarotonga, for the Cook Islanders also claim the site. And it may be neither, but an old memory of some far away peak in Asia—or in Fairy land.

Tawhaki has been described in this volume in his place among the gods, but his wooing by the Heavenly Maid has resemblance to another legend which relates that the wife of Toi was visited by a Heavenly man whose presence was announced to her by a strange light and a delicious perfume. To her celestial visitor she bore a son. The line of spider's web whereon Tawhaki climbed to heaven also served as a path for two men named Takitaki and Roku-airo, and also for a woman, Rangi-awatea.

The great hero-god of New Zealand (and other Pacific Islands) was Maui. His place is partly in mythology and partly in folk-lore. He seems to possess the powers of exalted deity at times, and then again to be a mere mortal full of fun and frolic, cunning and mischief. The Maori mind revels in the story of Maui's deeds, the high achievements and the trivial details are alike full of human interest and sympathy. He was of miraculous birth, and being thrown into the ocean in an immature form was nourished by the sea-gods to adolescence. Arriving at his mother's house, he lived as a youth among his brothers awhile. He visited the wood-fairies (Te Tini-o-te-Hakuturi) in the form of a tiny bird, the *miromiro*,* and in that shape while perched on the crutch of a digging-stick *(ko)* he taught the fairies their planting song *(tewha)*. Changing

*The New Zealand Tom-tit (Myiomoira toitoi).

himself into the form of a dove he visited the Under World and there it was prophesied by his mother that he would be the great Deliverer and win immortality for man, but his father foretold ultimate failure and disaster because a mistake was made by him when performing the baptismal ceremony over his son, and the anger of the gods had been awakened. Armed with the jawbone of an ancestress, Maui captured the Sun who at that time made his daily journey through the heavens too rapidly for mortals to be able to do their work, and by beatings and threats he induced the luminary to travel at his present speed. Maui, then, using the jawbone as a fishhook drew up the North Island of New Zealand to the world of day—hence it is called by the Maoris "the Fish of Maui" (Te ika a Maui). He would not have succeeded in doing this had he not caught a dove and putting his spirit into it, tied it to his fishing line. Then he caused the bird to fly up to the skies, drawing the island above water. This sacred dove, possessing Maui's spirit sometimes comes back to earth and its cooing is regarded as a presage of ill. When Maui had pulled up his "fish," he, having no weapon with which to strike it, killed it with the thunders of the heavens. The hero then visited the Fire-goddess, and from her subterranean abode obtained fire for the use of man—the seed of this fire he hid in certain trees and when wood of these trees is rubbed with other wood the fire for human use comes forth. His last great effort was to try to win immortality for mankind by passing through

the mysterious personality of the Great Lady of the Night, the death-goddess Hine-nui-te Po. He entered "the Dark Valley" but the grim unconquered goddess awoke from her sleep and slew him, and thus man's opportunity of living for ever was lost. Maui is often called "deceitful Maui" (Maui tinihanga or Maui nukarau) on account of his crafty devices. He played a very mean trick on his wife Rohe who was beautiful as Maui was ugly. The hero requested his wife to change faces with him, which she naturally refused. He then threw her into an enchanted sleep and effected the transfer while she was wrapt in slumber. Rohe, on awakening, was so disgusted that she left he husband and went below to the Shades where she became a death-goddess; she rules in the division of the Lower World as Te Uranga-o-te-Ra. Maui also acted treacherously to the husband of his sister Hina, changing his unfortunate brother-in-law into a dog. Nevertheless, with all his foibles and weaknesses and with the failure which wrought his own death, Maui, as Prometheus and Land-raiser, occupies a high position among the supernatural beings of Maori tradition. He was probably the leader of the Maori race into the Pacific, and in the course of centuries the infinitely old ancestral stories have accreted and crystalised about his name and memory. He is said to have uttered the speech, since passed into a proverb: "The area of ocean is greater than of land" (*Ko te moana i nui atu i te whenua*). To Maui is credited, among other things, the two important

inventions of the barb for the hook, and the cunning arrangement of the eel-basket wherein the doubled-over centre-piece prevents the fish getting out again.[1]

The story of Rata and the fairies is another legend widely known in Polynesia as well as in New Zealand. The following sketch will give a dim outline of the tale:—Rata wished to avenge the death of his father, and for that purpose desired to have a canoe in which to visit the place where his father's bones had been insultingly hung up by his enemies. He therefore went to the forest and chose a tree out of which to form his canoe. He hewed away all day with his axe, and just before dark the tree fell, so Rata took his way to his house. When he came back to his work the next morning he found the tree standing upright and the trunk to all appearances untouched by the axe. He again felled it, and at evening went home, but the next morning the tree was upright again. He then went and consulted his sister, who was a priestess, and who told him that he had neglected the sacred rites necessary to propitiate Tane, the Lord of Forests, before one of his children (the trees) could be interfered with. She also informed him that he must rub his axe upon her sacred person before the evil could be remedied. He did so, and hence one of the names of this sister is Hine-tu-a-hoanga "the Lady-standing-as-a-whetstone."* The third

* This is a good example of folk-lore evolved from a false etymology. The lady's name has a very different meaning from that of "a whet-stone." She is a volcano-goddess, and *hoanga* here means "eruption."

time he felled the tree and then, instead of going home he hid himself among the bushes. As evening fell, there came forth in the dusk "the innumerable multitude of the Wood-elves" (Te Tini-o-te Hakuturi) singing charm-songs, and gathering up all the chips. They set the tree upright in its place, and put back every chip in its proper position, singing—

"It is Rata, Rata, Rata,
Who felled the sacred forest of Tane (Ta-ne, the Forest Lord).
Small chips of Tane, chips of Tane flying,
Adhere!
Come together! Come together!
Fly hither, the chips of Tane."

Rata made a rush forward and seized some of them; then he compelled them to hew the tree into a canoe that afterwards became very famous as an exploring vessel under its name of the "Riwaru." Other adventures of Rata are related in the chapter on fairies.

Kae and the Whale is a very old legend. It states that Tinirau, the god of fishes, had a pet whale that he used as his ocean-steed, and on the important occasion of the birth of Tinirau's son the whale was lent to an old magician named Kae. This person had been employed to perform the necessary enchantments and ceremonies necessary to make the new-born infant a great and successful warrior, so on his return to his own country (on account of the description of the house, etc., probably Samoa) he was granted the whale named Tutunui as a means of locomotion. He was, however, charged not to take the creature into shallow water or it would die, but the malicious

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old man not only drove the whale ashore but he and his tribe roasted and devoured the carcase. The smell of his roasted servant came over the sea to Tinirau, who, thereon sent out a "beguiling expedition" of women to win the magician back into his power. The charms of these women were successful and they brought the sleeping or mesmerized priest back to his enemy, who slew him for his treachery and ingratitude. Allusions to many other traditions of the supernatural will be found in the legends scattered through this book in the chapters on "The Future World," "Fairies," etc.

The Water of Life (*Te Wai Ora a Tane*) is often referred to; it is sometimes called "the great Lake of Aewa." The moon goes to bathe in it every month so as to renew her life and strength after it has waned from the full. The Water of Life is situated in the fourth Heaven, Hauora; the heaven from whence the soul is sent to inhabit the body of a baby when it is born.

The second class of myths is that in which it is doubtful whether the story relates to real events, or, if probably founded on fact, whether the poetical additions do not make it so difficult to dissect as to render it untrustworthy. Of these special mention may be made of the tales of migration to New Zealand from Hawaiki in the so-called historical canoes. The stories are related with oftentimes a practical attention to details and a circumstantial completeness of narration that make it appear impossible they should be pure

inventions. Yet every now and then there is introduced some impossible or miraculous incident which awakens doubt; so much so in fact that Colenso, one of our most erudite scholars, appears to have believed that the migration was purely imaginary. He stands almost alone in this; the majority of Maori scholars have faith in the legends of the advent of the Polynesians into New Zealand in the celebrated named canoes, though each such scholar makes his own individual reservations as to the limits of his belief.

Generally, the traditions assert, that some 500 years ago, certain canoes arrived in these islands from Hawaiki, the cradle-land of the Polynesian race. The locality of Hawaiki is unknown and the credibility to be assigned to the various descriptions of the place is discussed elsewhere. The principal canoes were name Te Arawa, Tainui, Takitumu, Tokomaru, Mataatua, and Aotea. They were (excepting the Aotea, which was an "outrigger" canoe), large double canoes, probably carrying about 100 persons each. If we take one of these canoes, the Arawa, as a sample, we find that it was said to have been built in Rarotonga and was formed of totara wood, a timber which does not grow in the Rarotonga of the Cook Islands. The captain, a great chief named Tama-te-Kapua persuaded by stratagem the priest Ngatoro-a-Rangi to come on board, so as to have a strong magician with him for the performance of necessary religious rites. Tama also stole the wife of his friend Rua and brought her on board. Then the three sails of the canoe were

hoisted and they sped away. The deserted Rua stood on the shore uttering charms which "changed the stars of evening into the stars of morning, and those of the morning into the stars of the evening, and this was accomplished." Tama insulted the priest, who by his incantations raised a great storm, and the canoe drove into the whirlpool named "The Throat of Te Parata," the mouth of that monster lying in mid-ocean whose breathing causes the rise and fall of the tides. The canoe was becoming engulfed when the despairing entreaties of those on board moved the heart of the priest who by his incantations calmed the waves and allowed the voyage to proceed in safety till they reached the shores of New Zealand. There they found that the Tainui had already arrived, and a dispute arose between the crews as to the ownership of that part of the country, which was decided in favour of Tainui. The Arawa sailed along the coast to Maketu (in the Bay of Plenty) and there they found Rua who had arrived in search of his abducted wife. He and Tama-te-Kapua had a terrible duel, the effect of which was heightened by the heroic size of the combatants, for Tama was nine feet high, and Rua eleven feet. This need not, however, imperil the veracity of the main narrative, for a little addition to the stature of ancestral leaders is quite allowable after a few centuries. Rua was victor in the duel, and led his party away to another place, relinquishing the Rotorua country to the Arawa people. The priest Ngatoro went inland, leaving fairies as marks

to show that he claimed the territory, until he arrived at Lake Taupo. He ascended snow-clad Tongariro, and feeling the cold, he prayed aloud to the gods in Hawaiki, his birth place, to send fire to him. Over seas the sacred fire came. It lighted on White Island (now a volcano) then (along the line of thermal disturbance) by Rotorua, Tarawera, Orakei-korako, and Taupo. It came underneath the ground and burst out at Tongariro (now a volcano) so that the heat revived the hero, and he returned to Maketu to dwell. The chiefs of the Tainui were angry with the men of the Arawa, and hearing that the latter vessel was hauled up on shore in a shed thatched with dry leaves they cast fiery arrows across from the other side of the river, and the famous canoe was destroyed in the flames.

Some of the canoes had even more interesting adventures in mid-ocean than the Arawa, notably the Aotea which nearly perished off the island of Rangitahua, and whose consort the Ririno was lost soon after they left the island. One puzzling matter in this legend is that the declaration by Turi, the commander of the Aotea, was that he arrived in New Zealand by following the sailing directions of a former navigator, viz, "to steer for the rising sun." If so they must have come from the westward, and not as generally supposed from the South Sea Islands. The Aotea threw one of its crew overboard in a storm (as Jonah was cast away) to appease the sea-deities, but the supposed victim turned out to be the god Maru, and after swimming merrily about was

taken on board again. On reaching New Zealand Turi and his people settled in the country about Patea.

The Tainui, which first touched these islands at Whangaparaoa on the east coast of the North Island, sailed along the shores to the North Cape, then returned to the Tamaki, near Auckland, and the canoe was dragged across the portage at Otahuhu till it reached the waters of the West Coast at Onehunga, a passage made just previously by the Tokomaru canoe. The Tainui entered the harbour of Kawhia and remained there (turned into stone) till this day. From its sprouted skids sprang the small groves of trees, unique in the world it seems, known to botanists as the Pomaderris tainui.[2]

The question of the great migration is more fully dealt with in the part of this volume entitled "The Whence of the Maori."

The third class of legends, viz, those dealing with events near our own times or in which there is little or nothing of the supernatural, contains by far the most numerous and trustworthy accounts of Maori life, as indeed may be expected. These traditions are valuable, not only in giving us pictures of native life before the advent of the English, but also in presenting us with the only reliable etymologies of place-names in these islands. Wild guesses as to the meanings of names are often made, varying according to the eccentric spelling and pronunciation now assigned to local names, but the only mode of translating a Maori name is to find out the reason such a name was

given. As an example we may quote the name of Whakatane, a river and locality on the Bay of Plenty. When the Mataatua canoe drew near the shore, the voyagers saw on the cliffs above them a fort belonging to the original inhabitants of the country (*tangata whenua*). The crew of the immigrant canoe felt timid and unwilling to land, not knowing the character of the resident people, and doubtless wondering if it was a country inhabited by ogres. It was an unusual feeling to assail the usually dauntless souls of these sea-wanderers, and was probably sent by the gods. Each man sat moodily handling his paddle and loath to break the spell which appeared to envelop them. The commander, Toroa, had with him on board his fair daughter Wairaka, a girl of unusual courage and decision. Flourishing her paddle, she jumped up and cried, "Let me act as a man," inferring that the others would not. The meaning of *whaka-tane* is to act in a manly or virile manner (*tane*, a male); and this was the word she used. She leapt ashore, of course instantly followed by the others, and led the way to victory and to the ultimate possession of that part of the country, which was called Whakatane thenceforth.

One of the northern tribes had suffered extremely in war, and, having lost battle after battle, retired into the mountains to nurse their tribe, or, as the old phrase was, "to cause men to grow" (*whaka-tupu tangata*). This they succeeded in doing, and having, after some years, got together a splendid war-party, set out to take revenge on their old

foes. Their enemies dwelt in a very strong, indeed, almost impregnable, fortress situated on cliffs by the sea, and it was evident that mere force of arms could not take the position, so strategy was resorted to. The tribe of avengers possessed an unusual number of beautiful dogs, animals whose flesh and skins were held in high esteem. At the bidding of the head chief all these dogs were killed, and only the unusual abundance of choice food consoled their ladies for the destruction of their pets. The war-party set out, with a number of women carrying their food and the bales of dog skins. They travelled only at night. The inhabitants of the enemy's fort were aroused at dawn one morning by the cry of the watchers that a whale was stranded on the beach below the *pa*. There it was, surely, about a mile away—a great black mass on the sand, with sea birds hovering over it and settling on the monster. Down rushed the natives, armed only with their cutting knives (*mira tuatini*) with which to sever the flesh, but when they reached the carcase they stood astonished. The whale was hairy! Indeed, it was only a huge bag of dog skins stuffed out with fern, and with a few dead fish tied on it to attract the sea-birds. They saw themselves betrayed, but they were a mile from home, and as they rushed back they found their palisades manned by naked enemies brandishing their weapons. Other sections of the visiting war-party closed in on them, and great was the slaughter, only a few of the swiftest runners making their escape. The

visitors named themselves Ngati-kuri, "the tribe of the dog," from this circumstance. Beside the cunning displayed in this recital the wooden horse which caused the fall of Troy appears a very clumsy stratagem indeed.

In the South Island, a chief named Moki had defeated a tribe against which he and his war-party had set out. He had taken prisoners the wife and children of the chief of his foes, but the chief himself was at large and in occupation of a *pa* in the hills. Therefore, Moki felt himself insecure, not knowing at what moment his enemy might return with a war-party to rescue his family. So he ordered an extra watch to guard against surprise, but his men were tired and over-worn so their eyes were clouded with weariness. Te Rangi-tamau, the leader of the enemy, was a match-less scout, and, using every art of woodcraft, he managed to get within the lines and pass the neglectful outposts. Arrived at the house of Moki, he saw his wife sitting by the fire. He stepped in, and touching her gently on the shoulder, gave her a sign to be silent and follow him outside the hut. Then he questioned her as to the circumstances which had occurred and as to the treatment of the children and herself by Moki. Finding that she had been well and generously used, he told her that after he was gone she was to wake her captor and say to him, "Your life was in my hands, but I gave it back to you." He then took off the mat of dog-skins he was wearing and gently placed it over the knees of Moki. When he had gone, and the woman

thought her husband had reached safety, she woke Moki and told him the message. Moki touched the mat and realised the truth of her story. He was justly incensed with his people for allowing him to be caught napping, and uttered the exclamation, "Oh, Tu-whai-tara!" (the deaf-eared), a saying that has become proverbial. The next day he entered into negotiations with Te Rangi-tamau, and peace was made. The story reminds one of the spear of Saul, the King of Israel.

These legends, the supernatural, the semi-mythical and the historical, may be taken as fair samples of their class. As I before observed, it is impossible to give more than a brief sketch of each class, although there are hundreds in which the historical and the mythical melt together, and are almost inseparable. However, many others are referred to under other headings, and in different parts of this work.

Chapter XX.

RELIGION AND COSMOGONY.

T has been mentioned in the early part of this book that the missionaries found it as difficult as it was to them distasteful to record the wicked follies (as they thought them) of the religion that preceded Christianity in New Zealand. C. O. Davis mentions that when attempting to question an old priest on the subject of the ancient Maori worship of the Supreme Being he was refused information, and politely referred to another priest 100 miles away. Probably that priest would have referred him again to some one else and so on. Each initiate into the sacred mysteries considered his knowledge as a trust to be guarded against the outer world, and it is only under most exceptional circumstances that information could be acquired. Some gods could only be named in the Whare Kura or Whare-wananga (temples) of the tribe. To utter "the ineffable name" (Io) under a roof of any kind was to blaspheme most frightfully, and would be a sacrilege that only an ignorant person (religiously ignorant) like a European would have the depravity to attempt. Even

the names of ancestors, as god-descended, would not be regarded as treated with due respect if mentioned at certain times or in unsuitable localities. A European student of Maori lore once ventured to speak to an old priest whom he met in a country store (shop) and asked him some question about ancient history. The Maori turned round with a disgusted look and remarked, "This is no place in which to speak of solemn things." If we only consider the awe in which the denizens of the unseen world were held by the natives, that every spell and invocation was supposed to have influence with gods and demons, with powers of the water, earth, or air, and that the recital of one of these spells in an incorrect manner (even in the dropping of a single word) was believed to bring death upon the user, we can dimly discern the frame of mind with which an old priest would regard the European friend who should produce his notebook, proceed to jot down the holy syllables, and ask the most tremendous questions with a light heart. Only one who loved the enquirer and dared unknown terrors for the sake of that love would answer such questions or repeat the consecrated hymns for him. It is not unusual for a priest after going a certain length to say, "If I tell you any more death will overtake me," or "I must not repeat what follows, because there is now no priest alive sacred enough to perform the ceremonies necessary to purify me from such sacrilege." Another has been known to say, "The presence of the Christian God has silenced the Maori gods,

but the gods of the Maori still hold us in their power, and if I break their laws they will punish me with death."

Religion, as some of us understand it, viz, as a means whereby through faith or good works, or a combination of the two, we can get a reward either in this world or the next (or even "make the best of both worlds") was not comprehended at all. The virtues which were inculcated were those that it was proper for a brave warrior or a respected woman to possess, and were not practised either to please unseen divinities or to obtain reward in a future existence. Virtuous actions were of no religious value, worship was. Of course we use the word "worship" here as outward observance, hymns, sacrifices, incantations, etc. This worship, however, seems generally to have been paid more with the idea of disarming the resentment or obtaining the alliance of supernatural beings than with any feeling of exalted devotion, or of reverential admiration. Certainly it was not paid with any idea of spiritual improvement to the worshipper. As we shall see further on, however, it was not in every case a mere worship of dread, or propitiation of malignant forces; in some forms such as the offerings to the *kumara* gods, the worship of Tahu (god of peace and plenty), the invocations to the beneficent Tawhaki, etc., there was even in the worship of the lesser gods room for thankfulness and hope and gladness.

There was, if not real piety (and who shall define its limits?) much and regular religious observance, even in ordinary domestic life. In

the legend of Paihau's wife we are told that before leaving her husband to elope with another man "she went to the place (*tuāhu*, altar or shrine) where invocations are offered, to prepare herself." Then the story goes on, when the injured husband returned, "It was dark in the evening. All this time Paihau was expecting to find his wife at the village home; not so, she had been gone some time. He saw only the pillars of the house, there was no wife for him to speak to. Then was the man troubled on account of his fugitive, and lamented for her. This ended he went away to the altar *(tuāhu)* to prepare himself, remaining there till midnight, by which time he had completed his invocations."

The theology of the New Zealander differed very greatly from that of some other Pacific Islanders. The names of the elder gods and many of their attributes seem to have been common property, but there is little trace to be found of the sublime Trinity-worship, the adoration of Light, Sound, and Stability (Tane, Rongo, and Tu) which was conducted with such solemn ritual and embodied in such magnificent hymns as those to be found in the Hawaiian Islands and the Marquesas. On the other hand, the peculiar sacred institutions of Samoa, the village and family gods, and the intricate system of their *tapu* was unknown in New Zealand.

Much of the reverence for the older and higher divinities had disappeared long before the Europeans came. These ancient deities had become indistinct in a great measure, and

though still served with immense variety of ceremony, much of the vital principle of the Maori religion had merged into *tapu*, that is into the earthly presence of the gods in human or other material form.

In considering the religion and cosmogony of the Maori people it is necessary to take a very wide field of view. Part of the subject is shrouded in the darkness of the past, and another part in the difficulties besetting one human mind when it tries to enter the secret dwelling-place of the soul in another bosom. To present the impressions of those who have been content to accept the froth on the surface as a record of the deep-sea-currents of ancient belief would be easy enough. To convey to another person even what is known (in fragments) to oneself is not so easy.

First we must disassociate in the Maori religion, as in all other religions, the "outward and visible sign" from the "inward spiritual grace." There was an outward religion which found its exponent in the charms and spells of priests, in observing the forms of *tapu*, in reverence and devotion to sacred objects and to the lesser gods of the tribe or locality. Inside all this, however, was an inner circle wherein those who understood the esoteric teaching lived in a larger world with abstract deities to worship, or probably with one god only as the centre and source of all their religious energies. Into that inner circle it is almost impossible to pierce, but now and then we shall get glimpses therein which will more than repay the toil of investigation.

There seems to have been with the ancient Maori two records of origin, one sufficient for the ordinary man to understand and the other reserved for the thinker and mystic. For the more superficial it was sufficient to say that they descended from Rangi (Heaven) and Papa (Mother Earth). Up to these two their pedigrees were counted as on the "god-descended" line, and from these all the children of men had their origin, the difference between the high chief and the commoner only being that one could count along the well-known lines of elder-born children while the others had lost their lineage through being derived from younger offshoots and cadets whose genealogies had not been worthy of record. For the wise and instructed, however, there was a world of origins, long anterior to Rangi and Papa, a world it is true where the persons married were little better than abstractions, but where there were distinct traces of metaphysical conceptions that no savage could (in my opinion) evolve for himself. Whether in ancient times, almost inconceivably remote, the Maoris were under a religious system in which the unity of Good was the focus of their religion, or whether what we find were the broken efforts of the human soul in different centuries "by searching to find out God" we shall probably never know. Certainly there are expressions in use (some of which will be alluded to) which not only show sisterhood with the great religions of the ancient world but they are almost unexplainable if we hold that the Maori has never stood on a loftier

spiritual and intellectual plane than he occupied at the time when the European explorers visited these shores.

Before we touch the subject of the Creation let us examine some of the evidence for the idea of a Supreme Spirit. The Maoris in the olden times worshipped a Supreme Being whose name was held to be so sacred that none but the Priest might utter it at certain times and places. The name was Io. "The oldest Maori prayers were those addressed to the sacred Io."[1] "Io (God) was the Creator, and he begat Io-rangi, 'god of the heavens,' who begat Tahito-te-rangi, 'the Ancient of the heavens,' who begat, etc."[2] Thus say two of our most learned Maori scholars; and one of them translates again: "God (Atua) began his chant of creation at Darkness and sang, 'Darkness begat Daylight,' etc., etc."[3] Sir George Grey spells the name Iho-te-rangi, and probably this is the proper pronunciation, for the Tahitian cosmogony states that, "In the beginning there was nothing but the god Ihoiho; afterwards there was an expanse of waters which covered the abyss, and the god Tino Taata floated on the surface."[4] In Mangaia (Cook Islands) the word Io is used for "god." It is true that there will be found in the Maori cosmogony a circle of "self-existent gods" who preceded the deities supposed to have been born of other celestial parents, but the above extracts point to a central point of deity, whether that be called Io (a name of awe in many ancient religions) or another. It is a majestic conception that

God sang the universe into being, the Pythagorean idea of the music "to which the whole creation moves," and the great harmonies of numbers in the cosmic scheme here meeting with the sympathy of a primitive belief. In an ancient incantation, translated by White, the words occur:—

"Stay, omens, stay. The One Supreme has come,
And signs now tell of his disciples near.
They come, and peering forth, gaze
Into space of beauty and of good.
I, the scholar, hold the sacred stone of power.
Soul of power, soul of earth and heaven,
Accept delight and ectasy unlimited.
Hold all beauty; let it spread around.
The soul now climbs and high ascends—
The soul of the Supreme and his disciples.
O Heaven! the soul is far above—
Above in all creation's space,
In light supreme, in blaze of day."[5]

Again—

"Whilst I my offerings make and chant my sacred song,
To Him the one Supreme."[6]

Whatever these mystical verses may mean, such is the translation that White, a scholar with unique means of verification by reference to old priests, has given us, and it is a bold hand that would conjure with the rod that he has dropped. It would seem that the idea of a Supreme Being was certainly present in the belief of the instructed and wiser of the Maori priests. There are other coincidences with ancient religions to be alluded to further on.

Let us see if the thought of a Supreme Being as Creator was also present in the Maori

scheme of cosmic existence. The acceptance of the idea of a Supreme Being present in the universe does not make absolutely necessary the conception that all things were created by Him. It appears rather as if the visible universe, or that from which the universe evolved itself, had always existed. The primal point, or rather that at which it is introduced to us, is "Nothingness." The cause of all things was the generative power existing in the primeval Chaos or Nothingness *(Kore)*. Thence came the yawning immeasurable Darkness *(Po)*, blank and unformed, yet holding within itself the potency and essence of all future life. Thus says the Maori chant—

> "Night had conceived the seed of Night,
> The heart, the foundation of Night
> Had stood forth self-existing
> Even in the gloom."[1]

Matter was only the development or manifestation of Thought or Spirit. Periods emerge as Time-spaces of a thousand years and upwards, named Nothingness, Darkness, Seeking, Following-on, Conception of Thought, Enlarging, etc., etc., up to the eighteenth division, that is Daylight or the time of human beings. To give some idea of the vast period preceding the visible creation the old narrator counted thus, "the Night, the first Night, the second Night, the third Night" and so on up to tens, to hundreds, to myriads, then began again from the first to tens, to hundreds, to myriads, then began again from the first to tens, hundreds, etc., etc., over and over again

18 times! This was to convey an idea of the slow emergence of the Cosmos, and although monotonous it gave somewhat of the desired impression. Of course with the passion for personification that haunts the primitive mind, Night *(Po)* appears as a being capable of begetting others in its likeness. Thus commences the higher genealogy, the pedigree not of men but of the Children of the Heavens. Night is followed by Suspended-night, Drifting-night, Moaning-night (in pain of travail ?) Morning, Abiding-day, etc., etc. There is no certain and classical enunciation of these abstractions; almost every one given by the old priests differ from the others, and the teaching of the priests of diverse tribes has no common rule or unity—a thing to be expected, for the matter is one of pure poetry, and we get greater conformity (sad to say) over the lower and more material notions that precede the creation of the human race. Scattered among the Polynesian Islands are fragments of belief in which every variety and eccentric inversion of the attitudes and positions of the early gods towards each other may be found. It appears highly probable in comparing these fragments of belief that the most ancient realm of celestial power was that occupied by Tangaroa, the Lord of Ocean. We find how venerable was his dominion when we note in the highly specialised and wonderfully preserved hymns of the Marquesans that he (Tangaroa) has become the Evil One, a position always assigned in religion-making to superseded divinities. Indeed in many islands the worship of

this deity as Supreme Being and Creator continued till the beginning of the century. Some remnant of this antiquated worship of Tangaroa may be found in very old Maori legends, such as that of Roiroiwhenua[8] and the pedigrees which declare that Heaven (Rangi) was the nephew of Tangaroa.[9] It will be quite sufficient for our purpose, however, to move at once to the period of Rangi and Papa, Heaven and the Earth Mother, for from this primal pair the lower or more popular cosmogony may be considered as having evolved.

The Heaven Father and the Earth Mother were the first parents. Heaven lay on the breast of Earth; the first great Parents clinging to each other in the darkness. Between them, in the gloom, their children multiplied and grew, but never did light reach them. There was strife among the children as to whether they should cleave to their mother, who had shut them up in darkness, or whether they should rend their parents apart. That is the meaning of the old saying often repeated in religious rituals—"Darkness, darkness, light, light, the seeking, the searching, in chaos, in chaos, the multidude, the length"—signifying how the children of Rangi and Papa consulted through the great Time-spaces in their search for conscious existence of light and life. These children were the early gods, and each tried in his turn to lift up Heaven from Earth, but all failed till Tane, the god and father of forests, birds, and insects, exerted his mighty strength, and with a supreme effort tore the eternal lovers apart. Then the gods prepared the

props of Heaven (*Toko-rangi*) to sustain for ever the weight of the over-arching sky. The ancient love of Heaven and Earth remains, and still Heaven nightly mourns with sighs and dewy tears over the loving breast from whose embrace he was torn away.

Tane, the separator of his parents, found that his ruthless act had been purposeless for its object, for darkness still filled the vault of air. He looked forth and saw the Children of Light, and said, "How brightly glow the Shining Ones!" He prayed that Hine-rau-a-Moa might be given to light the darkness of the Earth-born. And she was given, but her rays could not pierce the darkness of the Void. Then Tane asked for Hina-tore (Phosphoresence), and she was given also, but the black darkness was unconquered. The Stars were brought, but still only a glimmer here and there passed across the world; afar off was the true light of day, and when the Moon was given her shining was but that of a pale dawn. Then Tane cried to Tango-tango, "Yet there remains the Ra, the Sun, the last of the Children of Light that I desire." Then did Tango-tango grow hot with anger, and he sent the Sun, fierce with rays, that he might destroy the importunate one. But Tane warded off the beams of heat, and thrust the heavens still higher, that the sun-rays might not consume the Children of Earth. To the breast of Heaven (Rangi) the Children of Light still clung, and thus the Sun and Moon and Stars move high above the earth to give light and warmth to men.

Rangi, although sometimes a war-god, was supposed to be of a benevolent disposition, and was prayed to for life and health. He guided the souls of the dead to the spirit-world.

There are many childish stories of the decoration of the breast of the Heavens with stars, of trees being made (planted at first upside down), and of numerous deities and children of deities for whom there is no further mention. As an example, we may quote the allusions made to the different Tane. When Rangi was still undivided from Papa he was a cripple, for he had been badly wounded by the spear of Tangaroa, whose wife, Papa, he had taken. Hence arose the crippled gods, his offspring, viz, Tane-pepeke, Tane-tuturu, and others whose names convey the impression of deformity, but they do not enter practically into the religion or ritual of the Maori; they pass out of sight with mere incidental notice. The really important gods of this mythological epoch are:—

2. Tane-mahuta, god of forests, birds, insects, etc.
3. Tangaroa, god of ocean, of fish, reptiles (often called fish, *ika*), etc.
3. Rongo-ma-tane, god of the cultivated food of man (especially *kumara*).
4. Tu-matauenga, god of war and struggle.
5. Haumia-tikitiki, the god of food that grows without cultivation, especially fern-root.
6. Tawhiri-matea, the god of tempests.

After the "rending apart" of their parents all these deities quarrelled fiercely among themselves, and the greater part of the dry land was submerged in the struggle. It is true that there is another and quite distinct Maori

cosmogony relating that the Earth stands on a Pillar and the Pillar stands in a Basket, but this has some mystical meaning, and as it depends on a single sentence in an ancient poem its consideration may be deferred.

Rangi, the Upper World, was divided into ten heavens, and Papa, the Lower World, into ten spaces or hells (if we dissociate the latter word from its sense as "a place of torment"). The Heavens began with the sky (*Kikorangi*) as the lowest or First Heaven and passed upward to the highest, the Naherangi, in which dwelt Rehua, the Ancient One, the eldest son of Heaven, with flowing locks and lightning flashing from under his arms. He was the highest of the gods of the Maori Pantheon, the Lord of Love and Kindness, opposed to war and bloodshed. He is not, however, to be confounded with the Supreme Being (*Io*) who apparently belongs to another and different cult. The three lower heavens are ruled by Maru, the three next higher by Tawhaki, the four highest by Rehua. In the Lower World the goddesses held rule. Over the earth's surface and the three circles below it reigned "the Great Lady of Night," Hine-nui-te-po. Rohe, the wife of the hero-god Maui, was queen of the next three, and Miru the Hell-goddess monarch of the lowest three circles. The last of these domains of Miru was named "Extinction" (*Ameto*) for here the spirit passed out of existence.

Before proceeding further with the description of the deities, the account of the creation of man deserves notice. There are

several divergent traditions and stories of the origin of the human race. One is that the god Io made man. The most poetical is that the god Tane took red clay and made a model in the image of a man at Hawaiki. Then he uttered an incantation, and breathing on the figure, the clay came to life. The first man was called Tiki. The first woman was Marikoriko (Glimmer). She was the daughter of Arohirohi (Mirage), and Paoro (Echo) was her father. Tiki and his wife, Glimmer, brought forth a Child named "Daughter-floating-in-shadow," because when she was born clouds were floating everywhere across the sky. Another version is that Tane made woman direct, called her Io-wahine, and gave her as a wife to Tiki. He formed a model and called it "the Earth-born Maid," who bore a daughter, "the Pattern Maid." She in her turn bore a daughter, who was given to the first man, Tiki, as his wife. "The Pattern Maid" was so angry when she found that she had borne a daughter to Tane that she went down to Hades and became a Death-goddess, dragging downwards the souls of men to the darkness. She then assumed the name of Hine-nui-te-po, "The Great Lady of Night." There are many legends stating that Tiki was not the first man but himself the Creator of man, but this was a heresy, and it is said that the preaching of this doctrine and the denial of man's creation by the god Tane was the cause of mankind being destroyed by the Deluge.[10]

Returning to the gods mentioned as being in charge of the different celestial and infernal

mansions, and omitting Rehua, who has been already spoken of, we come to Tawhaki. This personage appears in Maori legend at first as a human being, or a hero demi-god, but he soon assumed divine attributes. He is said to have caused a deluge by stamping on the floor of heaven, and is so well known in other parts of Polynesia as to be certainly one of the elder hero-deities of the race. In New Zealand the story told of the Greek Endymion is imputed to Tawhaki, he being visited at night by "The Heavenly Maiden," who became his wife and bore him a child. When the celestial visitor forsook him and went aloft to her old home with her babe, Tawhaki climbed up a vine which hung down from heaven. There he assumed divinity, and thunder and lightning are said to be caused by his footsteps as he moves. Sometimes he is said to have ascended to heaven on a line of spider's web; at others on the string of his kite. In one legend his companion in his ascent is said to have been a lady named Hine i te muri whakaroto. As a reverse story to this we may cite the case of Tuhouhi, "a heavenly man," who came from the skies to be the lover of "the Maid of the Mist" (*Hine-pukohu-rangi*). Tawhaki was a most beneficent deity, and as one of the gods of the highest heaven, to him, as well as to Rehua, were incantations made in times of sickness and death. His sacrifice was ten baskets of food counted in a peculiar manner.

Of Maru, lord of the three lower heavens, not much is known to the Maoris. In the South Island of New Zealand he often appears

to take the place of Tu as the war-god, but he was not widely worshipped in the North Island except at Whanganui where he appears to have had a special cult. There his high priest was called Paraoa, the next priest Ariki, the third-class Horomatua. He often appeared to be present to a war-party in the red glow of the sky, and in this way he also was known in the Gambier Islands (Mangareva). The scalp of a war-victim was offered to Maru, not to Tu.

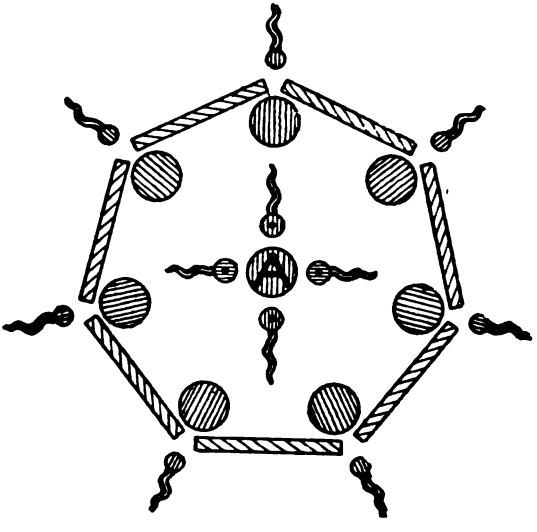
Of the infernal goddesses the Great Lady of Night has been already mentioned. It was she who when the hero Maui attempted to gain immortality for men balked his efforts and destroyed him.

Miru the Hell-goddess was lady in the lowest circles of the World of Darkness. Her house was called "The Door of Night" and she dwelt therein surrounded by the Ngarara (Reptile gods), with Makutu (Witchcraft) and the Multitude of the Evil Deities. She is said to have lived on earth before the days of the Deluge, but her fortress was destroyed at the time because she would not listen to the words of the good priest of Tane. She was once visited by a demi-god named Rongomai who with others of his tribe went to her dark abode and there learnt the secrets of sorcery charms, spells, etc., including the "guardian charm" (*Kaiwhatu*). She is said to have been burnt up at last in her own house with all her attendant fiends. Much more is known of Miru in Rarotonga than in New Zealand, but there are constant allusions to her in old poems and chants.

Ra, the Sun-god, was one of the children of Light *(whanau marama)*. Various accounts are given of his birth, but he and his sister, Hina or Marama, the Moon, were generally called "The children of Haronga and Tongo-tongo," Haronga being the son of Rangi-potiki (Baby-sky) one of the props of heaven. He was worshipped in New Zealand, and the great Sun-feast was a time of festival. Although he is said to have been beaten and made to go slower by Maui, yet Maui, himself, is really one of the forms of the Sun-god, as is proved by his relationship to Hina. Hina the Moon-goddess (or rather the wife of the Moon-god Marama) is spoken of elsewhere. She is the most interesting of all Polynesian goddesses. Others were Winter (*Hine-takurua*) and Summer (*Raumati*), these were called wives of the Ra, and by Summer he had a daughter Tanerore (Quivering Heat)—hence the proverb for the summer-time, "The dancing of Tanerore has commenced." In the Winter the Sun lives with Hine-takurua in the ocean, in the Summer he dwells on land with Raumati. He is always moving from the realm of one wife to another. (See under Heavenly Bodies). The Stars, like the Sun and Moon, were Children of Light, and are the lordly chiefs that endure while men and trees and all things having earthly life perish. The flame of fire is their breath.

There was an annual festival held in honour of the Sun. Great heaps of food were arranged in lines forming a regular heptagon, with a fire lighted at each interior angle, and a pole with

pennant at each exterior angle of the figure. In the centre was a larger fire representing the Sun and named for this purpose as *Here*. A human victim (called the *Whaka-here*) was burnt in this fire as a sacrifice wherewith to propitiate the Sun-god. Four larger poles with pennants were arranged in the shape of a cross about the central fire. The feast was named *Hakari*, after some ancestor of that name, but it is probable that it is a sun-name. The *hakari* afterwards became the name of any great festival, but the carefully constructed and enormous pyramid prepared for the reception of the food showed the feast to be a survival of sun-worship. (See page 113.)



Heaps of food (here called *tahua* "to kindle") set out in regular heptagon.

The HERE or central Sun, represented by a fire in which the *Whaka-here* or victim was burnt to propitiate the sun-god Ra.

Fires lighted at each interior angle of the heptagon.

Poles bearing pennants. The larger poles in the centre were called *Wana* or "rays of the Sun;" the smaller poles were *Toko* or "rays of the Sun."

The mystical names given to portions of the ceremonial are of peculiar interest. The heaps of food were called *tahua*, which is derived from the word *tahu* "to kindle," and the priests were known as *tahu* or *tahuna*.* The large poles with pennants, near the centre, were called *wana* "rays of the sun," and the smaller poles outside the heptagon were *toko*, also "rays of the sun." From *wana* is derived *wananga* "a holy altar" or "the medium of the spirit of a deified ancestor;" in Hawaiian *wanana* "to prophesy." There is no explanation why *toko* the ordinary Maori word for "a pole or staff" should also mean "a sun-ray," or why *tahua* "a kindling" should be applied to "a heap of food," except in the explanation offered by this first-published description of the sun-feast.[11]

An interesting allusion to this annual feast is given in one of the Ngai-tahu legends, that

*Thus showing that the Hawaiian *Kahuna* "a priest" is not a word related to Maori *tohunga* "a priest or wizard" as is usually supposed. *Tohunga* is derived from *tohu* "to think," hence, "a wise man, a learned man," a priest or artificer; but *tahuna* (Hawaiian *kahuna*) is "a burner," a sacrificing priest.

of Niwareka. "Then they selected a hundred and seventy men of their tribe and went to the home of Hapopo, and, having found Niwareka there almost alone, one of the party asked, while all the others were silent, 'Where are the people?' She answered, 'They are yonder out on the plain.' He asked 'What are they doing?' She replied 'They are chanting songs and offering sacrifice to Ra (the sun).' He said 'For what purpose?' She answered 'To suppress the ill-feeling of the people and to give quiet to the land.'" Since the Easter Islanders and the Mangaians are known to have anciently worshipped the Sun, as the natives of the Polynesian colony of Port Moresby, New Guinea, also did, and as we are told that in Samoa they not only worshipped the Sun but offered up a human sacrifice to that deity every day for eighty days, it would be strange had traces of a religion so natural and so ancient not been discovered in New Zealand.*

* Mr. Savage remarks[13] that the Maoris worshipped the sun, moon, and stars, and noted that, while their chants to the moon were of a mournful character, "when paying their adoration to the rising sun the arms are spread and the head bowed with the appearance of much joy in countenances; accompanied with a degree of elegant and reverential solemnity, and the song is cheerful." It is curious that Mr. Savage is almost the only early visitor to New Zealand who made any report on the subject. The writer of the article on "The New Zealanders" (Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Edition 1830, p 233) says that two young New Zealanders then in Great Britain "were in the habit of commencing the exhibition of their national customs with the ceremonies practised in their morning devotion to the sun. The vocal part of

Kahukura, the god of travellers, life, death, and disease was one of the beneficent deities. His image was worshipped in the Mua of the great temples of the Wharekura. He is properly one of the rainbow gods and is described with them.

Tu, the war god (*Tu-mata-uenga*), has been mentioned as one of the children of Rangi and Papa. To him all war-parties were sacred, and the children of a chief and a slave woman were a tribute to him and his especial property. Tu and his brother Rongo were the leaders of the rebellion in Heaven, and Tu was supposed to have been killed in that mythical combat, though it probably meant that his celestial influence then ended and he became a terrestial

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the rite, according to the account we have received, consisted in a low monotonous chant; the manual in keeping a ball about the size of an orange constantly whirling in a verticle circle. The whole was performed in a kneeling posture." It is true that we cannot trust much to the antics of transplanted natives giving so-called representations of their national customs, but the Maoris of that date were unsophisticated as to stage work, and there was no reason for falsely stating that to keep a ball moving in a verticle circle was done in honour of the sun, unless for some hitherto unexplained deception. The regular swinging of a sphere in a verticle circle savours of solar worship, and may have been part of some ancient rite (the *poi* dance may be of sun-worship origin) but it is certain that a priest would not have gone through his incantations for money, although a young man might imitate a portion of the priestly ceremony. Or it might have been (as is stated by the above writer) a part of family worship—but, even then, the kneeling posture is suspicious. As to these two testimonies I utter no opinion, but merely compile information which may have escaped the notice of the ordinary reader.

deity only. His terrible name was held in great sanctity and is often mentioned in different parts of Maori ceremonial and religion.

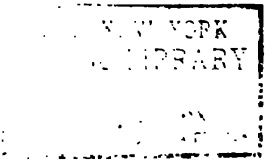
Whiro *(Whiro-te-tupua*—Whiro the goblin) is a god often alluded to as the spirit who influenced the minds of men to wickedness, and as the Maori Satan. He, perhaps, hardly deserves this bad character, although he was well known in Eastern Polynesia as the patron deity of thieves. He is vaguely alluded to in numberless ancient Maori poems, etc., but is best known as a famous voyager of old times, or probably the voyager, being similarly named, is confounded with the god. Whiro was sometimes a war-god, though not so generally accepted as Tu. Whiro had a tiny oven set for him, an oven not larger than a dinner plate, the offerings consisted of a piece of the heart or liver, and the scalp of the *mataika*, the first man slain.

Besides the gods proper, there is a class of deity whose place is difficult to define. They were tutelary deities and had special charge and protectorate over particular things, so were called *matua* (parents), but are often alluded to as gods nevertheless. Of these we may mention:

Punga	the parent of	lizards, insects, etc. (*ngarara*).
Punga	„	the gurnard fish *(kumu kumu)*.
Noho-tumutumu	„	the cormorant *(kawau)*.
Moe-tahuna	„	the duck (*parera*).
Pu-whakaharahara (a star)	„	the *maire* tree.
Naha	„	the flounder (*patiki*).
Pani	„	the sweet-potato (*kumara*).
Pu-te-hue	„	the gourd (*hue*).

MAORI CARVINGS IN WANGANUI MUSEUM.

The carving with spirals (in the foreground) is an old bow piece of a canoe.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Te Hukita	the parent of	the lizard (*moko-moko*).
Haereawaawa	„	the rail bird (*weka*).
Kereru	„	the pigeon (*kukupa*).
Pahiko	„	the parrot (*kaka*).
Parauri	„	the parson bird (*tui*).
Irawaru or Owa	„	the dog (*kuri*).
Otunairangi	„	the palm-tree (*nikau*).
*Mumuhanga	„	the *totara* tree.
Hinamoki	„	the rat (*kiore*).

Tautini-ariki is the god of flies, and is the tutelary deity of the large metallic-looking fly *(Rango-tamumu)*.

Haunua	the parent of	the fern-root (*roi*).
Tomairangi	„	dew (*hau*).
Tuhirangi (a red flush on horizon)	„	the rainbow.

Raka-maomao was the god of ordinary winds, as separate from Tawhiri-matea the god of tempests. The south wind was called "the child of Raka-maomao." Maui is said to have held in his hands all the winds except the west wind, and that he could not catch, so had no power over it. The others he placed in caves when he did not wish them to blow, but sometimes his enemies rolled away the stone placed at the mouth of the cave and let them loose, then Maui had to chase them mounted on one of the other winds. Tane shut up the mouths of all but two winds with his fingers but an enemy pulled out the stopper.

Fire was personified by two goddesses, Mahuika and Hine-i-tapeka. (The Maori

* Among some tribes Hani is the tutelary god of the *totara* tree. Hence one calls out, for good luck to a canoe, "*Hei koko i Te Hani, Kei te huri Papa nui*!" "Let it be a bowl for Te Hani, lest {the worked board / or / Mother Earth} capsize!" This is a pun on Papa-nui the Earth-mother and *papa* a board.

pronunciation of Mahuika is probably corrupt; it should be, as the Moriori have it, Mauhika). Te-ahi-o-Mahuika is ordinary fire brought from the Under World by Maui, but Hine-i-tapeka is the fire of the Under World (volcanic) itself. It is this kind of fire that produced the charred wood to be seen among the pumice formation on the Kaingaroa plains through which the Taupo-Napier road passes. Both Mahuika and Hine-i-tapeka were sisters of Hine-nui-te-Po, the Great Lady of Night. (See, however, "The Contest between Fire and Water"—under "Myths.") Makawe was a deity recognised by the Arawa and Whanganui tribes, but little is known about him in legend. When Maui threw the seeds of fire into the *kaikomako* tree, the tree was personified as a goddess, and she married Ira, so the figures carved on the sticks for producing fire by friction were those of Hine Kaikomako and Ira. Tahu was called the "god of peace and plenty." Rakataura was a goddess of the air. She presided over music, and long ago played on a flute wrought from the tough cocoon of a certain caterpillar, but later on lost her flute and was heard only in sudden and unintelligible noises. Tangi-aitua was only a voice heard in the moaning surf; perhaps, to speak more plainly, she was invisible to mortals. Ririo was a deity of the Taupo tribes. He once carried off to the Kaimanawa Ranges a chief who had broken *tapu* by eating of food from a sacred oven. All the priests assembled at the holy place (*tuāhu*) and uttered incantations without ceasing for the chief's restoration. With their

sacred girdles fastened about them, and with extended arms, they prayed aloud. For seven nights (and days, that is, Maoris counted by nights) without food did the priests say their prayers, and on the seventh night the chief was thrown down to them from the tree-tops close to the village. The man lived, but was paralysed along one side and crippled. Maikuku and Makaka were Penates, or Household gods, dwelling in the corner of each house. Hine-te-iwaiwa was the goddess presiding over child-birth.

Tinirau (in Polynesia the god of fishes) was a son of Tangaroa, the Ocean-god. He dwelt in Holy Island (*Motu-tapu*), and there had his pools and preserves for breeding fish. He married Hina, the sister of Maui. Tinirau is well known in folklore in Hawaii and in Mangaia, as well as in New Zealand. Rongomai was worshipped as a good deity by two of the Maori tribes. He sometimes appeared in the heavens in the full light of day as a meteor or comet. Wheka was a guardian and sustaining sea-god. It was he who with a brother deity named Tu-hina-po led the Maoris overseas to New Zealand. Mu and Wheka were the sea-nurses of Maui when as an immature birth he was thrown into the sea. Tote was the god of sudden death. Awhiowhio was the god of the whirlwind. Ruatapu was a protecting god, and, with Uenuku (the Rainbow; a name of Kahukura) ever corrected evil in their descendants and were guardians to those of pure and virtuous life. Ruatapu appeared in after times as a tidal wave rushing up on the shore

and destroying men. The Urewera people had gods not found elsewhere, probably divinities of the original inhabitants (*tangata whenua*). Among these may be mentioned Takataka-putea and Marere-o-Tonga; these two originated and presided over all indoor games, such as dances, flute-playings, etc. Marere-o-Tonga was also "the Peacemaker." It was in his house or temple that the sons of Heaven and Earth sought to find universal peace after the war among themselves (subsequent to the "rending apart" of their parents) and here were hidden the mystic treasures of the ancient world—probably of the pre-Adamite (or pre-glacial?) world of which we catch glimpses in Oriental legend.

The god-leader of the Urewera tribe was a lizard-deity named Rehu-a-Tainui and spoke through its priest medium. It was a *kahukahu*, that is the demon spirit of an untimely birth, of an abortion.[13] Sometimes the god would conceal itself in a burning oven but was not affected by the heat—a bad omen. At other times it would appear in the hand of the medium and put out its tongue from side to side, a good omen. It was only the priest who saw the real body of the god, but others saw its likeness or appearance *(aria)*. The god Tamarau was incarnate in a green lizard *(kueo)* as large as a *tuatara* and with whitish marks, which lived in a certain *rata* tree at Ruatoki. He was a deified ancestor, but a powerful god. He performed wonders in the past and could fly through the air an immense distance, looking like a shooting star and disappearing

with a loud report. His name was applied as an epithet of praise to a fast runner. No one could approach the tree in which he dwelt, for the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed if such a desecration was attempted. Te Pou-a-Tuatini was another celebrated god in the Tuhoe country. Te-Ihi-o-te-Ra, was a war-god and was incarnate in the mantis *(whe)*. Te Hukita was another war-god whose incarnation was a lizard *(mokomoko)*. Te Kanawa was a god of whom a curious story is told as having deceived his worshippers cruelly on the eve of a fight, asserting that no foe was near when a strong war-party of the enemy (soon to be victorious) was close at hand. When the trouble came the priest Hapopo, who had questioned the demon, and received the false answer, reviled his god as a lying and deceitful demon. Tuna, the Eel-god (well known in Polynesia also) is the parent *(matua)* of eels and conger eels which sprung from his body when he was killed by Maui. From the hair of Tuna came also the *toro* tree, the *aka* vine, the supple-jack *(kareao)*, the bulrush *(raupo)*, and the *titoki* tree. The Haere, or rainbow-gods, were three, viz, Haere-atautu, Haere-wae-wae, and Haere-kohiko. They were the sons of Houmea the Ogress. They with Kahukura or Uenuku-tawhana (the rainbow) are discussed elsewhere. Mahu, who fought Haere, is represented by some bunches of flax growing on a cliff by Lake Waikaremoana, and known as Makawe-o-Mahu, "the hair of Mahu." Any one who should touch one of these sacred leaves would never be able to leave the lake

but go paddling on for ever, a lacustrine Flying Dutchman. Oho was a deity of whom little is known, as he was a god of the "former inhabitants" of New Zealand *(tangata whenua)*. It is said that his divinity was recognised at his dedication ceremony (naming), when the gods were asked that he might be brave in war and industrious in peace. The boy-deity stretched forth his hand and ate of the sacred offerings, a proceeding that terrified the priests and those present until they saw by the child's demeanour that it was entitled to eat of the holy food reserved for gods. His father said, "he is not one of us; it is his own food that he eats." Pani the "mother" of the *kumara* was the goddess of all crops in store. Wini-wini was the god of spiders. There was an evil spirit known as "the Terror of the Air" *(Te Wehi o te Rangi)*. She killed men by a single blow in the right eye. This was her "mark" *(tohu)*.

Besides all these, there are hundreds of names alluded to in song and legend as celestial beings, but their attributes, etc., are not known; only their names are mentioned, and whether they are true gods or deified ancestors it is difficult to say. Some of them, like Maui, the hero, belong more to the domain of folk-lore than to that of theology.

Milton seems to have had a glimpse of some teaching like that of the old Maori tradition of "The Rebellion in Heaven," when the gods fought together in the skies. Their battles, it is true, "are of the earth, earthy," but war was waged between good and evil

spirits "even up to the high peaks of the hills of heaven." Tu and Rongo were the evil-doers; they promoted disobedience and were always for war and strife. (Rongo, singularly, afterwards became a god of peace.) Tane, to whom they were the cause of sorrow, said to those disorderly ones and their followers: "No longer shall ye dwell here; go down from this high place," and the evil ones went falling swiftly to the worlds below, where they dwelt in fear and dread. Another version says that there were three rebellions in Heaven, caused by insurgent and wicked spirits, and that Rangi (the Heaven-father) gave power to Tane to chase the spirit-hosts of evil down to the darkness, where they all fell to one circle or the other of the worlds of gloom (*Po*). After the third rebellion Tane wished that all the wicked should be destroyed, but Rangi urged that they should be allowed to redeem themselves by birth as human beings, and to this Tane would not agree, so through the matter remaining undetermined the wicked ones lost their chance of redemption and continue to live in doubt and dread in the realms of darkness. They still, however, have power to harm, and the misfortunes which have afflicted the Maori come from them. It is curious to note how deeply engrained the idea of cannibalism was in the most ancient thought of the natives, so that even the gods devoured each other. Thus it is said that the body of Maru, when he was killed by Rongomai, was eaten, "but the spirit of Maru flew up to the heavens." The goblin Matuku-tangotango

lived below the ground and his occupation was supposed to be "eating men." He periodically rose to the surface of the earth, and on one occasion seeing the chief Rata lying on the ground "laughed at the prospect of having something to eat."

As to the appearance of the gods there is danger in the Maori religion, as in all others, in confusing the ideas of the existence of the spiritual being and its eidolon. This eidolon might take many shapes and be regarded in many ways. Thus a god might "possess" a priest and speak through him as a medium, or he might become incarnate, not only in human form (so that gods like Tawhaki and others were at some period of their history regarded as men) but also in animal shape, as in a bird or lizard. Sometimes the god appeared to dwell in an image and could be worshipped best in that way, but to specify the exact amount of spirit occupying a sacred image is delicate ground for us to debate, and might annoy worshippers in other religions than the Maori cult. Certainly an image that had been touched with the *kura* (the magic stone) and to which incantations were recited could not be regarded as a common piece of wood or stone.

Of the great "uncreated gods" images were seldom or never made and it is doubtful whether any image, if of a deified ancestor or another, ever was an "idol," if by "idol" is meant a worshipped image that could of itself work miracles or confer benefits. There was always the spiritual creature behind it. The

god Kahukura was personified by a wooden image, and this figure was sometimes carried about by two priests and lifted up and down. In the South Island little effigies like carved pegs were carried, and each of these might have been looked upon as a kind of god, or rather as a sacred thing into which the spirit of a god could project itself. When they were consulted they were first dressed up with a band of parrot's feathers tied round the neck. A small image *(Atua whawhai* or *tiki)* with a carved conventional face at the top and the remainder a straight wooden pin bound with sinnet was sometimes stuck in the ground near the shrines *(tuahu)* or altar. The god was supposed to take up his position in one of these god-sticks if the proper invocations were chanted by a priest, and the divine presence was shown by the tranced or convulsed appearance of the magician. No reverence in the sense of worship was paid to god-sticks when not thus fortified by a celestial personage's presence, although of course they were never treated disrespectfully. They were divine habitations when occupied and when empty were merely wooden images. Some gods took material form, as Rongomai who appeared as a shooting star, or Maru as a red glow in the sky, but others were portable, and were known under fantastic forms. Some of the famous simulacra of gods were said to have been brought from Hawaiki. Of these was Ihungaru, whose earthly form appeared to be a lock of human hair bound round with a strip of the bark of the paper-mulberry *(aute)*.

Itupaoa was kept as a companion of Ihungaru, but no record of his appearance has been obtained. These gods were consulted in the following manner. One of them was placed upon a mat on the ground and a charm recited. Then the god moved, if it were two inches it was a good omen, if four it signified a great victory, but if it moved to six it would immediately return to its first position, a sign of disastrous defeat and wasted lands. If the image of Rongo the Lord of the *Kumara* was stolen it would return by its own power.

Gods when incarnate were said to be noted for a peculiarity of figure and gait. Thus, an old witch-wife, being warned by her grandchild that men were flying towards them, said, "if they fly with their limbs drawn up they are food for you, but if with limbs outstretched they are gods." In one of the Maui legends it is said, "If the man comes down the hill walking upright on his legs, catch him for he is a thief; but if he comes walking on his hands and feet, having his face and belly upwards, then know that he is a god *(atua)* and be sure not to meddle with him." The Melanesians had a belief that the elbows and knees of spirits turned the wrong way, and the Greeks also had a similar fancy if we may trust the words of Homer, "It is one of the gods, not Calabas, for easily I knew the tokens of his feet and knees as he turned away, and the gods are easy to discern."

There are curious and mystical allusions to the early gods which seem to be coincident with legends and theogonies of the classical

world. In a Maori cosmogony we find these curious words, "Again the visible Heavens combined with the great abyss of Eternity to produce the numberless sorceries, the gods Pierced, Suspended," etc., etc. In another legend occur these words, spoken of the god Tawhaki, "Then he went and made openings in the fourteen heavens so that he might accomplish the object of his journey which was to acquire a knowledge of the incantations known to Tama-i-waho, and also to obtain a sight of him who was hanging in space in the heavens." To whom is this allusion made? Perhaps to Osiris, or to Witoba (Vishnu), the gods "crucified in space," that is without the cross but hanging with extended arms, or to Odin hanging on the Life-Tree, Ygdrasil.

"Thus was the birth of the hero Awa-nui-a-Rangi, the ancestor of Ngati-awa.

"A maiden was sent by her parents to get water from a stream. As she stooped to fill her calabash, there shone around her a great blaze of light. She saw no human form, only on the sunny water fell the shadow of a man. Around her were the invisible arms of Heaven (*Rangi*) who whispered in her ear, 'If a child is born to us, and it is a male child, let him be named after the river of light on which I descended to you.'

"So, when the boy was born it was named after the cascade of rays on which the Heaven-father had come down to earth, and the child was called Awa-nui-a-Rangi, 'Great River of Heaven.'"

There is a distinct tradition of tree-worship among the Maoris or rather among some tribes of the Maori. The trees themselves ranked as chiefs and commoners, some varieties, such as the *totara*, the *rimu*, and the *maire*, needing invocations to the Lord of Forests before they could be felled, a rite not necessary for common trees and scrub. The worship of particular trees was often connected with a phallic cult. In almost every case this tree was the *hinau* (Podocarpus). There was a tree at Te Koturu, Ruatahuna, which was supposed to aid conception in women. One side of this tree had a male side and the other a female side. Whichever side of the tree a barren woman embraced decided of what sex the future child would be when it was born. This tree has been alluded in the chapter upon Birth as Te Iho-o-kotaka and on its branches the *iho* of children, carefully wrapped in paper-mulberry bark *(aute)* or in *raukawa* leaves, were suspended. A tree in the Urewera country was known by the name of the Puta-tieke, and was visited by sterile women who by repeating charms and clasping the tree would become pregnant. A stone god had been deposited in the hollow tree and was watched over by a *tieke* bird (Creadion carunculatus). Another tree called Hunahuna-te-po, at Horomanga Creek in the same district, was also famous as the friend of barren women. One side of the tree was green and the other dry. If a woman who desired children approached the tree she was very careful how she approached. She closed her eyes when at a long distance off and

walked blindly towards the tree, keeping her eyes shut while she embraced it and when she was going away, not knowing which side she had clasped. A priest, however, who had been watching, observed which side she had embraced and if she had clasped the green side she would become pregnant but if the dry side conception was hopeless. The natural tree was not always the object to which the tree-worshippers' devotion was paid; among the Ngati-Ruanui tribe a highly ornamented food-store was accepted as a conventional form of the Sacred Tree, the Rakau-Tapu.

Similar incantations to those offered to trees were supposed to secure pregnancy to women if repeated to a stone named Uenuku-tu-whatu, which stood on the bank of the Awaroa Creek at Kawhia. There are sacred stones at the head of the Hokianga River which were believed to have been brought thither by a very ancient chief of Hawaiki named Nukutawhiti. Any native passing these would break off a branch of the *raureka* shrub and repeat the *whaka-u* incantation. There are sacred stones looking like Druidical remains at a place between Kerikeri and Kaitaia, Bay of Islands. These were anciently used in sun-worship and are known as Nga Whaka-ra-ra, or Te Hakari. They were used as posts around which pyramids of food were piled at the annual feast of Ra, the Sun. A very sacred place was Te Umu-a-Te-Rakitauneke at the base of the Marokura Hills on the Waitaki River, South Island. Wayfarers halted there and uttered a charm over their feet to give

them strength and speed on the journey, "lest the Earth be drawn out long for them." The *marae* was known to the Polynesians of the Eastern groups as a temple in the shape of a truncated pyramid of stone on the top of which the shrines of the gods were placed and whereon the chief priest stood, while on the steps the other priests were placed according to their rank and seniority. The explanation given was that certain of the greater deities could only be communicated with in this way, as they would not come close to the surface of the common earth lest they should be defiled or made common (*noa*). In the Marquesas, the *marae* became a horizontal space paved with stone, and at Mangaia, a sacred enclosure where religious rites were performed and sacrifices offered, but in New Zealand, as in Samoa, the *marae* was only the principal open space in a village where meetings were held.

It is exceedingly difficult in writing on this subject to draw lines of demarcation. The gods seem to merge into the spirit, the spirit into the ghost, the ghosts into the souls of persons living or dead. Probably guardian-angels should be placed under the heading of protecting deities. The spirits of the dead warriors of their tribe were gods (*atua*) supposed to accompany a war-party and give direction, especially if consnlted; their instructions would ensure victory if understood and carried out. If fear came upon the warriors the guardian *atua* of the enemy were extending their baleful influence over those to whom they were hostile.

The tribal spirits would not favourably interest themselves for strangers, and to others they were, if not hostile, indifferent. If a man had a powerful god or attendant-spirit he would be warned by some sign that witchcraft threatened him, otherwise his soul would soon be on its way to Spirits' Leap. A chief in old days who was lying wounded almost to death was resuscitated by his guardian angel (*atua matamata*) coming to his rescue, licking his blood and healing the wounds. It was supposed that when a priest-chief was at the point of death if his successor should breathe into the left ear of the dying man, the influence and knowledge possessed by the elder would pass to the younger man, and if the latter passed between the legs of the moribund person the priest-power would also be his.

Owa, the patron deity of dogs, would sometimes appear in the shape of a spirit-dog to chiefs of certain families. The apparition, like that of the Irish banshee, was a warning of approaching death.

Mention is made in this book in very many places as to the offerings made to gods. It was asked of the priests, "How can a spirit eat material food?" The answer was given, "You can see that form of the offerings is preserved, but its essence or virtue (*mana*) is absorbed by the spirit." There appears to have been a belief in things we consider as inanimate possessing a kind of soul. Thus in the story of Te Kanawa and the wood-fairies we are told that he took off his ornaments of greenstone (jade) and laid them down as a

propitiatory offering. The fairies "carried off the similitudes *(ahua)* of all the jewels," but left the things themselves behind. This spiritual part of a material object appears to have been the portion accepted by the gods in a sacrifice, especially in a blood-sacrifice. It would seem that the Maori understood the principle of blood-atonement in very serious efforts for conciliating the gods, and that spilling the life-fluid was the most perfect way of neutralising evil. They sometimes disliked extremely proceeding to war, especially against a tribe so strong that defeat appeared inevitable, but if the honour of the gods was involved (as by a violation of *tapu*) the dominant idea seemed to be that "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." Sometimes when a deity had to be propitiated the image or representative of the deity was fed with blood, and some of the clotted blood of the suppliant was lifted up to him on a stick. The *atua* were revengeful if they received any offering that was not the best procurable, and resented the slight of bringing inferior sacrifices. It fell out in days within the century, during Te Rauparaha's visit to Kaiapoi, that a man was led to his death through the niggardliness of his wife in this respect. Before he left his home his *atua* had said, "I hunger after eel." So the man told his wife to make an offering of eel. She did so, and offered a very thin and small eel. In revenge, the *atua* when he should have warned his protege of the presence of danger, withdrew his protection and the man with his companions walked, without one warning evil omen, into an ambuscade.

We have referred to sacred trees and it may be that the sacred places, made by setting up rods or pillars may have had their origin in tree worship. Whether this is so or not there is mention made of the rods in several ancient religions and they were well known in Maori religious rites. A very full description of the process is given in the legend of the voyage of the Aotea canoe to New Zealand from Hawaiki. The Aotea and Ririno canoes had, through stress of weather and injury to the vessels, to put into the mid-ocean island of Rangitahua (wherever that might be) to refit. There the crews killed two dogs which they had brought with them in the canoes; one of the dogs was eaten and the other sacrificed. This latter dog "they cut up raw as an offering to the gods, and laid it cut open in every part for them, and built a sacred place, and set up pillars for the spirits that they might entirely consume the sacrifice; and they took the enchanted apron *(maro)* of the spirits, and spread it open before them, and wearied the spirits by calling on them for some omen, saying, 'Come, manifest yourselves to us, O Gods; make haste and declare the future to us. It may be now that we shall not succeed in passing to the other side of the ocean; but if you manifest yourselves to us and are present with us we shall pass them in safety.' Then they rose up from prayer and roasted with fire the dog which they were offering as a sacrifice, and holding the sacrifice aloft, called over the names of the spirits to whom the offering was made; and having thus appeased the wrath of the offended

spirits they again stuck up posts for them saying as they did so,

> 'Tis the post which stands above there,
> 'Tis the post that stands in the heavens,
> Near Atutahi-ma-Rehua (names of stars).'

Thus they removed all ill luck from the canoes by repeating over them," etc., etc. These rods set up about a mound of earth seem to have represented the altar or *tuāhu*. These altars or shrines received different names according to their construction *(tapatai, ahupuke, torino, ahurewa, ahurangi*, etc.). Some of these could be made on the ground at any place and could be removed, but prayers had to be offered at a distance and then the earth had to be taken to another place and left. The form of *tuāhu* known as *ahurewa* was a long stick or pole placed in the sacred place of a tribe, and was the *mauri* of the tribe (spoken of farther on). The shrine of the god Kahukura was built of bark of white pine and *ake-rau-tangi* wood, and of course shrines or altars could be erected to any of similar gods who might be represented by images, but the very highest gods (except Rongo) were imageless and unrepresented except by a staff. In case of no altar being procurable a priest has been known to use his hollowed hand to serve as one. The *tuāhu* had sometimes a sacred rod of peculiar shape set in front of it to denote to which deity it was devoted, and similar rods were set up in the great temple of Wharekura, that of Tangaroa being a zigzag like a lightning flash, that of Tu perfectly straight, etc.[14] These god-staffs must not be confounded with the

sacred staffs borne by priests. Every priest of influence bore one of these rods *(otaota)* made of *mapou* or *whau* wood and this was handed on from one to another as a sign of succession.

A very singular and interesting part of Maori religion is that appertaining to the *kura*. The word as commonly applied signifies "red" when used as an adjective, but as a substantive it has many curious and some mystical meanings. Among these are "a chief," a "treasure," "supernatural beings," a "sacred stone," "knowledge," etc. It being applied to red wreaths as of feathers, etc., seems to be an old Polynesian memory, but the traditions which apply to such red wreaths as being worn by the first immigrants to New Zealand *(Kura-pae-a-Mahina)* appear to have become confused with priestly meanings given to the real *kura*, the sacred stones of power. Such *kura* of red wreaths were laid on the bodies of dead chiefs or beside them in the tombs. What the *kura* actually were is now very difficult to understand. They seem to have been images among the West Coast tribes of the North Island, and sometimes natural objects such as stones, etc. Their use was to secure the success of fishing expeditions, to protect forts and plantations from trespass and sanctify the boundary marks of tribes. To the chiefs who possessed the *kura* the warriors looked in the days of trouble. With the *kura* stone went the idea of ancestral knowledge and spiritual power, for the answer as to what the *kura* implied was "wisdom." The "Kurahaupo,"

one of the canoes of the Great Migration, is said to have brought the *kura* or its prestige *(mana)*, and this power descended through the descendants of those in that canoe. An important *kura* was that known as Te Kura-a-Tukaeto or Te Kura-patapata-nui of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe. These descriptions of *kura* must be considered as comparatively modern, for in the most ancient times there was only one sort of *kura*. When coming away from their original home the Maori brought certain precious stones of a red colour, very hard and imperishable, these were called *whatu-kura* ("red-stones" or "treasure-stones"). They were used as connections with their old land and as media of the gods. They were small; not over an inch in diameter. The priest, on landing, procured a stone of the new country and bored it hollow, carving a design on the outside. This stone was called "the dwelling place of the *kura* stone" (*Noho-anga whatu-kura*) and was supposed to represent the link between the old and the new lands. Through the hole in the larger stone the leading priest would sometimes utter spells or prophesy to a departing war-party. The priest prepared a carved wooden post as an image (*whaka-pakoko*); while the people fasted and while invocations were recited the carved pillar was set upright and a *kura* stone placed in the hollow of the "Dwelling place" which was then deposited at the base of the pillar. The whole was covered in and the ceremonies ended. This was the Holy of Holies. No one ever afterwards dared to approach the sacred spot

save the high priest, and he only when in communion with the gods. No man was so great as the priest who was allowed access to this spot. He was called Ahurewa, Pouwhenua, Amo-kapua, titles signifying the Supreme Priest; he was infinitely sacred, and his word was law over lands and people. He was always *tapu*.

The *kura* appears to have been confused or synonymous with other mystical things known as *paua*, *ara* or *mauri*. The *ara* appears like the *kura* to have been a sacred stone carried in the canoe from other lands on purpose to convey the sacredness of the old country to the new. Thus we read in the voyage of the Arawa Canoe to New Zealand, that the great priest Ngatoro-i-rangi said when the vessel entered the Gulf of Hauraki (the Thames), "Let our canoe's course be turned that we may approach the island there, so as to allow our *ara* to touch the soil of this main land." The reason for this was a certain stone which Ngatoro had brought with him. After the stone had been left, Tama-te-kapua asked, "What is the meaning of leaving this stone here?" Ngatoro replied, "Thou art left here, O stone, that thou mayest be embodied in the incantations of the people on board this canoe as a *mauri* or heart, or in the spells to ward off evil." Besides the *ara*, another stone, the *paua*, is alluded to as having powers of the *kura*, and was laid beside the dead bodies of great chiefs in the tomb. The greatest of these *paua* was known as "The *kura* stone of the Ocean God" (*Te Whatu-kura-a-Tangaroa*).

It was about four inches long; like an ear-drop of cylindrical shape, and was laid in the chasm of Moaha. Among the Maori the word *paua* is generally used as the name of the rainbow-hued Haliotis shell, but the priestly *paua* was a stone described as like white quartz—it was probably made from the white Trydacna shell of the Pacific. The *ara* seems not always to have been a stone, for we are told that the Mataatua canoe brought its *ara* in the shape of a divining rod used in the *niu* ceremony. It appears to have been identical with the *kaha* used by some tribes; a rod made of dried sea-weed stem and charmed with spells—one of these was in every canoe setting out on an important voyage. The *mauri*, which had a wide spiritual significance as the heart or soul, even of abstract things, was also spoken of as the *kura* in its concrete form. Thus there are said to be five great *Mauri* of New Zealand. (1) The *kura* stone already mentioned as having been left by the Arawa canoe at Moehau, which is on the northern part of Coromandel Peninsula at the Thames, and is the Maori fairy-land. (2) The *manuka* tree at Whakatane (Bay of Plenty) made sacred by the incantations of Muriwai. (3) The lily (*rengarenga*) on the altar or sacred place at Whangara. (4) The flint-stone which Ngatoro-i-rangi, the priest of the Arawa canoe, stuck into the summit of Tongariro mountain and which caused the volcanic fire of Ngauruhoe to burst out of the hill. (5) The altar named *Ahurei*, which was at Kawhia, Maketu, in the Bay of Plenty.

With the *mauri* in its spiritual aspect we must commence the task of attempting to describe the soul of man and the immaterial (?) essence of life. It is difficult exactly to define the difference between the *mauri* and the *hau*. The *hau* or *kawaora* of a man is a kind of essence of the man, intangible, unseen, but yet to be conveyed by the hand of another person. The *mauri*, the life-spark, cannot save the *hau*, the individuality, from being purloined by witchcraft, but if the *hau* is taken the *mauri* is lost and the man dies. Priests, by means of incantations, could gather with whirling hands the souls of their enemies into a sacred calabash and so destroy them. The *mauri* of a piece of land is something that contains or represents the *hau* of that land. Sometimes it was a *kira*, i.e., the long feathers of the right wing of a parrot charmed and endowed with magic powers through incantations. So too the *mauri* of a forest or a river is a talisman, and whilst it is in its proper place it keeps the *hau* of the forest, stream, or land, so that birds multiply and trees flourish. Therefore every care is taken to guard the *hau*, the essence or soul of the land, by concealing the *mauri*, that is, its material representative. If a priest desired to find the *mauri* of an enemy's land he had to repeat the *kahau* invocation, turning this way and that to hear if the guardian lizard (*mokotapiri*) of the *mauri* should chirp and so guide him in direction. When through his black art the wizard had obtained the *mauri*, he held the heart of the enemy's country in his hand.

With the Maori the seat of the understanding, the will and the affections was supposed to be in the internal organs of the body. Thus the word *manawa* which means not only the "belly" but the "lungs" and "breath" was used as we use the word "heart" in such phrases as "a great-hearted man," etc. *Ngakau*, "the bowels," was also used for "heart" in this connection, just as we use it in "he has no bowels for his own relations." *Ate*, the "liver," was also supposed to be the seat of the affections, and is used as a term of affection as we might say "heart of mine," *Hinengaro*, also some part of the intestines, was applied to the heart, as affection, but probably with greater strictness to the will or desire. None of these words, however, seemed to convey a spiritual meaning, although they sometimes took on that of intellect or conscious power. The word for "spirit" or "soul" proper was *wairua*, and although sometimes degraded as with ourselves into the notion of "ghost" or even "evil spirit" it was the only exact expression for the soul of man. Ghosts had their own proper names and will be again referred to. The *ahua* is sometimes called the "spirit" of a thing, but is really only its "appearance," that without which it would be impossible to obtain an idea of its form—thus one's reflection in a mirror is an *ahua*. Such a reflection was often alluded to as a spirit, but it was only the appearance or manifestation of the *wairua* or spirit proper. So also *ata* is translated as spirit or "soul" but is properly "a reflected image" and "a shadow"—that is the form or

manifestation of the inward spirit, although it is true it is sometimes though rarely used for the soul itself (*Unuhia noatia te ata o Wharo*). *Manea* is a word also used to express the individual essence (*hau*) of a person, but it particularly meant that beneficial influence or spiritual power conferred on the owner of a house by the presence of the bones of the victim *(whatu)* sacrificed and buried at the opening ceremony. The Maori mind was saturated and imbued with the idea of the future life, although not perhaps of immortality, for (as to the inferior ranks of men) there was a downward process towards final extinction in the world to come. The soul (*wairua*) was poetically compared to lightning, to a shadow, to the rays of celestial bodies, to the wind, etc., but it was there, the spiritual creature, the immaterial Ego, the temporary inhabitant of the human body and (for a short time) temporary inhabitant outside the body, of this earth on which we dwell.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TOHUNGA AND WITCHCRAFT.— FAIRIES, OGRES, MONSTERS, ETC.

THE TOHUNGA AND WITCHCRAFT.

ALTHOUGH we have heretofore spoken of the *ariki* as the priest-chief we have said little concerning the ordinary priest or wizard, the *tohunga*. This person was not always a chief or priest by birth, but as in Maori affairs no important action could be undertaken unless the particular god presiding over that department of life or death was propitiated with offerings and incantations, a perfect army of priests was necessary, and their office gave them good social standing. The degree of respect paid depended not on a *tohunga's* birth (as in the case of the *ariki*) but on his acquirements. Sometimes he was a mighty and potent priest, sometimes, and additionally, a noted fighting man, sometimes altogether without religious or sacerdotal rank, being merely a skilled artificer or artistic tattooer. The *tohunga* who were craftsmen generally made such work an hereditary or family profession, certain tribes or families being famous as carvers or tattooers.

One celebrated priest, named Papahurihia, who was well known in modern times under the Ngapuhi leaders Hongi and Heke, derived his powers by heredity. On the side of his father he had a long line of wizard ancestors while his mother was not only a powerful witch and oracle but was descended from a race of spirits (*waiariki*). His forefathers were said never to have been cannibals or tasted human flesh for fear of destroying their sanctity, which shows that they must have been rather seers (*matakite*) than sacrificing priests. Papahurihia could transport himself through the air from place to place in a moment, could make himself invisible to mortal sight, could summon the souls of the dead from Hades (*Te Reinga*) and make them converse with living friends. While claiming such miraculous powers, fully allowed by their disciples and congregations, every now and then there appears on the surface that general astuteness of the wily priest known to other races than the Maori. Thus it is related of a well-known sorcerer named Whare of the Thames (Hauraki) District that he was once entreated by his tribe to stop the deluge of pouring rain which was destroying their crops. He answered, "Whare will not raise his voice nor charm for rain to cease, for the rain comes from Keteriki" (a rainy quarter). The saying has passed into a proverb. The priest-*tohunga* often received the necessary theological education from his grandfather or elder relative, and this in a house erected for the purpose. It was made of palm leaves, and had to be very regularly and carefully

constructed, for instance with exactly the same number of posts, leaves, etc., on each side. Only chiefs were allowed to help in the erection of such a house. Fasting during the time of the lessons was imperative, and the young man was obliged to be naked lest if he wore a garment some crumb of food might have fallen upon it and defiled it. Had such a thing as a garment thus defiled been worn both priest and disciple would die. As soon as possible the learner was induced to sleep, and any motion (such as twitching—see "Omens") of body or limbs would be considered as an important sign, and noted by his watching elders. If all was favourable a charm was recited to give the youngster a good memory, then the incantations, the spells, charms, and other lore of the wizard were imparted, and at the end of the lessons a stalk of Cutting-grass (*toe-toe*) was chewed by the neophyte in order to prevent him from revealing secrets. It is related that at the end of even a single day's instruction the priest would say, "Try your power on a great tree and if it should wither and fall you have obtained the power you sought."

A *tohunga* did not as a rule use his strongest magic to bewitch ordinary men, it was against other wizards that his blackest art was directed. To keep off the evil spells of others the charm called Mata-tawhito had to be recited. He had not only the power attributed to the Witch of Endor of summoning the ghosts of the dead but the spirits of the living were also subject to his spells. An old legend tells that the

barracouta-hook of a powerful chief had been stolen, and the thief could not be found. A witch-priestess was consulted, and she went to the side of a stream to perform her incantations. Her spirit summoned the spirits of the people living in the settlement, and when she looked at that of the thief she saw the stolen hook glimmering among his shadowy garments. Some children having been murdered at Turanga by being thrown into an old *kumara* pit and then covered up, their parents became anxious at their prolonged absence, and the father, Kahutapere, proceeded to perform magical ceremonies by means of kites. His people made kites of *raupo*-leaf, the outsides covered with *aute* (the Paper-mulberry) and these kites being sent up sailed over the *pa* wherein the murderer lived. When they were hovering over the house of the guilty man they nodded their heads, and it was thus known who it was had killed the children. Revenge instantly followed. A native who had stolen a box was seduced to join a circle in which sat a priest with a long reed. The reed appeared to twist round and break itself into fragments on the offender's head. He denied the crime, but the priest said, "Go then, the lizard will feed on you." The pain in the thief's stomach (a guilty conscience becoming "materialised") soon made him reveal the place where the box was concealed.

(It will be noticed that in different portions of this volume I refer to things, generally spoken of as impossible, as though they really took place. This is especially the case in

regard to witchcraft. When it is said that a man could fly through the air, or make himself invisible at will, I do not vouch for the truth of the recital, but "tell the tale as 'twas told to me." However, on the other hand, personally I set no bound between truth and falsehood in regard to these matters of belief. On such delicate ground I know nothing and deny nothing.)

The art of witchcraft was general among all the tribes, but certain of these, such as the Urewera of the East Cape, were regarded as unusually proficient. Any personal relic, such as saliva, cuttings of hair and nails, etc., was generally used as the medium of witchcraft, but scraps of food left over from a meal eaten by the victim were also powerful means of bringing trouble on the careless mortal who had left such *tapu* morsels where they could be found by another. Or some tasty and relishing food containing a *tapu* object would be placed in a position where the person to be injured would be tempted to eat it. When the necessary medium had been obtained charms and invocations would be uttered in order to wreck vengeance or bring calamity upon the selected victim.

It must not be imagined, however, that a large part of the life of the *tohunga* was spent in mere malign mummery. The education necessary occupied a large portion of his youth and manhood, while the occasions for his services were endless and constant. Merely to give a list of the incantations necessary to be learnt or included in the repertory of an

eminent *tohunga* would fill a small volume. Here and there in every legend are allusions to different incantations or spells (*karakia*), and the allusions seem endless. Not only the usual or common forms for hunting, fishing, forest-work, food-planting, war, marriage, birth, death, etc., but quaint and out of the way charms. There were charms for games, for bringing whales to a beach, for holding a canoe fast, for concealing oneself from those seeking, for transforming an enemy into a stone, for making day into night, for charming a weapon so that it never failed to kill, for holding a foeman's steps, for counteracting other spells, for recovering lost strength, for the return of an errant lover, for making a chief's seat sacred, for making a road so that those walking thereon would be bewildered, for "drawing out" the sea or land so that it seemed endless, etc., etc.

Then there were the divination charms. Of these the principal was the *niu*, or casting rods. This was done by the priest naming pieces of sticks for persons and tribes, casting them like spears, and by observation of the way they fell forecasting the result to the parties represented. Sometimes the priest took small pieces of fern-stalk (*kaupapa*), and, laying them on his right hand, cast them forward on the ground, and by their manner of falling augured defeat or victory. Of course, charms were repeated while the *niu* was cast. On one occasion it is recorded that the *niu* was consulted in an unusual and remarkable way. A priest caused a great log to be brought into the public square (*marae*) and put it in

front of the altar, while some stalks of fern were laid beside it. After many incantations had been repeated, the fern-stalks were seen to dig down into the ground and come up on the other side of the log from that where they had been placed. Before hunting, a particular variety of the *niu* was used to foretell success or failure. The priest took a small handful of twigs about seven or eight inches long. A little bow of flax was tied to the extremity of some of the sticks. The sticks were then planted in the ground to represent the game. Other sticks, unornamented, were gathered in the priest's hand, and after a charm had been recited were cast among those already set up, with the cry, "Let it be darted!" (*Koperetia!*). Gathering up the sticks representing the hunters again, the process was twice repeated, the position of the sticks after the third cast being carefully scanned. From these the auguries of success or failure were drawn. The predictions (it is said) were always accurate. A dispute having arisen as to which family a slain person belonged, the priest cast the *niu* thus: He took two pieces of reed (*toetoe*: Arunda conspicua) and chanted an invocation. Then, holding the pieces of reed on the extended open palm of his right hand, he said, "If you are of the family of So and So, go! but if you are of this family, hold!" The *toetoe* stayed on his hand, and the priest then declared to which family the deceased belonged.

Before speaking more fully concerning the invocations which accompanied the spells of witchcraft or in which actually resided the

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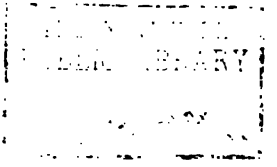


spells, it is necessary to more fully describe the soul or individuality of a person. This has partially been done under the chapter treating of Religion and Cosmogony, in the allusions to the *hau* and the *mauri* of a human being or of land, etc., but there is much more necessary to be learnt on this subject before the power of witchcraft can be properly understood.

The *hau* or essence of a man or place is that which controls its existence, and this can be obtained by witchcraft. The *hau* is contained in the *mauri*, which is the material substance that represents the *hau*. The *mauri* of a man is life, without which his *hau* would not be able to exist; and this *hau* can be taken by getting some of the hair, spittle or other portion of him that had once been a living portion. Nevertheless the *hau* was a very subtle thing, for it could be even scooped up by the hand of the magician from the footsteps or the seat where the victim had recently rested, almost like the "scent" of which a dog is aware. This gathered "scent" could be taken by an enemy to the altar of a strange god, and by certain ceremonies life or health could be destroyed. Thus it was necessary to hide your trail in an enemy's country lest your soul *(manea)* be extracted and made prisoner. The *hau* thus taken would be subjected to the spell called "snatching whilst fresh" *(Kapukapu tutata)*. It is quite an untranslatable and almost an incomprehensible word to a European, and to define the difference in a human being between *hau* and *mauri* is perhaps impossible. A Maori of old times, if

asked to work or travel directly after a meal would say, "Wait until the *mauri* of the food has settled." When the first sweet potatoes *(kumara)* were brought to New Zealand from Hawaiki the blood of the bringer was sprinkled on the lintel of the door of the store-house lest the *mauri* of the roots should leave the country, in which case the tubers would not grow.

The *hau* of a village, represented in the *mauri* which was its visible form, had to be carefully guarded from the wizards of a strange tribe. If a sorcerer wished to destroy it he would have to discover by spells where it was hidden, for only two or three of the most sacred persons of the whole tribe knew of its whereabouts. Sometimes a particular kind of lizard *(moko-tapiri)* acts as a guard to the *mauri*. In the Rangataiki River the *mauri* is a certain boulder, and at that place the first eels of the season are caught. A *rata* tree at the mouth of the Motu River is the *mauri* of the resident tribe, and thither the first *kahawai*-fish of the season is brought as an offering. Sometimes an artificial *mauri* was made from the pinion feathers of the right wing of the parrot *(kaka)*; the left wing, being on the female side, had no power *(mana)*. A hollow stone containing a lock of hair was another form of *mauri* and this being wrapt up was buried beside a stream. If it was to protect a forest it was secretly buried at the foot of a tree, and to that place the birds would flock. Sometimes a sacred fire *(ahi-taitai)* was kindled by a priest, and after certain invocations was regarded as the essence *(hau)* of the village home. The *mauri*

was then formed by sacred food being cooked at this fire and buried in the ground, part of it first being eaten by the priest; a bird was generally used for this purpose. This served as a spiritual centre for the people, helping to ward off evil spells and bring good influences. This sacred fire *(ahi-taitai)* was also lighted on hunting and bird-snaring expeditions for baking the first fruits of the chase. On a bird-catching party, after the fire had been kindled, the scraped leaves of the cabbage tree *(ti)* used in making snares were collected and some placed on the fire with uttered charms. This was in order to bring many birds to the forest and to ensure many being taken. The first bird snared was roasted on a stick before the fire and when cooked was torn off the spit by the priest's teeth, he being careful not to use his hands, but gnawing the bird as a dog would do. The hands might only touch the dead bird before it was cooked. The rest of the booty could then be cooked and eaten while an incantation to procure plenty more was uttered.

The above description of the sacred fire (*ahi-taitai*) does not apply to another kind (*ahi-whakaene*) used for the purposes of the Black Art, and in which the semblance (*ahua*) of a person could be destroyed, thus destroying the life of the bewitched one. A third kind of sacred fire (*tirehurehu*) was used for the purpose of a certain rite (*ka mahunu*) performed for the purpose of repelling witchcraft projected by someone else, and filling that wicked person with shame and remorse. When this ceremony took place over the hearts of dead

enemies it deprived the slain persons' comrades of bravery and caused their defeat in battle.

The fire-walking ceremonies so well known at Raiatea near Tahiti, in Fiji, and in other parts of the world, have their analogies in New Zealand. After a victory the successful party would go through the rite. The ordinary way of casting the fire-spell was for a heated oven (*umu-tamoe*, or *umu-taoroa*) to be lighted, and on the heated stones a priest would place himself after having repeated charms to "harden" himself against the power of the fire. Standing on the fiery floor, he recited incantations to the gods of the tribe in order that the power of the enemy to obtain revenge for defeat should be taken away. There is a legend that a famous priest, Te Hahae, was angered that the body of his drowned grandson had been eaten by a coast-dwelling tribe. He called on his relations to plant a field of *taro*, having 70 holes (a sacred number) prepared in such a way that the single root grown in each should be of unusual size. This was done, and a crop of 70 prodigious *taro* roots resulted. When the crop was ripe, great stores of firewood for cooking with were collected, and the erring tribe invited to the feast. Quantities of ordinary food were also gathered and prepared. An enormous oven, many yards across, was prepared for the 70 large *taro*, and this was set aside for the priest, who kindled it with sacred fire (obtained by the friction of wood) and the stones were made red hot. When the flames had subsided and

but a great mass of burning coals and glowing stones remained, the priest, clothed only in a girdle of green leaves, and bearing a branch of a sacred shrub in his hand, walked out into the midst of the fierce heat. There he stood a long time repeating his invocations, uninjured by the fire; even his leaf-girdle was not shrivelled or withered. Then he placed the 70 great *taro* in the oven, put green leaves above them, and heaped on the earth. When they were cooked he presented them to the tribe that had eaten the body of his grandson, never ceasing to utter his charms. After the delinquents had eaten the *taro* they went away to their canoes and to their fishing grounds, intending to catch fish to make a return present to their entertainer, but the incantations of Te Hahae raised a terrific tempest. Fierce squalls of wind and rain, with thunder and lightning, beat down upon the doomed men, and they were engulfed in the ocean.

A story that well illustrates the Maori belief in magic, runs as follows:—A man named Te Wheuki was returning hungry from his work, when he saw some children eating by the wayside, so he stopped and asked them for some of their food. The children refused, so the man went on, but as he turned he spurned the dust from his foot on to the children. They died in the same hour. Their father came to the spot and saw the corpses, which he carried home, but he allowed no wailing over them, nor would he touch food himself. Then he went to the altar and tried to charm the spirit (*hau*) of Te Wheuki, but

that worthy was at his own altar fortifying himself against the consequences of his malicious deed. For four nights the bereaved father charmed in vain. Then he said, "My spirit (*hau*) is too near to his; we must remove to a distance." So he buried the bodies of his children and went to a far-off place. There he dwelt till quiet had fallen on the soul of Te Wheuki, who dreaded no longer and relaxed his spells. Then, one day, while the father of the children wrought incantations, he saw on his fern-stalk a fly arrive; this fly he guided into a calabash; then three other flies arrived, were guided in, and the lid of the calabash fastened down. Before three months were over Te Wheuki, his wife, his daughter, and his son were all dead. So potent were the ancient spells.

To illustrate the above story it should be mentioned that to counteract witchcraft a counter spell (*whaka-hokitu*) was used to nullify the charm (*karakia-makutu*) designed to injure. For this purpose the priest would take some of the spittle of the sufferer, and having spread it on a leaf, lay it on the altar or before the shrine (*tuahu*). Then the spirit of the malignant wizard would appear in the shape of a certain fly (*ngaro-tara*) of a reddish hue. It is not a blow-fly; it would not alight on food-matter. The altar (called in this case *Ahupuke*) was set at the side of the water, and the priest would take off his clothes and gird himself with green flax. At the side of the altar he would make a hole and mould the earth therefrom into human form, having legs, arms, etc.

He would then take a stone in one hand and with the other drive a stone into the hole (*rua torino*). He would utter a deadly incantation, at the same time striking the earth-man he had moulded, repeating the name of the figure, which is that of the person he wished to destroy. Soon would be heard the buzzing of the approaching fly, which then flew straight into the hole. The stone was dashed down into the hole and the spirit disappeared for ever. If the fly should be the spirit of some too powerful wizard, its power (*mana*) would be too great to be so overcome, and the fly would not enter the hole (*rua-torino* = abyss).

In the chapter on the Wharekura has been described the powerful incantations to be learnt by a priest-chief *(ariki)* before he could be considered thoroughly equipped. Similar mighty charms had to be acquired by the *tohunga* before he was armed for the spiritual fray. Sometimes a journey had to be taken to a learned priest at a distance in order that the holy ceremonies *(mananga)* and incantations might be learnt. When the teaching was finished, the pupil would be told to repeat a charm and kill a dog or bird with it, then to try the power on a big tree and if it fell it would show proficiency. After that experiment could be made on human beings. It was a common practice to try sorcery on a relation to try its strength.

It is related that a celebrated chief named Mahu, whose food-store had been robbed, wished to learn incantations which would

enable him to destroy the thieves, so he went to his brother-in-law, who was the greatest of wizards, in order to learn the deadly charms. When he had acquired this knowledge he came forth from "the sacred house" and saw his niece (the daughter of his instructor) cutting flax-leaves in a swamp. The legend says, "At once he let fly the sorcery at her, that known as *tipi-whakahia-moe* 'the sleep-causing stroke.' She stood there, fixed, still, and stands there yet. When the news reached the people of Taewa (the girl's father) at Wai-marama and Kahuranaki they came to the wake (*uhunga*). The people of the *pa* on seeing them descending the spur of the ridge of Kohu-ipu went outside to welcome them in the usual manner; but Mahu ran towards them, his mind distorted with the same distress and feelings as if this had been the very people who stole his food. This man of the deluded heart came in front of the people who were waving their welcome, and sent his 'stroke' (*tipi*, perhaps here better translated 'flash' as of lightning) at the approaching people; they stood stock still on the hill, and are still standing in the same place. I (the native narrator) have been to both these places. There are to be seen (turned to stone) the children still on their mothers' backs, or on their knees, whilst others are being nursed in arms; they are all on the ridge called Kohu-ipu. Hence is the saying, 'Taewa's serried rank of food resting on Kohu-ipu.'" The incantation of a powerful chief would kill a crowd of people at the wave of a hand.

The incantations had to be most faithfully and religiously learnt, the least slip was disastrous to the user. If a line or even a word was missed the spell was broken *(whati)*. When the great chief Tama-te-Kapua died and had been touched by his son Tuhoro in the burial ceremonies, Tuhoro had to purify himself in the usual priestly manner. He went to the stream and began the incantation. When he came to the part—

> "This is the Deliverance,
> By the Sources, by the Origins,
> By the Chief Priests,
> By the Priests,
> By Tama-te-Kapua,
> By me, by his disciple
> Shall this son emerge
> To the world of being
> To the world of light."

He made a slip (*hiki*) and missed out the line, "By Tama-te-Kapua." He soon knew that he had made this mistake and must die, which he shortly afterwards did. If the spell was uttered in a disjointed way, and the words were not pronounced fully and clearly, an offence (*whakapuru*) was also thus committed. If a *tohunga* made an error (*tapepa*) in the rites concerning the planting or harvesting the *kumara*, it would kill him and destroy the crop.

A very effective method prevented departures from orthodoxy in regard to doctrine or ceremony, viz, the consumption as food of the heretic. It is related that a certain priest at Akaroa, having introduced "new light" into the established beliefs, his chief had the erring teacher's mouth, nose and other bodily orifices

plugged up (lest heresy should get out somehow), and after the body had been baked in the oven it formed the *pièce de résistance* of a fine feast.

When the priest was proclaiming the message of a god, he became tranced (*urua*) or demented. Before a sea-expedition started, priests would charm to stop the holes out of which the wind blows and to calm the waves of the sea; also to guard the canoe on its voyage. (Maui, the hero-god, put all the winds into a cave, except the west wind.) A certain priest, under the influence of the god Te Rehu o Tainui, clambered to the top of a lofty pine (*kahikatea*) tree and threw himself from the summit to the ground without injury. Again, he threw himself into the Tamanga stream and passed under water for miles, emerging with two live fish in his ears as ear-pendants and as tokens of the god. Tales are told of Kiki the magician, whose shadow if it fell across a shrub withered it, and if he drew back the sliding door of his house when a canoe-full of people were passing on the river, all in the canoe died. Magical objects were sometimes possessed of terrible power. There was a great Head of wood once kept at a place called Puketapu, "the sacred mount," and its influence was so great that no one could approach the place alive. The genii which encompassed it were overcome by an army of good spirits brought by a beneficent wizard, and there was a melodramatic finale of "The Triumph of Virtue." A certain chief whose canoe had been stolen pursued the robbers in

a craft of his own made from a duck's feather. Unfortunately the vessel proved crank, and its occupant was upset in a sudden squall, but managed to obtain a more certain mode of transit by clambering on to a whale's back, and he soon learned to guide the animal by the influence of spells. These seem childish stories, but they are interesting psychologically.

If a gentle wind rose gradually into a fierce gale, and lasted many days, it needed to be controlled. To do this one must take a piece of dead coal from the fire and holding it in the left hand, go to a running stream. Entering the water, the performer should stoop down and pass the hand with the ember under the thigh. Then the wind will die away. A priest of rank carried two staffs, one called the wand of life and the other the wand of death. If he wanted to consult a spirit he would thrust these staffs into the ground of the sacred place *(wahi-tapu)*. If he did so, for instance, to find whether a sick person would recover, and if he saw a spirit on the wand of life the invalid would recover, but if the spirit perched on the wand of death there was no hope. If a person had been murdered and revenge was desired, the *tohunga* would take hold of the broken point of a spear on which was the blood of the murdered man and by means of this medium his spells would bring madness on the slayer.

If a frost was likely to come on and spoil the crop, a priest would take a brand from the fire at night and go to the urinal *(mianga)* of the village, walking round the place and waving the burning stick so as to light up the vicinity.

Then, throwing away the firebrand, he turned to the east with upraised hand, repeating the invocation known as "the star-counting," pointing with his fingers at certain of the stars as if counting them. This would disperse the frost and bring a cloudy sky. To drive away a common fog, one had to take ashes from the fire and advance into the fog, sowing the ashes as if sowing seed. But for a goblin-fog, an enchanted mist (caused by trespass on fairy ground), another ceremony was necessary, a very simple one. A fern-stalk was stuck in the ground (the leaves having been stripped off) with the butt upwards. The butt had to be split and a lump of earth inserted into the cleft. That was all; the fog would clear away at once. Lullaby songs *(oriori)* were often chanted by priests to produce a favourable change in the weather, to lull the violence of a storm, or change a rainy day to sunshine.

(As examples of incantations, and where descriptions of them may be found the examples enumerated may be cited. See appendix).[1]

Matakite, or "foretelling" the work of the Seer, has been already described under "Diseases." When tribal war-gods took possession of the Seer there was generally a reference to some person, place, or object (known as the *papa*), which the god directed to be killed or captured or in some way affected if victory was desired. If the direction should be carried out and the *papa* secured victory was certain.

When one crossed the main ridge of the North Island or entered for the first time upon

a new part of the country, as in ascending a mountain or crossing a lake before unexplored by him, a particular ceremony (*uruuru-whenua*) had to be performed. It was generally gone through at a spot pointed out as the entrance to such district. Each person who passed the spot for the first time would break off a twig, fern-stalk, etc., and cast it at the base of a tree or stone, at the same time repeating a special charm. It was most unlucky to turn the head and look towards the sacred spot after passing it and performing this rite.

All lizards were dreaded. Some tribes hated the owl and the lonely little swamp-bird, *matata* (Sphenœacus punctatus), and killed it if they had the chance. If natives had to pass round a cape, or enter a narrow tidal passage, they would stop a moment or two while the priest muttered a charm. They believed, as did the sailors of the time of Jonah, in throwing over a victim to save the lives of others. A woman named Kanawa was thrown over near Whakatane from the Horouta canoe to appease the gods in a storm, but she held on to the bow of the canoe, which caused the vessel to be upset.

The *Whanga-horo* ceremony has several times been mentioned in this book. It was performed as follows, and was used chiefly as a means of cleansing oneself from *tapu* after having been cursed. The people affected went to a running stream and stripped off their clothes. They plunged in and dashed water over themselves while the priest chanted incantations and performed ceremonies. Then

they left the stream, and the priests recited spells to purify the courtyard (*marae*) from curses. The priest dug a long trench (termed "the pit of wrath") into which to sweep the spirits of enemies. Muttering charms, the priest took a large shell in each hand and scraped into the pit the (invisible) souls of the foes; then earth was scraped up and the pit covered in. Having flattened the ground by beating with the hands, they wove baskets to hold the souls they had destroyed and covered the pit with charmed garments and cloths.

The *Huri takapau* was the ceremony of thanksgiving for deliverance. It is described at full length as having been performed on reaching firm land by the people who survived the Deluge.[2] The priest went to running water and sprinkled the people from a branch dipped therein. He lighted a sacred fire (by friction of wood) and roasted fern-root thereon. The people also lighted a fire and cooked fern-root; one of their number, standing four paces in front of the high priest, held the fern-root up, first with his right hand, then with his left, while charms were recited. Then the fern-root from the right hand was given to the high-priestess, who, passing it under her thigh, ate part of it, and offered the rest, together with a bunch of grass, to the people, who ate all the fern-root and threw the grass upon the sacred fire. The fern-root from the left hand was given to another old priestess, who acted in a similar manner. All stayed where they were till the sacred fire had died out of itself.

As an historical example of Maori magic, the story of the visit of Bishop Selwyn to Te Heuheu may be of interest. Living at Lake Taupo, where he was overlord of the district, resided Te Heuheu, one of the greatest of New Zealand chiefs. Almost all New Zealand had adopted the new religion and of all the notables Te Heuheu was the only remaining heathen. To be defied by a single man piqued the brave Missionary-bishop, who resolved to visit and convert this last worshipper of the old gods. Te Heuheu received his guest with all due ceremony, and when a space of time sufficient for courtesy had expired, the Bishop told his errand. He said that he was an ambassador from God, and that he wished to bring to the chief the knowledge of true religion. Te Heuheu answered, "I am a god myself. I can recite my pedigree. It comes direct from Heaven, my father, from Earth my mother (that is, from Rangi and Papa)." "I do not speak," said the Bishop, "of such gods as these; I mean the Creator of all things, the Judge of all men at the last day." "If," answered the Maori, "if you are the messenger and priest of a god, show me a miracle, give me a sign as a credential." The Bishop answered, "My Master refused to give a sign, and I have none to give. The sign of my religion is in the life of a man, in the changed and purified heart." "My priest here," said Te Heuheu, "has power from his god to work wonders. Give a sign and he shall give greater." The Bishop again refused. The Maori beckoned to the *tohunga* Hunuaho who

was standing near. "Show the stranger priest a sign," he said. The *tohunga* moved forward and picked up a brown and faded leaf that had fallen from a cabbage-palm overhead. "Here," he said to the Bishop, "make this dead leaf green again." "No," replied the Bishop, "I cannot do so, nor can you, nor any living man." "No!" exclaimed the priest, "see!" And he tossed the brown strip high in the air. It wavered downwards to the earth, green as grass. "Can you not do as much?" said the chief to the Bishop. "No, I have already answered you," said the Bishop. "Then," said Te Heuheu, "your gods are weaker than mine, I will not hearken." The Bishop had to leave Te Heuheu unconverted. Some years afterwards the old heathen chief was buried with all his people and his village in a great landslip. When, after a long time, the *tapu* was removed, his bones were taken up the vast slope of the active volcano Tongariro to be cast into the crater, but a sudden thunderstorm that surrounded the bearers of the corpse so frightened them that they fled, leaving the body on a ridge of the sacred mountain, "where no man knoweth his tomb."

The magical powers over nature, such as we name the supernatural, were always credited to a *tohunga*. Of these, the *hoaina* was an exhibition of will power. The priest would take a large pebble of hard stone and by tapping it with a slender wand *(otaota)* or fern-stalk the stone would fall into dust. It is related that the son of Tuhoro (who was mentioned above as the child of Tama-te-kapua) consulted the

death-oracle by addressing the corpse of his father thus, "Show me if safety will be ours should an enemy attack the land, and will the land be deserted?" The corpse gave a slight roll to the right, then to the left, and again to the right and left. Then all was still. This was read as a bad omen and that the land would be deserted. This ancient example was, however, interpreted differently from the experience given by the *tohunga* Hunuaho (Te Heuheu's priest) who in our own days saw the miracle performed. He said, "We were in the enemy's country and our war party doubted whether, although we had won several victories, our foes and their allies were not closing in behind us to cut off our retreat. We asked our priest to consult the gods whether we should go on or should return. The answers were dark. Then said the priest, 'We will consult the Oracle of the Dead. Bring me here the body of a slain enemy, but it must be whole and perfect.' So we went back to the battle ground of yesterday and searched long. Few of the bodies were perfect, an arm was gone from this, and a leg from that, for the ovens had been well filled on the night of victory. Then at last we found a perfect corpse, and we took it to the central space *(marae)* of the fort we were holding. The priest made us all stand back many yards after we had laid the naked body on its back, with its face up to the sky. Then the priest stood half-way between us and the dead man, speaking a mighty invocation. And when he had finished his prayer he said, 'Oh thou Hidden One, dwelling in the empty house, if

we, the wanderers of the war god, are to go on and still be victorious, be strong! be strong! turn!' Then the corpse slowly turned and lay upon its side. Again he cried, 'Be strong, be strong! Turn!' And the dead man turned again and rolled over on his back as we had laid him. Then said the priest, 'We will go forward.' And we went forward and we slew till no man was found on whom to wet the points of our spears. Enough is said."

Priests and magic-possessing chiefs could take the form of birds and other animals, as Maui assumed the appearance of a dove, and Tama that of a white heron.

As a last example of Maori magic, of a different kind, we may notice a legend to the effect that the widow of a man who had been drowned by treachery was wandering on the beach. She was at that time expecting to be delivered of her first-born. Her husband had been murdered by his brother, but this she did not know, and she asked this brother-in-law of hers where her husband was, but received an evasive answer. Wailing, she passed along the sea-beach, and, glancing out over the ocean, saw a hand and arm appear above the water. The hand had a mark (*kura-waka*) upon it; by this she knew that it was the hand of her husband, that he had been killed and become a supernatural being. As she returned home weeping she saw the same hand arise out of the earth. She went to her house and bore a son, who was, of course, dedicated to revenge his father's death.

Fairies, Ogres, Monsters, Etc.

The Maori had a distinct belief in the existence of fairies. Some of these were very like the European fairies—elegant, tiny people, fair-skinned and yellow-haired. Some were dark little elves, and some quaint deformed creatures, but they were all distinctly fairies, and not to be confused in any way with spirits or gods or ghosts.

It is said that when the Deluge swept over the earth some of those who escaped were a god-sprung little people, the fairies known as *Pake-pakeha* who dwelt in flowers and shrubs. This was the reason that white men on coming to New Zealand were named *Pakeha*, because they were fair and were supposed to have come from fairyland. Thus it was that their biscuit was called "fairy-pumice," their sugar "fairy-sand," etc., etc., by the natives. The fairies called *Patupaearehe* had distinct settlements. Their main place of residence was Coromandel Peninsula at the Thames, the part called Moehau, near Cape Colville, being particularly sacred to them. Few natives dared to approach those shores, but those who did so had wonderful stories to relate of seeing fairy-forts made of interlaced supplejacks, and of finding plantations of gourds. If anyone attempted to lift one of these gourds it was found to be too heavy to move. The fairies played musical instruments, and their songs were often heard floating down from the hills. Fairies were angry if they heard a native singing at night, because they thought they

were being mocked or insulted, and as they were a very *tapu* people, it was not to be endured. A Maori would not wish to sing at night; he was prompted to it by his spirit (*Wairua*) as a warning of danger. I have often been warned by the Maori when camped in that locality never to move a yard from the camp at night, as I should be decoyed on by fairy voices and visions and would never return. Sometimes it is said that these fairies were brought to New Zealand in the Tainui canoe, and that a fairy-princess named Te Peri (a very curious coincidence with the Persian name for "fairy") acted as a "directing-goddess" in the bow of that vessel. She was a sister of Tainui, after whom the canoe was named, and who was buried at the foot of the tree from the trunk of which the canoe was made. The oldest traditions say that the *Patupaiarehe* fairies where living here when the Maori came. They were divided into three tribes, the Ngati-Kura (Descendants of the Red One), Ngaki-Korako (Descendants of the Albino), and Ngati-Turehu (Descendants of the Dimly-seen). It is curious that there is allusion to their fairness in the two first names, while the third, the Turehu fairies, are said to have had red hair. Some of the fairy-women's names are to be found in the genealogies of living Maoris who are proud of their uncanny lineage. The natives give a list of fairy dwelling places stretching from Cape Colville to Thames and Waikato.

A story is told of a Maori chief who long ago, when travelling by the sea, saw footmarks

on the shore and these he felt sure were not those of human beings, so he hid himself till night hoping to see the fairies. When darkness fell, he heard voices crying, "The net here! The net here!" and just before dawn the fairy canoes appeared dragging nets heavy with fish to land. The fairies leapt ashore; they began to pick up the fish and thread them through the gills on cords so that they could be carried in bundles. The Maori joined them and did the same but he pretended not to notice that they had knots on the ends of their strings while he had none, so the fish kept slipping off. They tried to help him, for the man was unusually fair-complexioned for a Maori, and in darkness they did not notice that he was not one of themselves. He delayed them so long in picking up his fish that at last daylight broke, and in confusion at seeing a man among them the fairies dispersed and dashed away to their own abodes, leaving the net behind. It was this net which first became a pattern for the Maori, as they had no nets before this, but fished with hook and line only. In one account of this incident the fishermen are called Parau, the name of a mountain tribe; they used to steal down from the hills to net fish and from them the Maori learnt net-making. The Urewera tribe call their fairies *Tiramāka.*

Close akin to the ordinary fairy in appearance were "The Multitude of the Wood-elves" *(Tini-o-te-Hakuturi).* They were forest fairies who had charge of all the trees and shrubs. When Rata had felled a tree for his canoe without having uttered the necessary incantations

to the Lord of Forests it was this tiny people that set the tree upright again and filled the chips into their places till it appeared as if untouched. (See the chapter on "Myths and Traditions.") Another Maori chief was in a forest alone at night when he heard the voices of the wood-elves all about him. His retinue ran away, but the chief remained by his fire and was soon aware that he was surrounded by the "good people." They would peep out from behind leaves and flowers when the fire died down, but when it blazed up they hastily drew back. They sang a pretty song to him but he was greatly frightened and thought that if he offered them his ornaments, his breast-pendant of green jade and eardrop of the same precious stone, they might go away and leave him. So he spread out his poor little treasures, and the pixies accepted them. They did not take away the actual jewels, but only the spirits or similitudes *(ahua)* of them, and then the tiny visitors disappeared. They appeared to be very small, fair-skinned, and light-haired; a merry people always singing. It is said that these wood-fairies taught mankind the art of carving and engraving. Rua was their pupil.

A fairy tribe known as the Karitehe haunted the forests of the far north; they also were a yellow-haired white-skinned people. Some of them lived in the Kauhoehoe caves. One of the ancestors of the Rarawa tribe surprised these fairies fishing, and lifting the corner of the net allowed the fish to escape. The fairies scented the presence of man and vanished.

He afterwards succeeded in capturing one of the girls as his wife and after that the fairies abandoned the caves. Before this the Karitehe would often seize Maori girls who were out gathering the *tawhara* blossom (flower of the *kiekie*, the Freycinetia) in the forest and the maidens were never seen again. It appears as if some forest fairies were mischievous and differed from the ordinary wood-elves. The child of a chief was carried off by a forest fairy named Te Tahae-o-te-Koraha (The Robber of the Open Lands). The father of the child pursued and followed the sound of the little one's wailing, but could not overtake it. The cry sounded here, there, on this side, and on that side. All the men in the place heard the child crying and knew the voice, but it always came from a fresh direction, so then they knew it had been turned into a spirit *(atua)* and gave up the quest.

The water-kelpies *(Pona-turi)* were fairy people who lived under the water by day, but came out on land at night to sleep. They were destroyed by Tawhaki, whose father, Hema, they had killed. The bones of Hema they had carried away as trophies for their house of assembly. Tawhaki's mother had also been carried off by them, and she was retained as door-keeper and guardian of the house. Tawhaki arrived at this house, whence his father's bones clanked a welcome, and his mother concealed him till the fairies had emerged from the water at nightfall, and were asleep within their dwelling. The hero's stratagem was to deceive them so long that when

they awoke full daylight should surprise and slay these children of mire and darkness. So he carefully plugged up and stopped every orifice and chink of the house, and when the fairies called out to the woman, "Oh Guardian of the door, is it nearly daylight?" they were answered, "Not yet, not yet, sleep well." The dawn had appeared and they were unaware of it, being in the dark interior, but when the sun had risen the hero opened wide the door and the bright rays streamed in. So the offspring of night and moisture lay dead upon the floor.

Very curious fairies are the tree-dwelling Nuku-mai-tore. They were said to have small heads with large waists and chests. They ate their food raw, as all supernatural beings did. One of them married a famous ancient Maori chief and voyager named Tura. He was dreadfully sorry to find that his wife, like all others of her tribe, would have to die when she was about to bear a child, as it was the custom to kill the mother in order to deliver the child by the Cæsarian operation. Tura informed them that this was unnecessary, and his wife being delivered in mortal fashion felt great love and gratitude to her husband. (A variant of the legend says that by bathing in the Water of Life the mother could be restored.) A pretty little story is told of Tura and this fairy wife of his. One day when she was combing his hair she noticed white hairs among the dark ones, and she said, "Oh, Sir, what is this?" He told her that these were signs to men of approaching decay and death,

at which the immortal wife wept bitterly. Hence the Maori speak of white hairs by the poetical phrase of "The Weeds of Tura."

Wild men of the woods (*mohoao* or *maero*) are spoken of elsewhere under "Former Inhabitants."

It has been mentioned above that fairies ate their food raw; they had an intense dislike to cooked food or the smell of it. A man named Ruarangi, who had been absent from home, found on his return that his wife had been carried off by a fairy *(patupaearehe)*. After tracing her footsteps to the hills he went back and consulted a priest, who ordered all the people to leave their homes at nightfall; then he chanted an incantation to restore the woman's love to her husband. Then the priest said to her husband, "Go and meet your wife, and be sure when you see her to rub her over with red ochre (*kokowai*)". Now, the woman had felt the influence of the priest's spell, and all her love and desire were drawn towards her husband; so she deceived her fairy lover, and, going outside under a pretence, hastened to meet her lord. When they met he rubbed the sacred red colour upon her and her clothes, and together they hastened back to their home. When the fairy abductor had become tired of waiting for his bride to return he went to look for her, and came upon her footmarks and those of a man, so, filled with anger, he gathered his elfish followers and pursued the fugitives. When, however, they reached the village they found all its posts daubed with red ochre, while the leaves used in the ovens

were thrown on the roofs of the houses, and all the air was full of the odours of cooked food. As the fairies were afraid of the *tapu* colour, and loathed the smell of cooked food, they dared not enter the village, and when the priest had recited a powerful spell against them they owned themselves vanquished and returned to their own place, leaving the married lovers in peace.

There is an account given of fairy people in the South Island in which it is difficult to disentangle myth from what might perhaps be legendary history. It is a well known theory in Europe that stories of fairies, elves, gnomes, etc., are traditional memories of peoples which once inhabited that continent before the ancestors of the present Indo-European race arrived and exterminated the occupant tribes. If this is true it opens up a curious field of speculation in pre-historic Maori lore. The legend states that when the Maori hero Maui hauled up the land from the depths of ocean, he gave the land to The Old Woman (*Kui*), and her descendants dwelt thereon for ages. Then came a stranger people, the Tutu-mai-ao, who killed and inter-married till the children of Kui were annihilated, and Kui herself went down and lived underground. (She is incarnate now in a small insect* that lives in the cracks in dry ground.) After these again came a fairy people, the Turehu, who slew and inter-married with the Tutu-mai-ao till these latter disappeared. Then to this fairy people came

*A species of the Butcher beetle; Cincindela tuberculata.

the Maori, who were also descendants of Maui by another line, and in ten generations they had killed off or married the Turehu. They, the Maori, have existed here for 46 generations (about 1,000 years) that is to say 20 generations before the great migration from Hawaiki. The tribes of Kui, Tutu-mai-ao, and Turehu have all become "an indistinct people," their voices are now only heard on the mountains. Indeed, in Maori, *turehu* has become a word meaning "to doze" and "indistinctly seen."

Whatever of concealed truth there may be in this account is traversed by a legend which states that the South Island was formerly inhabited by goblins, the Kahui Tipua, or "Ogre-band." These were giants who could stride from ridge to ridge of the mountains, could transform themselves into any shape they wished, and could drink up the rivers. They hunted with two-headed dogs. An ogre-giant captured a woman and kept her as a pet, but after many months of his loathly embraces she escaped to her people. She knew the monster's habits, and returning with her angry brothers they blocked up with fern the mouth of the cave in which he resided, and then setting the mass on fire thus destroyed the ogre. After these goblins had disappeared from off the earth, two tribes named Rapuwai and Waitaha succeeded them and spread over the country: Waitaha increased till they were a very numerous people, of whom the proverbial saying is used "Waitaha, swarming like ants." These were succeeded by the Ngati-mamoe, who were exterminated (except some of the

women who married the conquerors) by the Ngai-tahu whose possession lasted into historical times.

It is said that the first arrivals in the canoes from Hawaiki heard the fairies in their ghostly village, Te Tuahu-o-te-atua, playing different kinds of flutes and going through their songs and dances. A chief named Ihenga burnt them out of their stronghold at Rotorua, and they had to fly to the hills and forests. Mention is made of a wild race, Te Aitanga a Hine-mata-roa, "The Descendants of Lady Long-face," that dwelt in the forests of the South Island. (See page 539.)

Besides the Kahui Tipua of the South Island there were other ogres and ogresses such as we read of in European fairy stories. Such a one was Houmea, who by the genealogies[3] lived about 13 centuries ago. Her husband went to catch fish, and having returned, waited for his wife to come down to the canoe to take the fish up to the house, for it was her duty as mistress to see to the disposing, distribution, etc., of food to her family and retainers. Tired of waiting, he at last went up to the house and enquired the reason of the delay. She answered that it was owing to the naughtiness of her two children, and going down to the canoe she greedily swallowed all the fish. Then she tore up bushes and trampled all over the beach, crying to her husband that a party of robbers had carried off the spoil. Her husband did not believe her at first, as there were no men living in the vicinity, but Houmea ascribed the robbery to

the fairies. Her husband went out again next day fishing, but instructed the children to hide and see what happened on his return. The events of the day before were repeated, and the children said to their father, "Houmea has eaten the fish." Of course there was a domestic quarrel, but food had to be procured and the husband went away fishing on the third day. As soon as he was gone the ogress coaxed one of the children to her side and swallowed the child at one gulp, then the other was also swallowed. The husband on his return asked where the children were, and was answered that they had gone away somewhere. Their father guessed that they had been devoured, so he examined his wife's lips and then recited a most powerful charm, upon the utterance of which the children emerged alive out of their dreadful mother's mouth. After this both father and children were afraid of the ogress, but the next time she complained of hunger they cried, "Open thy mouth wide!" and then with the wooden tongs took hold of a red-hot stone from the oven and thrust it down her gaping throat. So she perished, but became incarnate in the greedy shag or cormorant *(kawau)*.

In long ago days a chief named Paowa came in the course of his adventures upon an old witch-ogress. This lady gave the stranger and his men some poor food and then went to the spring to get water for them, but on her way thither she fell under the power of a spell uttered by Paowa and could find no water. When she returned she found her house burnt

and her guests gone, so, calling up her dogs, she pursued the fugitives. They had sailed away out of sight in their canoe, but the witch, having put on magic armlets, waded out into the ocean and pursued. Finding that they were being overtaken, the men turned shorewards and hid in a cave, blocking the entrance with stones and lighting a fire inside. The ogress tried to scratch her way in, but could not, so sat down outside the cave. Paowa heated some large stones red-hot, and at the same time roasted some appetising food. He then cried out, "O, Lady! will you have a little food?" at the same time passing the roasted food through between the stones. The witch took the bait, and, smacking her lips, said, "That was very nice." Paowa said, "Open thy mouth wide and you shall have some more." She opened her mouth wide and the man then pushed a large red-hot stone down her throat, so she fell down and died. When Paowa went out and sought to take away the armlets flashes of lightning came from her armpits, but nevertheless he took the charms away and started homewards.

Pou-a-hao-kai was a cannibal ogre destroyed by Rata throwing red-hot stones down his throat. When the last one was thrown the monster burst open, and then were seen the canoes and men which he had swallowed.

It is curious that the method of killing greedy ogres by throwing red-hot stones down their throats was the mode often described in European fairy tales for destroying ogres. Another queer coincidence in these old folk-

lore tales is that of the "Fee-fo-fum" kind of expression used by cannibal giants in our nursery stories, and quoted by Shakespeare—

> "Childe Ronald to the dark tower came;
> His word was still, 'Fee, fo and fum,
> I smell the blood of an Englishman.'"

The Maori legend relates that the hero, the Giant-killer, had hidden himself in the house of Matuku, the ogre. The monster, who had been absent, returned to his house, and on his arrival there threw down his load at the door and began to suspect that something was wrong. Throwing back his head he sniffed and said,

Smell! Smell! Odour! Odour!

But the hero had suspended a noose in the doorway, and as the ogre entered to find his victim he was snared and killed.

Closely connected with the fairy and ogre stories are the legends of monsters, lamias, water-goblins, gigantic birds, etc. One of a Lamia or serpent-woman is related concerning a chief named Ruruteina, who was returning from an expedition with his brothers. Wishing to get some fire, he went up to a house that was inhabited by a female named Variegated Reptile (*Ngarara Huirau*). She asked him his mission, but when he wished to go encircled him with her tail and kept him with her. Her attendants placed food before him, but it was disgusting from being polluted with the scales of the creature's body, and upon Ruru making some contemptuous remark about the viands the attendants advised him to escape. The

Lamia overheard this, and attacked the servants, one of whom hid within a stone and the other in a carved wooden figure. In the confusion Ruru got away. His brothers and he then built a strong house "with nooses and figures of men on it," and in this house Ruru hid himself. His friends and brothers called on the gods to help them, and soon Madame Reptile made her appearance. She put her tail round in a circle and caught Ruru, saying, "You thought you could escape me." He engaged her in conversation while his brothers were piling wood and combustibles round the house, and when this was finished they set it on fire so that the house was soon full of smoke. Ruru escaped by the little window-opening, but the Lamia was burnt up. Every scale of hers that jumped out of the fire was thrown back into it, except two, and one of these became the origin of the Para-tawhiti fern (Marattia salicina).

A somewhat similar story is told of a man named Tua, who was left behind in Tahiti when the "Mataatua" canoe set out, and who wished to make a canoe, so he felled a tree and went home, but on returning in the morning found the tree set upright again and apparently uncut. The same thing occurred three times, and then Tua waited to see the persons that set the tree up again, precisely as Rata did (in a legend already related) when the wood-elves set his work at naught. While Tua was waiting he was perceived by a huge reptile (*ngarara*) ogress, who pursued and captured him, carrying him off to her den as her

husband. They had a child, and then Tua was allowed to return to his friends. The child grew up and wished to see his father, so journeyed to his parent's home and then struck the sacred drum in the middle of the village. The inhabitants were going to kill the boy for his sacrilege, but he said, "Only Tua must kill me." When Tua came the boy told him about the tree being felled and its being replaced upright. When he reached the part of his narrative which spoke of the tree being set up for the third time, Tua said, "It is enough; you are my son," for he did not wish people to know that he had once lived with a reptile.

Of course with a people so superstitious as the Maori there were stories current of the existence of all kinds of monstrous or abnormal creatures besides those that may be properly called gods, spirits, fairies, ogres, etc., etc. Prominent among these were the demons or goblins *(tipua* or *tupua)* who were not always visible in a frightful or terrifying shape but assumed the appearance of ordinary creatures or things; still they were ready at a moment's notice to shed their malign influence around. Of such was a cormorant that haunted a canyon in the Tuhoe country, and whose appearance always brought (or betokened) disaster to the Ngati-whare tribe. It flew over the village three days before a death occurred. There was a lake on the summit of the mountain, Maunga Pohatu, in the same part of the country, and this lake was a demon dangerous to approach. Again, a stone *tipua* was to be found at Mangaohoa and if you ventured near

it without repeating a certain charm you would be deluged with rain. At Titiokura was a *tipua* stone in the shape of a canoe, and at Rangitaiki River was a *tipua* log of totara wood above which no eel would pass. At Opunga, in the Waihui stream, and at Muruwaka, in the Turanga River, are local demons in the shape of stones. There was a demon log or tree named Tutaua which floated on Waikare-Moana Lake. It sung as it went, in a voice like the wind whistling. If it drifted ashore and anyone cut a chip from it, the log would disappear the next night. Generally it drifted, ever floating hither and thither, by night or day. A rock in Waikare-Moana is called Te Hinaki o Tutaua ("the eel basket of Tutaua" the log demon) and was a *tipua*, for if a north-west wind blew, and the rock was stroked with the hand, a south wind would spring up; this side of the lake is sheltered from the south.

A shrub of *koromiko* (Veronica) grew in a place near Taupo once used as an oven for cooking men. Two celebrated chiefs were cooked there five generations ago, and the shrub has been there ever since, never altering in appearance. It is a *tipua* of the spirits of those two chiefs. On the Kaingaroa plains near Taupo there were cabbage-trees (*ti*) known as Tihaere. These were goblin trees which looked as if growing, but if one attempted to approach them they would shift position and elude the attempt. They were enchanted maidens turned into wandering trees as a punishment for laughing at their mistress. It is an evil

omen to see them. Not far from Gough's Bay, in the South Island, there were enchanted black-pine trees *(Te Aitanga-a-Hine-mate-roa)*. (See page 532.) Not far away were enchanted cabbage-trees *(Ti-a-Tauwhetuku)* that moved about and embraced each other like human beings. With these was a tree of the Broad-leaf variety, also under spell; its name was *Te Papa-tua- mau-heke.*

A giant cuttle-fish *(wheke)* lay in Cook's Straits; it pulled down canoes. It was killed by a band of heroes from Whanganui. The tame whale Tutunui was the favourite ocean-steed of Tinirau the god of fishes, and it was destroyed by Kae the cruel priest. A gigantic eel-demon inhabited the Piako Swamp, south of Auckland. Its upper part was human but the lower half that of an eel. There is said to have been a gigantic eel *(tuoro)* that did not live in the water but dwelt in the open fern and grass country; it was very ferocious, especially to men. It could not pass ashes or fire, so that when natives were attacked by it the only way to escape was to set the fern on fire and so burn the creature, or else to get on to a place where the fire had lately passed. It made a noise like a roaring bull. One cannot read of such a belief as this (and considering the above written stories of the serpent-women) without fancying that though New Zealand was probably always without snakes of any kind the Maori has brought legends concerning great ophidians from far-off lands. There is a description of the slaying of the demon Matuku by means of a snare and it ends thus,

"Then Matuku struggled! Struggled in vain! What could he do with the rope choking his throat? He lashed his tail; the moisture came forth from his belly. It is in the tail of that kind of beast—such as Matuku—the strength lies; for, if it be cast up on a tree it cannot be loosened, but the body will be drawn up after it; Such was Matuku." It reads very like the far-off tradition of a python. We shall refer to this subject farther on in the description of water-goblins *(taniwha)*.

In the South Island there is a tradition concerning a monstrous bird of prey, the Pouakai. It is said that one of these birds had its nest on a spur of Tawera mountain. When it attacked human beings its downward rush was so fierce that none could withstand its fury, and its victim was carried off to be devoured at leisure. At last a hero appeared who resolved to destroy the ferocious bird, so he made his men, 50 in number, form a network of young trees laid over a deep hole, and in the hole the 50 men armed with long spears were hidden. The hero himself went forward to lure the bird to the place of concealment. This he succeeded in doing, and then, saving himself from attack by swiftness of foot, he too took refuge in the hole, just reaching shelter as the monster swooped downward. As the bird (the roc?) violently attempted to reach him with its claws through the network of branches the spears of the 50 were plunged upwards between the saplings into its breast, and after a desperate struggle the great man-eater died. Sometimes the story is varied with an account

that a strong block-house was erected and in this the band of deliverers seated themselves. When the bird came it was assaulted and killed with stone axes.

There were enormous birds living in Hawaiki, and one of these was used as a means to bring a chief named Pou (Pou-ranga-hua) to New Zealand. He loaded up the bird with two magic spades, together with two bags of sweet-potatoes, and set out. There was living on Hikurangi Mountain a terrible sorcerer named Tama-i-waho, whose evil influence could only be escaped when the sun was shining full in his face; only then could the terrible place be passed. The bird and its rider slipped past the mountain just at the right time, when Tama's eyes were dazzled, and then the bird shook itself as a sign that Pou should dismount. Pou was a selfish man and insisted that the bird should carry him further, although he knew that it would be an evil thing for the bird, as it would have to repass the place after the sun was gone. Pou, stooping down, reached under the wing of the bird and pulled out five plumes, which he cast into the sea, and one of these plumes became a tree (*kahika*) that grew and bore fruit out in the ocean. One of its branches was cast ashore by the tide and it took root, becoming the great forest of Makauri, between Makaraka and Te Waerenga-a-hika. Pou made the bird bear him to his home, and then, when it was returning, it came under the evil power of the wizard at Hikurangi and was destroyed; but Pou planted the sweet potatoes, and from this

seed came all the cultivations of Turanga. The Tuhoe tribes have traditions of a great bird named *hakoke* that existed in ancient times but has long been extinct. Perhaps this is a form of the general native belief as to the huge *hokioi*, a bird of prey, large as the moa, but with many coloured feathers and a bunch of red feathers on its head. The bones of a very large raptorial bird, the Harpagornis moorei, have been found in New Zealand.

Again turning from birds to reptiles, or rather to myths of reptiles, we encounter the wonderful *taniwha*. The word is generally applied to a water-monster, amphibian, or supernatural creature. Even a great chief, one whose power was enormous, and whose fame was terrible, was alluded to as a *taniwha*. (*Waikato taniwha rau!!* "Waikato of a hundred chiefs!") The name was also applied to a kind of large shark. Some of the *taniwha* loom large as beings of pure myths, others are spoken of so circumstantially as being lizards that most of the early settlers in New Zealand were persuaded that some ferocious creature of the alligator kind inhabited the lakes and rivers of the Colony. *Taniwha* have often been reported as having been seen since the occupation of the country by Europeans, but in most cases these have been found to be seals that have come up the rivers a long way from the sea. They have been seen in the River Waikato as far up as the town of Hamilton, and in the Manawatu River at Dannevirke.

A *taniwha*, rejoicing in the ponderous name of Rakei-mata-taniwha-rau, dwelt in the sea

not far from Kawhia Harbour, and when he appeared his huge bulk drove the ocean surging up the cliffs. A very evil creature known as Tutae-poroporo lived in the Whanganui River. It swallowed a chief named Aokehu, but the hero had with him an enchanted staff. In the stomach of the monster this Maori Jonah began ceremonial incantations, and the monster shuddered, recognising that it had made a mistake in introducing a wizard into its internal arrangements. Aokehu breathed on the sacred staff to more fully imbue it with spirit and power (afflatus?) and the *taniwha* felt the effect of the enchantment, so it writhed and dashed about, lashing its tail from bank to bank of the river. Then was recited this incantation—

"Rage great fish, and lash your sides,
The cravings of your hunger
Methinks should now be fully appeased,
For have you not (within you) the potent Aokehu?"

So chanting, the hero drove the magic staff through and through the sides and belly, widening the hole till it was large enough for him to emerge through. In strong convulsions the *taniwha* yielded up its life, and no more were the river canoes with their crews devoured.

A huge reptile named Tu-te-maunga-roa lived near Taupo Lake, and was slain by Te Uru-waewae. Ruai-moko-roa was another of the species and was killed by the sons of Tu-Wharetoa. At the mouth of the Manukau Harbour lived the man-devourer Kaiwhare. It dwelt in a cave, the entrance of which was six fathoms below the surface of the sea.

Down into this noisome den dived a hero-chief resolved to slay the monster, and this feat he achieved, striking such terrible blows with his club, made of the bone of a whale *(paraoa)*, that the destroying creature soon yielded up its life. Another *taniwha* named Ureia visited the same locality and was taken in a goblin-house and killed, but its proper haunt was Hauraki (the Thames) and it was decoyed to the place where the traps had been laid. Arai-te-uru and Taungeri (or Nuia) were the two guardian *taniwha* of Hokianga Bar. Arai-te-uru was a female and was the mother of many other celebrated *taniwha*; among them being Waihou, Orira, Maungamuka, Ohopa, and Wairere. Taungeri was the dominant partner, but sometimes Arai-te-uru would break bounds and start on her own account up the river, overturning canoes and eating the eyes of those thus drowned, this was "her mark." A remarkable rift may be seen in the glen below Marokotia, between Cape Kidnappers and Castlepoint. This was caused by a *taniwha* named Hine-huarau who burst away, tearing the country through till it reached Wairarapa where it was killed by a chief named Tara. It is perhaps another tradition concerning the same creature which relates that a *taniwha* named Te Ngararahuarau arrived at the mouth of the Pahaua River, Wairarapa, and went up that stream. Some of its scales remained in a cave and turned into lizards *(tuatara)*. Companies of people were destroyed by that reptile before it was slain by a chief, who ordered his people to

partially cut through the forest trees by the side of the track, to cut them not quite enough for them to fall, but so that at another blow of the axe each would fall. The priest took a dog, repeated charms over it, then it was sent to the cave of the *taniwha* to bark. The reptile pursued the dog, but when it came to the place where the trees had been chopped at it struck the trees and its immense bulk made the trees fall. It wriggled and twisted with mighty struggles but the weight of the heavy timber killed it, and the destroying tribe, that of Ngai-tara, rejoiced. Puku-tu-oro and other marine monsters sprang from the body of Tuna the Eel-god when that deity was slain by Maui. Ocean *taniwha* often hovered about canoes, having in their charge some celebrated chief on board the vessel, and for whose safety they were bound to provide.

A monstrous reptile named Te Kai-whaka-ruaki once dwelt in the Parapara stream near the place where Collingwood, Nelson, now stands. Hosts of men were devoured by this beast; whatever the number of a party of travellers, whether fifty or a hundred, none escaped. There was a famous seal-hunter, Potoru, whose boast it was never to use a weapon, but to slay with his mighty hands. He formed a war-party of 340 men and posted them, with spears, where they might attack in two parties. Then the hero advanced into the sea to decoy the creature forth. Soon great waves were seen as the reptile parted the ocean in its advance, and the man drew back until the water was only waist-deep, and at

last only knee-deep. Then the invincible fist was raised and fell on the snout of the *taniwha*, driving it to one side. Quickly the monster twisted and snapped, beaten from one side to the other by repeated blows. Once the champion missed his stroke, the wide-distended jaws received him, and he vanished alive into the vast interior of the ocean-goblin. The main party of warriors attacked, first on one side, then on the other, the *taniwha* lashing with its huge tail till a hollow a fathom deep was made in the ground. The spears were too numerous and their bearers too brave for the fight to have any conclusion but one, and soon the enormous bulk was extended still in death. When its belly was cut open there were large stores of mats and weapons and quantities of human remains still undigested. Thus was the scourge of the district removed, but gallant Potoru had given his life for the result.

Taniwha were not always water-dwellers, but were sometimes found on dry land. The best known of these is Hotupuku, a lizard or dragon that lived on the track between Taupo and Rotorua lakes. For a long time its existence was unknown, until travellers who journeyed by that way were found never to arrive at their destinations. At last the reptile was seen by some who escaped. They related how, when it left its cave, and when they saw its lofty crest and the dreadful spines and spears of its body, which were raised like ridges of waves at sea, they had all trembled and fled. Warriors gathered together, 170 in

number, and set out to encounter the dragon. Having arrived near the den, they set to work to plait ropes—great ropes, flat, and round, and double-twisted, fine-stranded, and of many other kinds. These they made into snares and nooses set cunningly along the path, and then sent their swift-footed ones to entice the monster forth. Soon it sniffed the smell of men and came out, its awful tread resounding like thunder. Farther and farther back ran the enticing men, pursued even to the place of snares. Then cried they, "Haul away! Pull away!" and the demon was snared by its middle. The tail lashed furiously about, but nimble warriors dashed in with their spears, stabbing and piercing, while they leapt to avoid the strokes of the thrashing tail. The tail was snared and lashed to posts firmly driven in, and the terrible head received attention, a party of men on one side rushing in and pounding with axe and club, and then their friends on the other side doing likewise. The bulky creature was pounded from end to end; at last it yielded up the ghost. Its aspect was that of the *tuatara* lizard (Sphenodon punctatum), its size that of the sperm whale. When its slayers cut up the carcase with knives edged with sharks' teeth there was found therein the bodies of human beings, mats and weapons. The fat of the carcase was melted up and used by the victors with their food. Thus they devoured their enemy in true New Zealand fashion.

We have referred above to the apparent legendary knowledge among the Maori as to

great serpents, and considering the last related story it is hard to believe that, if not in New Zealand then in some other country, the Maori has been unacquainted with some huge saurian and its capture. The account of the snares, the decoys, etc., seem very circumstantial, and hardly to be imagined if the New Zealand fauna, harmless and small, were the only bases of tradition. Tradition adds to the story of Te-Kai-whakaruaki that a dog was made to bark in order to lure the reptile forth, as in crocodile-haunted lands dogs are similarly used. Probably the legend is far older than the migration to these islands, for an identical story of the capture of a great lizard (its spines, the snares, etc.) was related to Marriner in the Tonga Islands, so is probably a joint possession of the Polynesians before their dispersion. As the Tongan language is perfectly unintelligible to a modern Maori that dispersion must have been decades of centuries ago.

The men who had killed Hotupuku started to destroy another *taniwha* named Pekehaua that inhabited a place called Te Awahou in Rotorua District. It was a man-killing and malignant creature. The hunters prepared a great trap of basket-work, and some twisted ropes wherewith to snare the monster in its pool. They lowered the trap with many charms and spells which caused the spines and crest of the *taniwha* to become soft and flaccid. One heroic adventurer went down to the depths of the dark watery chasm and boldly bound a rope around the beast while it was hypnotised by the incantations, then he signalled those

above to haul up. The spells for hauling up, and making heavy weights light, were recited, the *taniwha* was pulled to the surface and beaten to death. As in the others, were found bodies, mats, weapons, etc., and so also the tomb of the *taniwha* was the all-devouring throat of man.

A *taniwha* named Rongo-te-mauriuri dwelt in a lake on the summit of Maunga Pohatu in the Tuhoe country. Another (a variety of the Tuoro or eel) lived in Otara Lake on the same mountain, and it was this latter monster that formed the valley of the Waikare stream in ancient days. The giant reptile Horomatangi lived in the centre of Lake Taupo, and a human *taniwha*, Atiamuri, was his friend. The human goblin played decoy for the other. They were greatly dreaded and no canoe would pass from north to south or from south to north directly from Tokaanu to Tapuae-haruru or *vice versâ*. A variant of the common *taniwha* was one with wings that appeared near D'Urville's Island, Cooks Strait. It was attempted to be killed by two brothers, one of whom, a swift runner, acted as lure. They dug a pit and took refuge in it when the monster attempted to enclose them with its wings (arms? tentacles?). The *taniwha* made the earth shake and closed up one side of the pit with its huge claw, but this was cut off by its assailants, then it tried to force in the other claw, this also was cut off. When it thus became defenceless it was slain. The belly was full of men and women heaped up—some of the women had children with them.

At Tikitapu, Rotorua, a monster named Kataore was kept as a pet by a chief who believed that his sacred power had made it a miracle of peaceableness and gentleness, as it always so showed itself to him and his men when they went to feed it. In reality it devoured men, and travelling parties were exterminated by it. So, recourse was had to the brave band that had exterminated Hotupuku and Pekehaua. The warriors brought their ropes and weapons and also some pleasant enticing food. Their priest recited charms to discover the whereabouts of the *taniwha*. They left the forest and tried the lake, but in spite of the most potent incantations not a bubble broke the surface of the water. Just as they were in despair there was heard a roaring as of a tempest from the overhanging precipice at Moerangi, and the men said, "Its home in the stony cliff." They uttered powerful spells to make the monster weak, while their bravest men peered into the cave. There sat the noxious beast, with fearful eyes like the moon when rising, but flashing and glinting like clear greenstone. Brave hunters! they slipped the ropes and snares over neck and forelegs, doubly sure were the knots and nooses made. Then those outside, the band of 170 men, hauled away, and the *taniwha* reared and plunged till the ropes cut deep into its body, but the armed men came and battered it to death with many blows. To work went the wooden knives with their sharp rows of sharks' teeth. It was a harvest-time. When they reached its stomach there were bodies of men,

etc. (as usual in these tales) and the victors buried the remains of their friends in the ground, and their enemy in their ambulating cemetery.

A man named Tu-heitia, who had been killed by his brother-in-law, went into the sea and became a *taniwha*. He took up his place in the Waipa River above its junction with the Waikato. He was as large as a whale and resembled a whale in appearance. Tamatea, by means of charms, turned some of the brands from his fire, and also his dog, into a *taniwha*. A block of stone supposed to be a *taniwha* is at Mokau, and to this stone barren women resorted when they wished to become pregnant.

The magic-houses for catching *taniwha* were erected on great rafts built of bulrushes (*raupo*). No wood was allowed to be used in making the house; it had to be entirely woven of reeds, flax, or grass. The flesh of a seal was placed within the house and the raft was then moored in the current of a river. When the smell of the seal's flesh had attracted a *taniwha* the uncanny creature would climb up on the raft, and the goblin-killers would, after uttering a prayer to the god Rongo, go and kill the leviathan.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WHENCE OF THE MAORI— FORMER INHABITANTS.

THE WHENCE OF THE MAORI.

THE question as to the place in which the Maori originated has been much debated, and has become of a character so highly controversial, that it would be idle to accept any general answer that would satisfy all the contestants, unless some new and startling discovery had been lately made. Many theories have been advanced, or, rather, many versions of two or three theories, but there has been no theory finally accepted as undoubtedly proven.

Broadly, the subject divides itself into two distinct questions: Were the Maori aborigines of New Zealand? If not, where was the place from which they came?

As to the first question, different answers are given, some believing that all the people of New Zealand were of one parentage and were autochthones; others that some of them were autochthones and were joined by a later accession of visitors belonging to the same race. Those who consider them all as aborigines

point to the carving, tattooing, religion, cannibalism, forts, weapons, dress, etc., as being absolutely unique, and differing as much from those of any known people as the flora and fauna of New Zealand differ from those of any other locality. They point out that the birds and other animals, as well as the plants, trees, etc., said to have been brought in the canoes, are absolutely unknown in other places; that the immigration legends are pure myth, full of absurd contradictions, of impossible adventures, and that the tales show that the narrators were unacquainted with any locality outside New Zealand.

To these assertions it is replied that from one branch of evidence, that of language, it is almost certain that the Maori is not a unique race, but is akin to the Samoan, Hawaiian, Tahitian, and other Polynesians, and speaking the same tongue. If the Maori had always lived in New Zealand, then the people of Samoa, Tahiti, etc., must have originated here also, or they would not speak dialects of the same language. Moreover, many Maori words bear evidence of having been used in the South Seas, and are either obsolete, having no meaning to modern Maoris, or with only some perverted and local meaning of the original Polynesian word. Of course, if the "sunken continent" of the Lemuria theory can be accepted, the difficulty is got over, and the Maoris, with the other Pacific Islanders, may be survivors of the former inhabitants of a lost land, escaped to the mountain-peaks of a submerged continent, and preserving dialects of an ancient common

language. The deep-sea soundings of scientific expeditions have, however, almost conclusively dispelled the Lemurian theory, and we may for practical purposes put it aside.

Language alone would be a weak cord on which to hang common origin, but here the testimony of speech is reinforced by similarity of custom. As Mr. Percy Smith has well observed, "Customs are more persistent than language, hence we find little mannerisms, if they may be so-called, common to every branch of the race. The upward nod of the head as a sign of assent; the way the women hold a shell or knife to cut or scrape anything; the joining of the two thumbs and forefingers on the leg when in repose, the way the women sometimes sit (*noho titengi*); the holding of the hand with the palm downwards when beckoning, and many other things may be noticed from New Zealand to Hawaii, from Samoa to Tahiti, and no doubt further away. These little things the child learns from its mother and transmits to the children. They become racial peculiarities and are very persistent." To this we may add that the form of body, the quality of intellect, the mythology, the folk-lore, the genealogies, all link the fair race of the Pacific with the Maori. The raising of Earth from Ocean by Maui, the obtaining the gift of fire by the same hero, the story of Rata's canoe, of Hina's long swim to Sacred Island, the home of Tinirau the god of fishes, all these are as well known to the South Sea Islander as to the Maori, and known with almost the same names of places, parentage, etc.

Even if the legends had been communicated over so many thousands of miles of intervening sea by visitors, the coincidence in names and family between the genealogies of the nobles in Hawaii and those of New Zealand are beyond suspicion of transference. The Maori and Polynesian is assuredly of one race, and their fathers were of one blood; the natives of Rarotonga and Tahiti call themselves "Maori," as the New Zealander does.

If we answer the second question, "Where did they come from?" the task is more difficult. The general concensus of statement in most of the historical legends of the Maori tends to show that they came in canoes to these islands. The names of the canoes and of the people in them, the causes tending to their emigration from their own country, the incidents of the voyage, the places where the canoes came to shore, the settlement of the new colonies, are completed by genealogies bringing the families down to living persons, and all these incidents or circumstances are related with minute and profuse detail. It appears improbable, if not impossible, that all these narratives should be pure invention, and that when gathered from a thousand sources they should agree in such unanimity of lying. On the other hand there are certainly supernatural or impossible matters mingled with the threads of the stories, but this is not extraordinary when we consider that the traditions are centuries old, and have been the inheritance of a people for whom earth and sky were full of miracles, and the air fresh with the childhood

of our race. Because a god or a priest crosses the sea on a feather or a piece of pumice it does not follow that the tradition in which the marvel occurs has had no historical base. If so, we must reject the histories of Greece, in which, to the last, wonders were persistent, and if the disproof of a few long-accepted statements invalidates the whole story, we may even have to renounce "the legend of Waterloo."

These migration legends assert that the cradle-land of the Maori was named Hawaiki. It is over this name and its locality that the wordy war most rages. Hawaiki has been placed by some in the Island of Hawaii, of the Sandwich Group; by others in Savaii, of the Navigator Islands. Fakarava, in the Pau-motus, and Raiatea, in the Society Islands, have also been mentioned as possible places on account of the ancient name of each being Hawaiki. Unhappily for finality, in all these places there are traditions that the forefathers of the inhabitants also came from Havaiki or Havaii (the name differs in spelling according to the dropping or slurring of the letter k), and the enquiry is simply thrust farther and farther back until some theorise that the word Hawaiki (read as Hawa-the-little) is the original name of Java, or even of the Saba of the Cushites, in Asia. The investigation is darkened by the Polynesian custom of giving a new country or place a similar name to that left behind. The names of localities mentioned in old Maori songs and traditions, such as Hawaiki, Vavau, Kuporu (Upolu), etc., are scattered here and

there all over the Pacific, and become almost impossible of separate identification. If Maoris, like other Polynesians, are the immigrant people they claim to be, it is reasonable to accept this name of Hawaiki, Avaiki, or Havaii, as that of their original home, and that they re-named other places in memory of the old habitat as they went along.

This book is not of a polemical nature, and as volumes could be written (many have been written) on the subject of the locality of Hawaiki, it is needless to discuss all the theories of different students who are groping for light on the geographical position. One of these theories, however, may be mentioned as deserving special reference, and that is, that as Avaiki in Rarotonga and Mangaia means "the Spirit World," it is possible that it has no earthly locality, but that it has existence only in the land of dreams. Even in New Zealand we have glimpses of such meaning, thus, a tradition says, "the boy went quickly below to the Lower World (*Reinga*) to observe and look about at the steep cliffs of Hawaiki." It is not impossible, however, that a place which once may have had real existence could in the passing of many centuries fade from human memory so far into the realm of legend as to become eventually the Land of Shadows, the dim region of the Under World. Wherever the locality of the primal Hawaiki, it is certain (so far as oral tradition can be trusted) that in coming to New Zealand from one of the latter-named Hawaiki, the Maoris had experiences different from any they could picture in New

Zealand surroundings. They affirm that in the place they came from there were large animals, that the sun was exceedingly hot; that some of the tribes of people (enemies of their own fair race) were black, with hair standing out all round their heads, and not fastened in a knot, Polynesian fashion. The clothing worn in that old country was made from the bark of the Paper Mulberry (*aute*), and some fruit of the trees was as big as a child's head. The fruit was called *ni* (*ni* or *niu* the cocoa-nut?) and its inside was rendered down (*tahu*) into oil. The people of that land used axe-heads having holes in them through which the handles passed, and the axe-heads were not lashed on as with our axes. There was neither tattooing nor cannibalism in that country. We may add to the above that the sweet-potato (*kumara*), traditionally said to have been brought in the canoes, is certainly the offspring of a warm climate. In New Zealand the *kumara* only grows under conditions needing the most jealous and fostering care, proving that it is an acclimatised plant.

We must leave the fascinating subject of the "Whence of the Maori" as an open question, to be settled hereafter when more full and perfect knowledge enables the student of the future to gather up the ravelled strands of evidence and twist them into a cord that will bear the strain of scientific investigation. In the meantime the Polynesian Society is doing much to gather together the facts, and preserve the knowledge fading fast with the elders of the Maori people. It may be of interest to put

before the reader the hypothesis most generally accepted by Polynesian scholars as to the advent of the Maori in the Pacific. It is as follows :—

The Polynesians are a people which either originated in India or in Central Asia, and passed through India. Leaving the mainland they journeyed eastward through the Malay Archipelago, occupying perhaps many generations in the voyages from island to island. At the time of their passage the Archipelago was not occupied by Malays, who are a subsequent migration from the Mongolian seaboard. The Maori expedition or expeditions passed by the Melanesian and Papuan islands, inhabited by black people (New Guinea, New Caledonia, etc.) and reached the Fiji group, where they settled for a long time. From Fiji as a centre, they colonised Samoa, Tonga, Hawaii, the Marquesas, Mangareva, and extended their colonies even so far as Easter Island. In process of time they either "hived off" or were expelled from Fiji and the waves of migration passed to and fro among the group of islands. On one of these waves an expedition, starting probably from Raiatea, landed at Rarotonga and pushing on to the south-west reached New Zealand, where the occupants of their large double-canoes were known as the Maoris from Hawaiki.

There are details of the above word-sketch which are not assented to by every Polynesian Scholar; but the masterly treatise ("Hawaiki") by Mr. S. Percy Smith, President of the Polynesian Society, has settled beyond much chance

of doubt the route taken for this migration to New Zealand. It has not proven conclusively the whereabouts of the original *cunabula* of the Maori race, but has added much to the knowledge sought for as to the voyages of a few centuries ago. It is to this kind of "step by step" work we must look if we wish ever to attain certainty in regard to the unwritten history of the Polynesian people. It has proved (in my opinion) conclusively that the Maoris from whom the leading tribes claim descent, those ancestors said to have arrived in the Arawa, Tainui, Aotea, and other canoes of the Great Migration, were certainly not aborigines of New Zealand, even if there were other Maoris or other inhabitants resident on these islands when the Hawaiki canoes arrived.

This leads us, always supposing that we accept the hypothesis of migration, to consider the subject of the "former inhabitants," a subject whereon we touch more solid ground than that of the birth of the race in the immeasurable distances of prehistoric antiquity.

Former Inhabitants.

For a long time Europeans believed that the Maoris were aborigines in New Zealand, or that if they were immigrants they found an empty land into which to enter and take possession. Late research and enquiry, however, make it appear in the highest degree probable that the country was occupied by human beings before the invasion of the Maoris from Polynesia about 600 years ago. To what race

these people belonged it is impossible to say with the information at present obtainable. They may have been black fellows like the Australians or Melanesians, or Negritos similar to the aboriginal inhabitants of the Malay islands, the Alfueros. Or they may have been prior migrations of the Maoris themselves before the great immigration *(heke)* from Hawaiki. As other hypotheses we may mention that some suppose the Moriori of the Chatham Islands to be the elder branch of the race and to have been in possession of the islands (or a part of them) before the Maoris came, and that the Maoris drove them out as a remnant to those lonely eastern islets. Again, as an inference from fairy legends a white race whose blood blended into that of the Urewera tribe may be supposed to have had a lien by prior occupation. An ancient legend (that of Kupe) states that there were no inhabitants of any kind found by the first Maori explorer, but that may mean that none were seen or noticed in a particular locality. North Island traditions and songs allude to "the people of the land" *(tangata whenua)*, a race sometimes spoken of as Toi, or Kohikohi, or Upoko-toea. Toi was, however, the chief of the Urewera tribe, the people of which recount that in his time the canoes from Hawaiki came to land and brought with them the sweet-potato *(kumara)*, the inhabitants before that period having no knowledge of the tuber, but subsisting on roots, berries, birds, fish, etc.

This legend about "Toi the Tree-Eater" *(Toi-kai-rakau)*, so named from his being chief

of a people feeding upon roots of Cabbage-tree palm (*ti*) upon fern-root, etc., is corroborated by the traditions of the descendants of the canoe-immigrants themselves. In both the Ngaitahu and Ngati-Porou stories of the migration Kahukura brought the *kumara* to Toi and a people who knew not the famous plant. There is, however, a variant tradition that the *kumara*-bearing canoe arrived in the days of Tama-ki-Hikurangi, fifth in descent from Toi.

Against the authenticity of the legend, however, we have to place the remarkable fact that in Rarotonga Island "the Great Road of Toi" *(Te Ara Nui a Toi)* extends all round the island. It is about 22 miles long, paved for three-quarters of its length with lava and coral. The knowledge of who Toi was is lost, but it is curious that his followers were known as "the people of the land" *(tangata enua)*, just as the original inhabitants of New Zealand were known as "the people of the land" *(tangata whenua)* in the identical native words. It would be a most remarkable coincidence if there was no connection between the Rarotongan and New Zealand legends on this subject. It throws, however, strong doubt upon the story as an incident of New Zealand history, and has the appearance of a legend brought from afar and localised.

The Maoris used to pay great respect to the bones of their dead, yet here and there may be found among sandhills, etc., human remains uncovered by the wind, and of these no tradition remains, as there would certainly be if the relics were those of ancestors. The

natives say, "These are the bones of strangers." So also mortuary-caves are found concerning the contents of which the Maoris make the same remark, and regard them with indifference. In the legend describing the arrival of the "Tokomaru" canoe it is related that when this vessel arrived at the mouth of the Waitara river (near the present town of New Plymouth) the immigrants "found a strange people living, the ancient inhabitants of this island" *(Ko nga tangata whenua ake o tenei motu).* When the "Takitumu," another canoe of the Great Migration, arrived, two of the chiefs explored the whole country near the landing place, and one of them, Kahungunu, took to wife Ruatai, the daughter of Wharepatari, and the two afterwards visited the chief Tarinuku on the Whanganui river. The son of Kahungunu destroyed the tribes Awa-nui-a-rangi and Whatumamoa, and his people intermarried with them. Hence the legend says, "In this way we became amalgamated with that people in the second generation after the arrival of Takitumu from Hawaiki." Another legend speaking of this period (that is not many years after the landing of a few hundred men scattered all over the island) relates the attack of Maungakahia Pa by the tribe called Pane-nehu and alludes to the besiegers as "the innumerable host" *(nga manotini o te ope).* Another point in the legend is that the newcomers were already dwelling in a strongly-fortified settlement, an unnecessary precaution if the country had been uninhabited, or with a weak and sparse population. When the "Arawa" canoe arrived, the great priest

Ngatoro-i-rangi went exploring, and, by way of Tarawera river, arrived near Mt. Ruawahia, there he found a certain man dwelling, whose name was Tama-o-hoi. Ngatoro said to him, "At what time did you arrive here?" Within him the heart of Tama-o-hoi was full of anger—not a word did he say in reply. Ngatoro at once divined that the other was trying to bewitch him. So he said, "I am well aware that you are trying to kill me and my spirit *(hau)*, but my spirit will not succumb to your incantations. You are of the tribe of Earth. I am of the descendants of Heaven." Then the goblin *(tupua)* retreated backwards, plying his sorcery and repeating his incantations as he went. Thus Ngatoro learnt the words of the incantations and spells (and was able consequently to counteract them); he called out, "Thou shalt die by my hand immediately; the power is mine that rests on all the people of my side." The man was alarmed at this, for he recognised the truth that great power rested with Ngatoro, so he disappeared in the ground. It is worth notice in this curious story that the same power of magic which in European folk-lore is always credited to the vanquished and inferior races, and which they inherited on turning into elves and gnomes, is allotted here to this "child of the land" or "son of the soil" who also "disappeared into the ground" as our "good people" passed into their subterranean palaces in the fairy hill.

Many traditions ascribe the art of net-making to the fairies and relate that the Maoris learnt it from them. Kahukura is said

by stratagem to have beguiled the fairies *(patupaearehe)* into leaving their nets behind. The natives at Hokianga were taught similarly by the Parau, a mountain tribe, who used to come down to the shore at night to fish. The fairies (*turehu*) on the East Coast, Bay of Plenty, were tricked out of their nets by Titipa, who used the same stratagem as Kahukura. Weaving and wood-carving were taught to Rua, an old Maori ancestor, by the Wood fairies (*Hakuturi*). Whether these fairies who taught useful arts imparted the knowledge in New Zealand, or whether the legends relate to some infinitely distant date, and some other land, must be left an open question.

Even more ancient traditions than those relating to the Great Migration note that there were inhabitants when the explorers came. Nukutawhiti and Rua-nui, of the Mamari canoe, intermarried with the original people of the land. "The man who owned this land originally was Ngu, who lived at Muriwhenua, and from him came the Karitehe or Turehu," i.e., the fairies. Nukutawhiti was the son of Po, who settled near the North Cape, and it is related in the account of his coming that the tribes dwelling at Kaitaia at that time were "the people of Kui." It was at Kaitaia that Puhi was born, from whom the great Ngapuhi tribe is descended. There are very slight references to the appearance of these "people of the land" in the traditions, but it is mentioned that the people of Toi were small and differed from the Maoris in other respects. They must have been a much less warlike

aboriginal tribes are often to be found among the Urewera, the fine-featured, "fair-haired people" (Urukekehu) who are so noticeable among the mountaineers of the Tuhoe district.

It is, however, almost impossible to extract the grains of truth from the legendary chaff, so discrepant are the stories gleaned from different tribes. One account discredits entirely the tradition of Toi being alive when the canoes of the Migration from Hawaiki (the great *hoke*) arrived, but asserts that on the people of the "Mataatua" canoe landing, they did so in the time of Tama-Ki-Hikurangi, fifth in descent from Toi. It was his daughter, Te Kura-whaka-ata, who received Taukata and his brother Hoake when they arrived with the *kumara* in the canoe "Nga Tai a Kupe." Others say that the first canoe to reach New Zealand was "Te Aratauwhaiti," and on board were Tiwakawaka and Papa tiri rau mae ewa. These latter found no inhabitants. From Tiwakawaka to Toi there were twelve generations.

I have hitherto referred almost entirely to North Island legends of the people of this country. The South Island traditions are fewer (as the Maoris in the South Island are few indeed) but they are exceedingly curious. They relate that when the land was fished up from the abyss of ocean by Maui he gave it in charge to Kui, from whom descended a tribe whose people grew numerous and were called Ngati-kui. Then came a race from over seas named Tutu-mai-ao who slew and intermarried with the remainder of the resident tribe.

Gradually the people of Kui were exterminated or assimilated and then Kui went down and lived beneath the surface of the ground (that is, became gnomes or elves). Afterwards came another immigrant race, the Turehu, from the other side of the ocean, and overwhelmed the Tutu-mai-ao in their turn, these latter being exterminatcd. Then arrived the Maori, who became the "conquering tribe" *(iwi-toa)* and who have been here for 46 generations. This is one legend, and it is noteworthy that these people of Kui are also above spoken of as those that were dwelling at Kaitaia, near Bay of Islands, when Nukutawhiti landed there. The 46 generations, too, far antedate the genealogical tables of those Maoris who count back only to the Great Migration. The Turehu mentioned are fairies, and their name has passed into a word of common use as "indistinctly seen."

The other southern legend is that the land was formerly inhabited by "the Ogre Band" *(kahui tipua)*, who were giants stepping from mountain-range to range, transforming themselves into different shapes, able to swallow rivers; in fact magicians of mythic size. They hunted down the game with two-headed dogs. These goblins *(tipua)* were succeeded by a people called Te Rapuwai, who spread themselves all over the South Island, and whose kitchen-middens and heaps of shell-fish refuse are to be found all over the South Island. Then came the Waitaha, of whom is spoken the proverb, "Waitaha, swarming like ants," on account of their multitude. These occupied

the country for a long time in peace and prosperity till the invasion of the Ngati-Mamoe, probably from the North Island, who destroyed the Waitaha ruthlessly, and were in their turn almost exterminated by the Ngai-tahu, also from the north. The ancient *pa* known as Nga-toko-ono (between Fishermen's Bay and Paua Bay) appears to be centuries old, and the Ngaitahu says that when they came it looked as it does now and only the remains of earth-works marked the spot. After this era, the natives seem to have been at continual war among themselves, and by the time of the European settlement only a handful of Maoris were left in the South Island, from Nelson to the Bluff.

North Island Maori scholars generally give between 500 and 600 years as about the time when the canoes of the Great Migration came to New Zealand. This is arrived at by comparing the innumerable genealogies of chiefs and their concurrence in counting a nearly equal number of generations by many lines of descent. It is certain, however, that a very large population once inhabited New Zealand, a population that could certainly not have been produced in five centuries from the time of the landing of a very few men in canoes and still fewer women; moreover, a people continually engaged in deadly fight and whose numbers must have been decimated every few years at least in the fratricidal strife. The vast fortifications would require the presence of thousands of warriors to defend. And if thousands to defend, how many to construct?

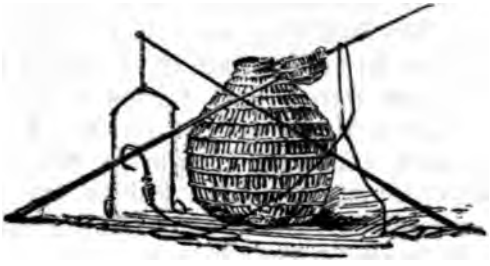
We must consider what the erection of a large *pa* involved. First, the planting of wide spaces with food necessary to sustain such a multitude of workers; then the excavating of deep ditches and often cuttings through solid hills to remove spurs of a ridge or other source of weakness. With endless ceremonial, heavy timbers and huge trees had to be felled and trimmed, hauled and pulled from the forest and taken up the most steep and difficult places to be set up in hundreds and thousands for wall within wall of palisades, then these to be carved and ornamented. Afterwards would come a similar process in regard to the material for the houses, the timber and thatching materials, etc., etc. Allow at least two centuries for desertion, for in places trees two centuries old are growing on the earth-works and in the ditches where they never would have been allowed to stand when the *pa* was occupied. The number of the inhabitants of the fort can be calculated in another manner, viz, by the closely packed fireplaces covering acres of ground and attesting the presence of multitudes. So too the hills and mounds of shell-fish refuse tell their own story. Large pits by hundreds, for storing *kumara*, are found on dry hills, and sometimes great systems of ditches and drains have existed for the cultivation of inferior land, long uninhabited but still with the works traceable. Out of one of these *kumara* pits one observer noticed a large *totara* tree growing, and out of another a *kauri* pine 120 feet high. From one pot the eye can count forty (once-) walled *pa* between the observer and the circle of the

horizon. If then we allow for two centuries of abandonment, and two centuries at least of occupation, there is not the time left between the epoch of the landing of the canoes (as given in genealogies) and the construction of these forts to permit the breeding of the hosts of people necessary for the work. Only a large population already resident, and with which the Hawaiki immigrants amalgamated, can account for the existence of settlement so close and far-reaching

"Wild men" or "men of the woods" *(mohoao, maero, maeroero,* or *Te-aitanga-a-Hine-mate-roa)* disturbed the peace of the Maoris and were bogies not for babies only. I have often heard the *mohoao* spoken of by the natives and described as a very tall, horrible looking man, having long yellow hair, and with teeth like down-bent tusks at the corners of the mouth. The Coromandel Peninsula (especially Moehau) was much haunted by them, as well as by other supernatural creatures. The night-cry "*makona*!" supposed to be given by the *mohoao* has thrilled many a stout heart with its fancied sound. The *maero* was a wild man of the woods, strong, fierce, cunning, apt to carry off women and children. His body was covered with long coarse hair flowing from his head and back to his heels. The *Nuku-mai-tore* fairies lived in the trees. Fairy men carried off Maori women; Maori men married fairy women. These stories seem to point to an immigrant race. If the Maoris were autochthonous there was nothing in a New Zealand forest to originate such fancies. The

largest wild quadruped was a rat or lizard; the dog was domesticated. On the other hand, it can be well understood that if the Maoris were immigrants, the "wild men," goblins, ogres, fairies, etc., were probably the imaginative growth engendered through generations of struggle against broken tribes who, in dark recesses of the forest, in deep glens and mountain passes, made themselves objects of dread to the scattered conquerors. These hairy wild creatures of the woods, tree-dwellers, etc., who carried off women and children, may have been memories of the orang-outan or other great apes, and these old stories been brought from afar, just as memories of other creatures foreign to New Zealand were brought, with even their unforgotten names. This latter hypothesis, however, would not account for the ancient fortifications or other signs of long occupation by man, and it is highly possible that Maori ogres and fairies were fanciful recollections of antecedent races. There certainly once existed a people in New Zealand whose chipped flint-flake knives are found in or alongside earth-ovens containing burnt and gnawed bones of the Dinornis. It is probably this people which, by intermarriage with the Maoris from Hawaiki, gave the latter that slight knowledge of the *moa*—faint, indistinct, uncertain—which is to be gleaned by a chance allusion in antique legend, poetry, or proverb. Believing, for weighty reasons, that the Maori people (proper) did not destroy or even see the living Moa, I think it probable that the race of men that killed and cooked the huge bird has

yet to be identified. Scholarship will reveal to our descendants the true story of the human family in New Zealand, just as scholarship unravelled the cuneiform inscriptions and taught us more about the forgotten life of Chaldea than our forefathers, of two thousand years nearer the days of Babylon's empire, ever knew or dreamed of.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MORIORI.

A DESCRIPTION of the New Zealand people may perhaps be considered incomplete without a few words of comment on the inhabitants of the Chatham Islands. These islands are included in the colony of New Zealand, although they constitute a small group lying about four hundred and eighty miles south-east of Wellington. They were a few years ago inhabited by a very interesting people, the Moriori, now, alas! almost extinct. Only a half-dozen or so of full-blooded Moriori remain, although there are several half-caste and quarter-caste blendings with Europeans and Maoris. It has not yet been absolutely settled whether the ancestors of the Moriori were ever in New Zealand or whether they are of a separate migration from the Maoris, but there is strong reason to believe that some of them, at all events, visited the main island, either *en route* or in temporary settlement. One thing, however, is almost certain, viz, that they are an off-shoot of the same Polynesian race as the Maori, and that the language, though differing greatly as a dialect, is Maori in substance and essential form. There is sufficient unlikeness in custom and temperament to make the study of the subject worth attention.

The Morioris resembled the Maori in appearance, but the nose was more hooked and Jewish in the former. Two types were recognisable, the dark brown and the fair brown, although as a rule they were both slightly darker than the corresponding dark and fair Maori type. The man wore a fan-shaped plume of red paroquet feathers in front of the head, the hair being gathered into a bunch on the top of the crown. The women wore their hair hanging on the neck. The Moriori did not use ear-pendants; the ear not being pierced, an unusual thing among savages. Their only ornaments were a necklace of shells or of albatross feathers, with a sperm-whale's tooth as a costly jewel. Their clothing mats were of flax (Phormium), scraped and woven in a fine texture, but of late years they took to seal-skin garments until the ruthless destruction of the animals by the crews of sealing ships removed the source of material.

The Moriori were a very unwarlike people, differing in this respect very greatly from their fierce neighbours, the Maoris. They quarrelled at times among themselves, but their disputes were mostly conducted with the brawling tongue, and all weapons were forbidden to be used in such quarrels with the exception of the quarter-staff. A broken head was generally the worst wound received, and, however slight the injury, if the person hurt remarked, "My head is broken," that ended the fray. They had traditional knowledge of more serious fighting, and possessed, as burial relics, stone clubs, wooden spears, stone axes, etc.

The Moriori lived in small unfortified villages, the houses of which were thatched with long grass and rushes. Their residences were generally built on the sheltered borders of the forest, but also near the sea because they were a fish-eating people. Two meals a day were partaken of, the cooking being done in sheds set apart for the purpose, and the sexes eating separately. Beside the fresh and salt water fish, birds formed a staple of food, viz, pigeons, ducks, gulls, shags, and two large birds now extinct, the *Mehonui* and *Mehoriki*, wingless birds, the former the size of a goose, the latter that of a hen. Seals often formed an article of diet. Vegetable foods were few; fern-root and the steeped kernels of the *karaka* forming the principal supplies. Fire was procured in the usual primitive manner, by the friction of two pieces of wood (one rubbed longititudinally on the other) and good fire-sticks were treasured carefully by the women, who were adepts at raising fire.

The Chatham Islanders were clever in making their sea-craft from most unpromising materials. There was no timber on the islands fit for making canoes, and so they constructed extraordinary-looking vessels from the flower-stems of the New Zealand flax (Phormium). Shaped somewhat like a canoe, with high bow and stern, the craft was just like a large crate through which the water freely washed, but which was kept afloat by the buoyancy of the flax-stems of which it was composed, and by inflated bladders of sea-kelp placed within its basket-work frame. Never

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who had stolen, or who had made them jealous, the object was reflective on the bewitcher, and after a soul had been sent by sorcery to Hades it could return and slay the user of magic arts.

Their religion resembled that of the Maori, the principal gods being known to both people. Tu, the god of war; Tane, the Forest Lord; Tangaroa, the god of fishes, etc.; are the well-known Polynesian deities, but Rongo became here the god of the Blackfish and not a divinity associated with cultivation—natural perhaps as the sea was their harvest-field. There were many lesser and local deities to whom incantations were recited, and the images of these gods were generally hidden in caves and secret places for fear lest they be stolen. To Pou, a god of fish, offerings were made of the first fish caught, and these were placed on the altar (*tuāhu*) of that god, but eels had their heads cut off and were deposited on a lump of pumice roughly carved into the shape of a human head in honour of Pou and Tangaroa; there the fish were left to rot. *Tapu* was an institution of the Moriori. Fishing parties were *tapu*, and might not eat till the first fruit of the expedition had been offered in sacrifice. Ceremonies took place on the birth of a child at the time of the severance of the umbilical cord, and the mother was *tapu* until the hour of the baptism (*tohi*) of the infant. This was only insisted on in the case of the first born, as sometimes the other children were allowed to grow to the age of four or six years before the baptism was proceeded with. Rites on this occasion were rigidly observed; the face

of the child was sprinkled with water, and the infant's movements anxiously watched for omens of good or ill. If the baby laughed or crowed it was regarded as a very favourable sign. Sometimes a tree was planted for the little one, as among the Maoris.

Marriage with the Moriori took place when a girl was about from thirteen to sixteen years old, and they were usually prolific; but chastity of married women was not so rigidly enforced as on the mainland, there not being the same fear of punishment as among the more combative people. Marriages were arranged by the relatives of the bride and bridegroom, and a feast prepared by these elders. In the darkness of evening the young pair were set together in the centre of a house that had been swept and garnished, and their friends formed a circle about them, holding a thin rope of plaited grass, which was placed round the shoulders of the wedded pair and knotted into a ring (*henga*) binding them together. The marriage song was then sung and followed by other songs until late at night, and sometimes till the dawn of the next day, when feasting commenced and lasted over some days. The marriage of relatives, even to second and third cousins, was frowned upon, and, indeed, held to be incestuous. There was no divorce, its place being taken by neglect of an unfavoured wife in polygamous households.

They were divided into tribes, to each of which was a chief (*ariki*), the eldest born of the principal family. The priests (*tohunga*) exercised functions similar to those of the

Maori priest. There were no slaves, probably because war was practically unknown. The salutation on meeting was the nose-pressing (*hongi*), general everywhere in the South Seas. They had no musical instruments, but performed the posture-dance (*kapa*): two rows of people swinging from side to side in rhythm to an accompaniment of voices. The children had few amusements, the principal being skipping with a rope, high-jumping, and cats-cradle (*whai*).

At death the bodies of chiefs were laced up in small canoes or coffins having a lid, but now and then the corpse of a common person was only partially interred: the body, having been bound in a crouching position with firm lashings, was buried only up to the knees, the face looking seaward. Sometimes this would be done with the upper part of the body fastened to a tree. If the deceased had been a noted fisherman, the corpse would be fastened to a canoe and launched into the sea. Generally, however, the bodies of ordinary persons were wrapped in fern leaves and buried, while the chiefs were interred in coffins, the face to the west, as toward the path to Hawaiki. One tribe burned their dead, stirring up the charred remains in the fire with a stick so as to make the sparks fly; this to cause the spirit to pass to "the great happy land of Tane." Such spirits never come back as troublesome ghosts.*

*Mr. A. Shand, of the Chatham Islands, Native Interpreter, is the only recognised authority upon the subject of the history, legends, customs, etc., of the Moriori.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MODERN HISTORY.

THERE is no attempt made in this volume to supply the place of a history of New Zealand. Many books are to be procured which deal with that subject in full detail from the time when authentic record properly commences, viz, with the advent of Europeans and the colonisation of the islands. The very briefest sketch of the circumstances which have tended to turn the Maoris of olden times into the citizens of a British State may, however, be of some slight service.

In 1642 Tasman sighted the Southern Alps and, entering what was afterwards called Cook's Straits, attempted to land. Daunted by the rude reception of the natives, he resumed his voyage, and after one more unsuccessful attempt to land (on the Three Kings Island, at the far north), he sailed away homewards. Captain Cook, in the "Endeavour," was the first European to set foot in New Zealand, and his landing in 1769 was the hour of sunset for Maori independence. From the time the "Sea-fairies" touched the soil of "The White World" (*Ao-tea*) a slow but sure possession of the land was gained by the children of Tangaroa, the god of Ocean. Missionary and trader, gun and disease, intoxicating liquors,

new modes of life, different clothing, strange customs, all had their part in making fewer and even more few, the indomitable and generous Maori people. By this assertion no slur is intended on the noble lives and self-sacrificing efforts of the early missionaries and their families; such work as theirs needs neither defence nor apology. But the effect of teaching meekness and renunciation as virtues, and brotherhood with all men as high principle, assisted the gradual influx of a race which comprised many persons who consider individual acquisition of property as the first duty of man, and who carry out this conception of duty very strenuously. Let us hope that the Maoris, having saved a remnant of their people from the early destructive effects of contact with Europeans, may survive to learn those high lessons which, in spite of our economic barbarism, our men of culture hold faithfully at heart and attempt to teach.

With occasional visits from explorers, whalers, traders; with a massacre now and then, and bloody reprisals therefor, the years went on until, in 1814, the Rev. Samuel Marsden landed in New Zealand and commenced the conversion of the Maoris to Christianity. This work was necessarily slow, and did not prevent fierce tribal warfare among the natives. Hongi Hika, the chief of the Ngapuhi (at Bay of Islands), was the first leader of note to obtain firearms, and having acquired 300 muskets in Sydney, he swept like a flame of fire through the North Island as far south as Rotorua and Poverty Bay. The suc-

cess of this raid led to others by the same tribe, but they were not always fortunate, and his war-parties learned to know the meaning of the word "defeat." Then came the time when the Waikato tribes had their turn, and swept the Taranaki country. Te Rauparaha and his men broke the power of the warriors of the south, even crossing Cook's Straits and burning the *pa* of Kaiapoi *(Kaiapohia)*, near Christchurch.

During the epoch of these internecine wars the Europeans had been steadily pushing on settlement, and the British Government had appointed a Resident at the Bay of Islands. Wakefield had promoted "The New Zealand Association" in London, and its first settlers had arrived at Wellington, or Port Nicholson as it was then called. Captain Hobson appeared as Lieutenant-Governor, and annexed the country as a part of the dominion of Great Britain, the formal cession of the land being obtained from the Maoris at the Bay of Islands, but this was afterwards ratified under the signatures of almost all the important chiefs. The deed of cession is known as the Treaty of Waitangi. This document acknowledged the ownership of the soil itself to vest in the Maoris and it is the title by which they hold all untransferred lands, subject to the Royal authority as supreme.

Complications soon arose, and the Lieutenant-Governor became surrounded with difficulties. He had selected Auckland as his capital, and in the midst of his troubles died within the borders of that rapidly growing

settlement. He was succeeded by Mr. Shortland, who after two years was superseded by Captain Fitzroy, a hopelessly wrong-headed man, if indeed he was altogether sane. He managed to embroil settlers and natives in a way that ended with an outbreak of war between them; the Maoris, in the year, 1845, attacking the town of Kororarika at the Bay of Islands. With the help of Maori allies the conflict was not long before it was brought to an end, but desultory fighting lasted some time longer against Te Rauparaha, in the Wellington district. The end of the trouble was brought about by Captain Grey, who was transferred from the Governorship of South Australia to that of New Zealand. Captain Grey became Sir George Grey, and by his excellent administration induced a better feeling than had hitherto existed in his mixed community. For a time all went comparatively well, and representative institutions were set up, comprising Provincial Councils and a Central Parliament.

Grey left the colony, and politics ran their usual course among the "ins" and "outs" of party government. In the later fifties a great native trouble began to gather on the colonial horizon. The Maoris of Taranaki, swept aforetime by the war-parties of Waikato, had been carried off as slaves, but had been set free through the conversion of their masters to Christianity. Returning to their old homes, the emancipated exiles found their lands in possession of white settlers, and their discontent soon wrought annoyances which ended

in war being declared in 1860. Sir George Grey was recalled from the Cape and took command, but for three years fighting went on at intervals in Taranaki. In the meanwhile the Waikato tribes had been growing disaffected, and on the English attempting to make a military road in their direction they broke out in rebellion. They elected a "King" from their number in order to balance our "Queen," and in the most gallant manner opposed the advance of General Cameron with his 10,000 troops. The war ended in the defeat of the Maoris in 1864 and the confiscation of much of the land of the tribes engaged in the struggle. In the same year there sprang up a new superstitious cult, that of the "Hauhau," and a semi-religious war ensued, which persisted until the year 1870 marked the termination of the conflict. The ten years' period from 1860 to 1870 was the darkest time in the history of New Zealand settlement, but it had the effect of teaching each side to respect the courage and cherish the goodwill of the other.

Since that date there has been nothing of importance to affect vitally the position of the Maori people. They have grown more and more loyal to the British flag. They have acquired steady confidence in our efforts to do them justice, and they understand now that we are not the unscrupulous land-stealers they once considered us. It does not follow that because this was believed by them it was the fact. Whatever individuals may have done (and did), there was no wish on the part of

the British as a people to acquire unjustly; there never is—if they can get it the other way. What was impossible for the Maori to understand at all was our notion of private property—that pleasure in getting hold of a thing or place, not so much from what we enjoy *per se* as from being able to keep others out of it. The delight of sharing with others freely, spontaneously, without reservation, is a savage pleasure which the European will have to re-acquire and cultivate before he can stand on a moral level with those his warped experience once taught him to despise.

In bidding farewell to my readers I have only a few closing remarks to make. It is a high compliment to any man to say that those who know him best love him most. This may be truly said generally of the Maori race. Those who dislike the native people are those who know nothing of them in reality. For a thousand acts of unselfish kindness, for unbounded hospitality, for tender care, for heroic devotion, my love and gratitude bind me to the Maori till I die. *Kia ora tonu koutou, AKE, AKE, AKE!*

APPENDIX.

ABBREVIATIONS.

A.H.M.	Ancient History of the Maori. J. White. 1887.
A.M. Land	Ancient Maori Land. Elsdon Best.
Col.	Rev. W. Colenso, in Trans. N.Z.I.
Fornander	The Polynesian Race. A. Fornander. 1878.
Grey's Poems	Ko Nga Moteatea, Etc. Sir George Grey. 1853.
Gudgeon	History and Traditions of the Maoris. T. Gudgeon and John White. 1885.
Hawaiki	Hawaiki. S. Percy Smith. 1898.
Hochstetter	New Zealand. F. von Hochstetter. 1867.
Hocken	Early History of New Zealand. Dr. Hocken. 1898.
Ika	Te Ika a Maui. Rev. R. Taylor. 1870.
Maning	Old New Zealand. Judge Maning. 1876.
Maori Art	Maori Art. A. Hamilton. 1896.
Mon. Rev.	Monthly Review (Wellington), N.Z. 1888-9.
Patuone	Life and Times of Patuone. C. O. Davis. 1876.
Polack	Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders. J. S. Polack. 1840.
Poly. Jour.	The Journal of the Polynesian Society. Annual Volumes.
Poly. Myth.	Polynesian Mythology. Sir George Grey. 1885.
Robley	Moko or Maori Tattooing. Maj.-General Robley. 1896.
Savage	Some Account of New Zealand. J. Savage. 1807.
Shortland, S.I.	The Southern Districts of N.Z. Dr. Shortland. 1851.
Shortland's Religion ..	Maori Religion and Mythology. Dr. Shortland. 1882.
Shortland's Traditions..	Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders. 1856.
Trans. N.Z.I.	Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. Annual Volumes.
Yates	An Account of New Zealand. Rev. W. Yates. 1835.

REFERENCES.

CHAPTER II.

1. Colenso, Trans. N.Z.I., XIII., p. 68. 2. Shortland S.I., p. 18. 3. Example, A.H.M., Vol. V., p. 138. 4. Patuone, p. 135. 5. Patuone, p. 136. 6. Gudgeon, p. 168. 7. Gudgeon, 161 to 163; Grey's poems, 430. 8. Hocken, p. 270.

CHAPTER III.

1. Trans. N.Z.I., Vol. XIV., page 18.

CHAPTER IV.

1. For incantation, see Shortland's Religion, p. 42. 2. Example, Trans. N.Z.I., XIII., p. 55. 3. See A.H.M., III., p. 198, and Maori part of Grey's Poly. Myth., p. 127. 4. Gudgeon, p. 120, and Grey's Poems, 353 and 361. 5. Grey's Poems, p. 75. 6. Grey's Poems, p. 78 and 361; Gudgeon 124. 7. Shortland's Religion, 39 and 110. 8. See A.H.M., II., p. 9 and p. 12.

CHAPTER V.

1. A.H.M., V., p. 94; Illus. Ika, 346; see Grey's Poly. Myth., 72; for charm, Shortland's Traditions, p. 136. 2. Illus. Poly. Myth., facing p. 48. 3. Poly. Jour., VII., p. 114. 4. Poly. Myth., pp. 10, 58, 164, 189; A.H.M., II., p. 138, IV., 117, 123; Shortland's Traditions, p. 149. 5. Illus. Maori Art, p. 430. 6. Poly. Myth., p. 225; Col., Trans. N.Z.I., XI., p. 105. 7. Poly. Myth., p. 234. 8. Poly. Myth., p. 239. 9. Illus. Maori Art, p. 244; 10. Illus. Maori Art. 11. Illus. Trans. N.Z.I., XXVI., p. 569; Polack, II., p. 173; Ika, p. 316; Maori Art, p. 420.

CHAPTER VI.

1. Example, Shortland's Traditions, p. 170.

CHAPTER VII.

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